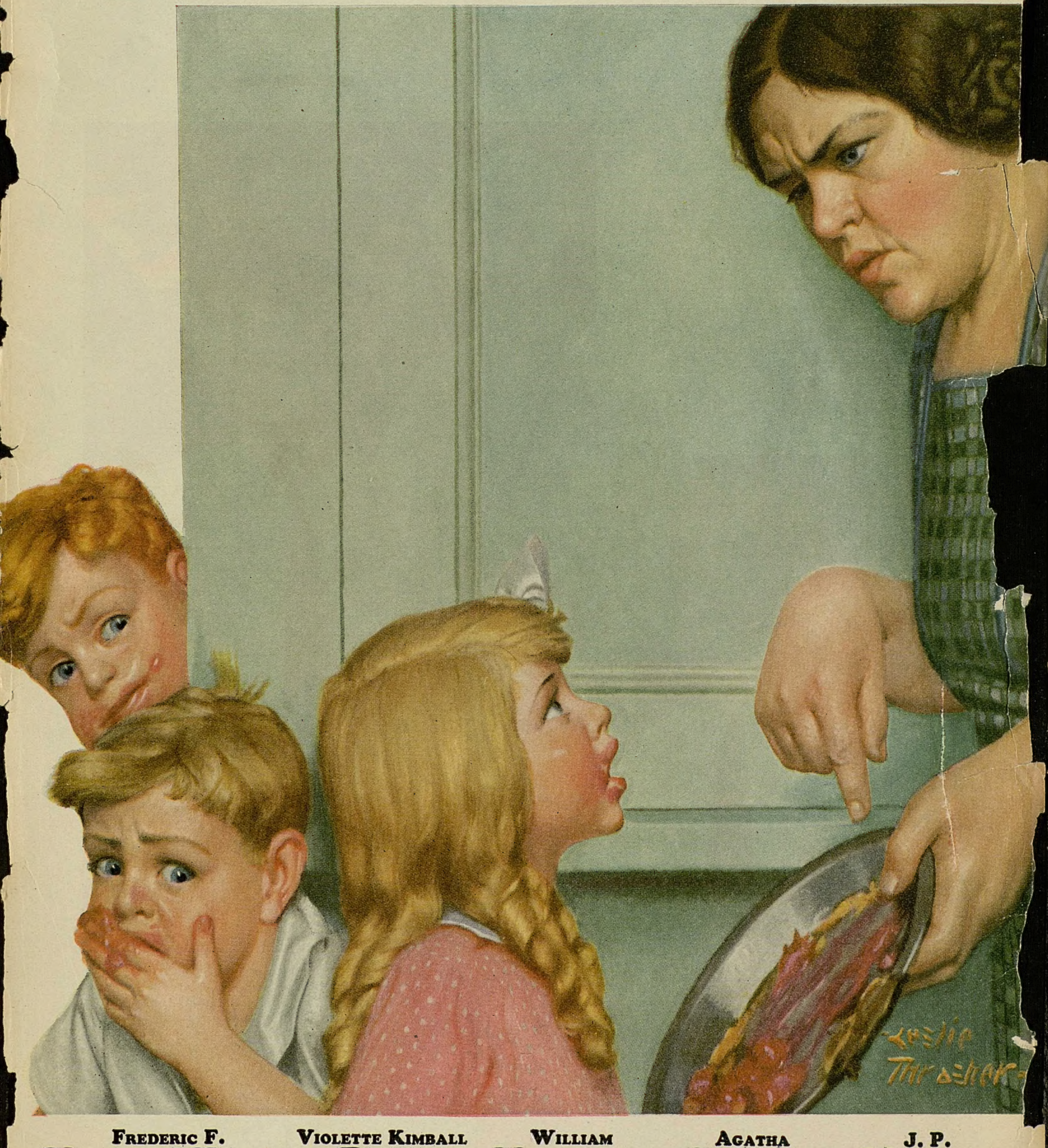
WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 27, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

LARGEST SINGLE COPY SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE

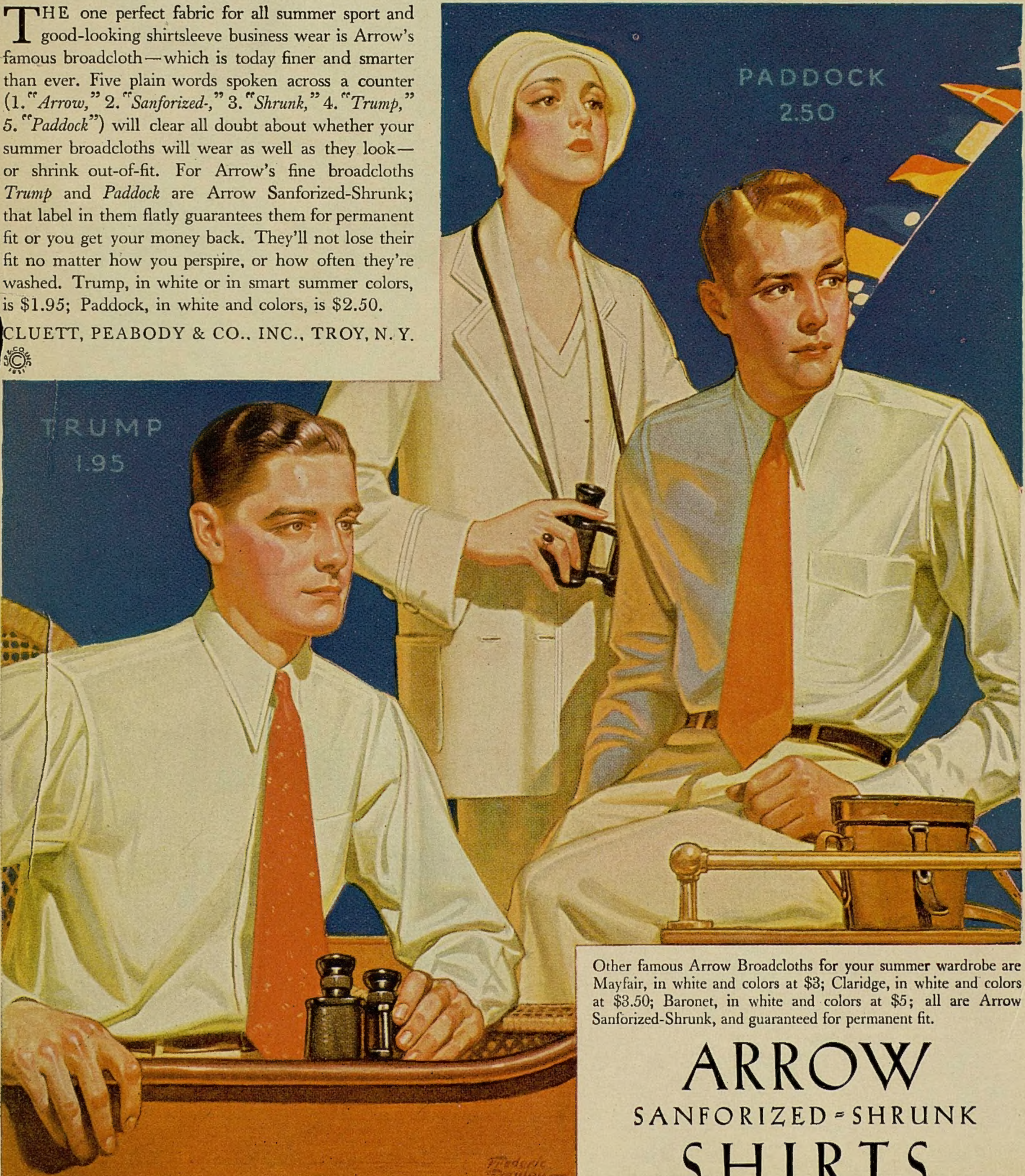


Frederic F. Van de Water - **Violette Kimball Dunn** - **William Mitchell** - **Agatha Christie** - **J. P. McEvoy**

When you read ARROW SANFORIZED SHRUNK WITH ARROW COLLAR in these famous summer broadcloths you know that TRUMP *and* PADDOCK *guarantee you* PERMANENT FIT

THE one perfect fabric for all summer sport and good-looking shirtsleeve business wear is Arrow's famous broadcloth—which is today finer and smarter than ever. Five plain words spoken across a counter (1. "*Arrow,*" 2. "*Sanforized-,*" 3. "*Shrunk,*" 4. "*Trump,*" 5. "*Paddock*") will clear all doubt about whether your summer broadcloths will wear as well as they look—or shrink out-of-fit. For Arrow's fine broadcloths *Trump* and *Paddock* are Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk; that label in them flatly guarantees them for permanent fit or you get your money back. They'll not lose their fit no matter how you perspire, or how often they're washed. Trump, in white or in smart summer colors, is $1.95; Paddock, in white and colors, is $2.50.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



Other famous Arrow Broadcloths for your summer wardrobe are Mayfair, in white and colors at $3; Claridge, in white and colors at $3.50; Baronet, in white and colors at $5; all are Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk, and guaranteed for permanent fit.

ARROW
SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
SHIRTS

"*till* BREATH *do us part*"

Is the time coming when halitosis (unpleasant breath) will be legal grounds for separation? We hope not. There are too many grounds now.

Yet halitosis has already been listed as an act of "extreme cruelty." In another case, tried in the Chicago courts, it was set forth as the principal cause of a woman's unhappiness with her husband.

One thing is certain: There is no greater bar to pleasant business and social relations than unpleasant breath. It is the fault others won't forgive.

Don't offend others

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend won't tell you. Even when married, a man or woman hesitates to bring up this delicate subject.

One way to make sure that you are always free from halitosis is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine instantly overcomes odors and leaves the breath and the mouth sweet, clean, and wholesome. Its amazing powers as a deodorant have been demonstrated in medical practice the world over.

Causes of halitosis

Every day, conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise in the mouth. Its common causes are: Fermenting food particles. Decaying teeth. Teeth, natural or artificial, improperly cleaned. Digestive disorders resulting from excesses of eating or drinking. Too much smoking. Infections in the oral tract, such as pyorrhea, trench mouth, catarrh, and colds.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of Listerine's instant germicidal action, it halts fermentation and decay—each a cause of odors. Since it is, in addition, a swift, pleasant deodorant, it quickly gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it before any social engagement. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE *ends Halitosis* (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

JUNE 27, 1931

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 8 No. 26

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Abraham Lincoln.

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

The American police are under fire. In all parts of the United States they are being accused of corruption, incompetence, and brutality. From press and pulpit and civic reformers, they are the targets of vociferous abuse.

It would be foolish to pretend that all these shameful charges are unjustified. Too often they have been proved. In several cities prosecutions have been followed by penitentiary terms for police officers who betrayed their trust.

But wholesale criticism of the police forces of our country is a stupid and dangerous error.

From the heads of departments down to the pavement pounders on your own beat, the vast majority of police officials are loyal and often heroic public servants. Day and night these men are on the firing line in our defense. For us they work long hours at little pay. In heat and dust, in storm and cold, they keep their long patrol. Their lives stand between us and those who would rob and kill.

The policeman is a private in the standing army of our cities. He is truly a soldier. At any hour he may be called upon to lay down his life in the war between decency and crime.

Now, as never before, the police need the supporting rength of public opinion. The greatest danger to the United States lies in our increasing contempt for law. Disrespect for constituted authority began with the Eighteenth Amendment—but it has not stopped there. Insidiously there has spread throughout the country a low opinion of law and its enforcement agencies. Especially the police of our large cities have been singled out; they have been called cowardly, corrupt, and stupid.

Yet, if the facts were known, they have a magnificent record. No other single group of men can show a more brilliant history of heroism. From rookie cop to old-time rounder, the police stand undaunted when the bullets fly. On the honor rolls of every police headquarters are the names of men who shot it out with the enemies of society. At home they had families, but no thought of wife or children made them turn back from their rendezvous with death.

These men scarcely ever receive the recognition they deserve. But when a traitor is found in their ranks, what a hue and cry goes up! It is easy, then, to forget their real service.

Consider, for example, the high efficiency of such divisions as the Missing Persons Bureau. In every community people disappear, especially young girls—they seem to vanish off the face of the earth, leaving no trace. Anxious days follow, fear treading on the heels of hope, while father and mother wait in anguish for the coming of the postman or the tinkle of the telephone. And when no word at all comes, where can they turn? To Police Headquarters! Is it a small thing, then, that the record of the New York Bureau of Missing Persons is 98% successful? Out of every 1,000 requests to find missing persons, they find 980! Similar high records are the pride of police departments throughout the country.

Again, consider the ceaseless war that goes on against the narcotic traffic. The peddler of drugs and his associates try to increase their fiendish business by inducing young people to take "just one try." Here is a ceaseless and desperate battle—a conflict with no fanfare of trumpets or beating of drums or waving of flags—to save girls and boys from hell on earth.

And it is also in the enlightened police departments of America that the work for crime prevention is going forward earnestly and productively. As our doctors now seek to prevent disease as well as to cure it, so our police are seeking to prevent crime as well as to arrest the criminal.

Because he believed in crime prevention, that valiant police officer, Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, inaugurated his annual policemen's picnic—an outing not for policemen but for children, the children of the streets. It is Mulrooney's idea, and not a fantastic one, that the gangster is molded in childhood; the boy on the block is afraid of the cop, and grows up hating him. But under Mulrooney's scheme, the patrolman on the beat takes the boys that he knows on this annual picnic. There the officers and the kids fraternize, and there the boy learns that the man in blue, with a shield, revolver, and night stick, is only a grown-up boy who can still play games and knows the rules of sportsmanship.

These are only a few of a multitude of activities for the public welfare in which the American police are constantly engaged. They are in a war in which there will be no armistice. There is nothing for them to look forward to except, if they escape assassination and live to a ripe old age, that they will earn the final prize: retirement on half pay.

It is time Americans woke up to the fact that we are in this war—a war between society and criminals. In this conflict there can be no neutrality. We are on one side or the other.

The police are fighting our battles. We should give them our full support.

They deserve it.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Real McCoy .... FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER 6
Revelations of the man who actually founded Rum Row
Jeremy Tows the Elephant—*A story* .... VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN 11
The Man They Couldn't Hang ..... MARCUS KAVANAGH 20
Three times the trap was sprung and yet—
Mother Carey's Last Chick—*A story* ..... EUGENE JONES 26
To the Ladies! ..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 34
Rough and Reckless—*Movie reviews* .. FRED'K JAMES SMITH 36
The Next War—What About Our National Defense? ..... GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL 38
Some things for America to think about
The Beautiful and Dumb—*A short short story* .... WALTER MARQUISS 45
$500 a Week for Limericks 48
The Peril at End House—*Part III* .... AGATHA CHRISTIE 50
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator .... BERT GREEN 61
Prize Winners in Liberty's $25,000 Game of States 63
Show Girl in Society—*Part V* .... J. P. McEVOY 66
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (25); Vox Pop (46-47); For the Love o' Lil (49); Bright Sayings of Children (60); Cross Word Puzzles (64-65)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Michigan

LITTLE VARIATIONS MEAN SO MUCH

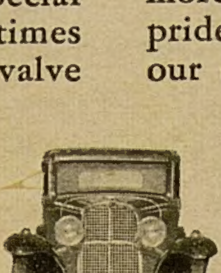
Of course, the smallest variation in baby's weight is extremely important to mother—and to the whole family, for all that. But did you know that little variations in dimensions are just as important to us in building fine motor cars?

The diameter of the piston pins we fit into your engine may vary only three ten-thousandths of an inch from our rigid standards, or about one eighth of the thickness of this sheet of paper. And the accuracy of our instruments is tested several times daily against gauges measuring to one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

Precision almost equally fine helps us to balance every moving part in your car. With a special "blinker machine" we may peep 3,000 times per minute at, for instance, a moving valve spring and so inspect it as though it were at rest. Another machine spins an engine crankshaft into a blur and then shows us by a moving finger of light whether it will run smooth and true in your motor. And into each motor we place a "matched set" of pistons and connecting rods, exactly equal in weight. And on through flywheel, clutch, propeller-shaft and wheels, we carry this same balance. Even the tires are balanced so they'll stop in any position and stay there!

Are we carrying precision and careful workmanship to extremes at Oakland this year? Well, perhaps. But, as we see more and more people buying our cars, and the evident pride they are taking in them, we feel that our extra effort has been well worth while.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**



PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

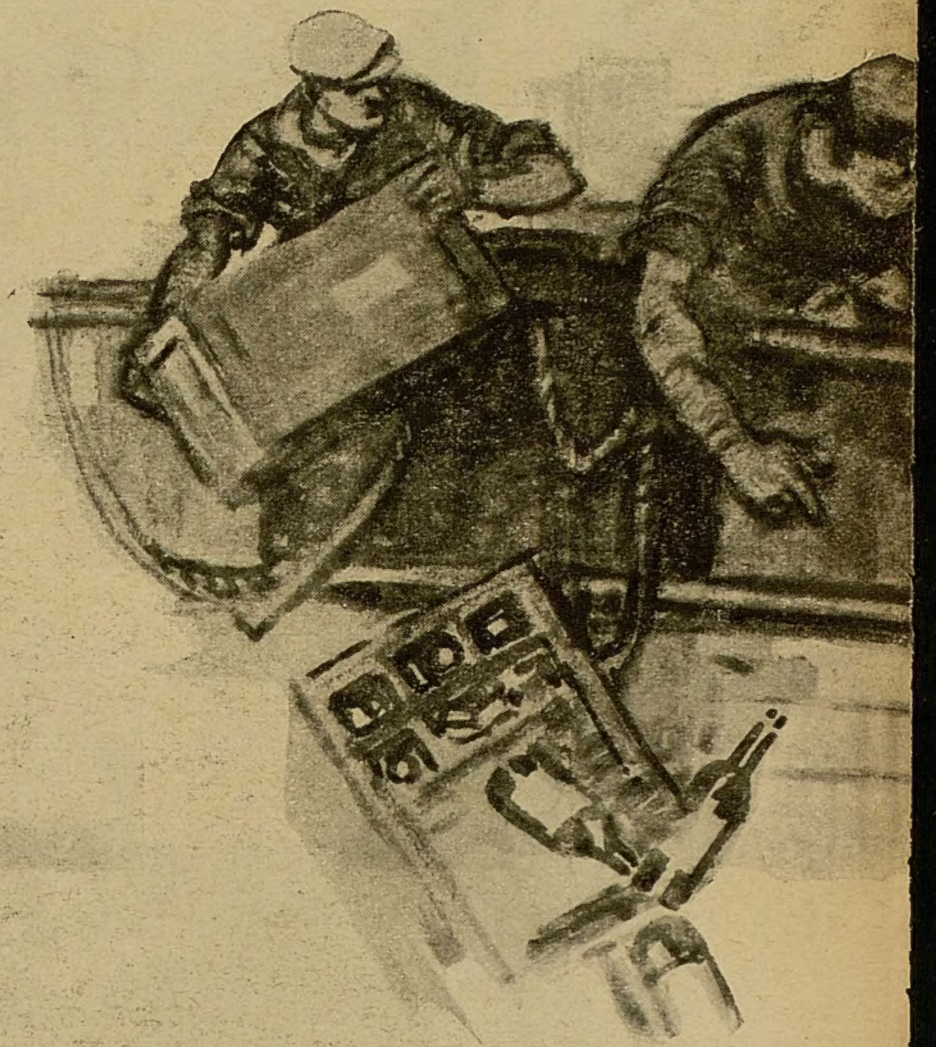
The REAL M

By

© Straus Peyton

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

an author and reviewer who comes of a noted literary family. Some of his own books tell thrilling tales of the New York State Troopers, of which he is the only civilian member.



(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

FRAGMENTS of Bill McCoy's history are embodied in the records of the Department of Justice and the log books of sundry revenue cutters.

For four lively years McCoy was a thorn in the flesh of the United States Government. He was the founder of Rum Row off New York and the trade's most daring and successful exponent.

He landed the first sea-borne rum shipments in New England. He opened up St. Pierre and Miquelon as a rum base.

The liquor McCoy's ships carried to Rum Row was always the best. His erstwhile associates epitomized his square crookedness in a time-honored slang phrase: " The real McCoy "—signifying all that is best and most genuine, as, in his line, this real McCoy did.

I knew the slang long before I met the man. Several times, in a stretch of years, our trails crossed. In December of 1923 I went to Nassau to write of rumrunning and rum piracy. McCoy figured largely in the articles I wrote. We carried on a desultory correspondence, and one day, while he was in New York, we met.

Six feet two, with shoulders like a cargo hatch, slim waist, a voice like a foghorn, lean tanned face, and steady eyes set in the network of wrinkles that long gazing over glittering water etches, he sat in my suddenly dwarfed living room and talked of the days when liquor was liquor and Rum Row was a marine market running unbroken from Montauk to Atlantic City.

Surf boomed through his words; and out of the rush of his speech, now and then, leaped a phrase poetic and vivid, sired by his sheer zest for action and deep love of the sea and of sail.

From that talk with Bill McCoy and many subsequent conversations, this real-life story has grown. It is his story rather than mine, and it is he who tells it. I am not his " ghost," but only his more or less unsatisfactory interpreter.

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER.

MY old dad served in the Union navy during the Civil War. The ships he sailed on, the Moccasin, Powhatan, Gloucester, and others, were in the blockading fleet that smothered Confederate commerce. His most frequent station was off the mouth of the Wilmington River, on the lookout for blockade runners from Nassau. And from that port, about sixty years later, his own son sailed to dodge another blockade.

I was born in upper New York State, and if we hadn't moved to Philadelphia I might have been a bricklayer. By the time we were well settled there, I started nosing about the wharves on the Delaware, and there, one bright, wind-swept morning, I came face to face with the school ship Saratoga. Her masts were lovely against the sky; her yards swarmed with cadets, and an officer, on the horse block, bawled orders through a speaking trumpet. I marched home and told the Old Man he'd have to find another apprentice bricklayer.

Two happy years I served on the old school ship Saratoga and I was graduated number one in my class. Herbert Hartley, later to be skipper of the Leviathan, was my classmate, and we were taught navigation by a brisk young Annapolis man, Ensign Sims, who was destined to become admiral later on.

My family moved to Florida in 1900, and I joined them. My brother Ben and I began to build boats. But what you want to hear about is rumrunning—so I'll skip the next twenty years and get to that.

The winter of 1919-20 had not been too fortunate for us. Shortly after the season was over, I had a visitor at whom I had to look three times before I recognized him.

He drove a shiny roadster only a little smaller than a locomotive. He wore a checked suit that made you blink, and a diamond like an arc light. The last time I had seen him, he had been a scrawny, brown fisherman in faded dungarees.

" Hey, Bill," he said out of a corner of his mouth, " how would a hundred dollars a day listen to you? "

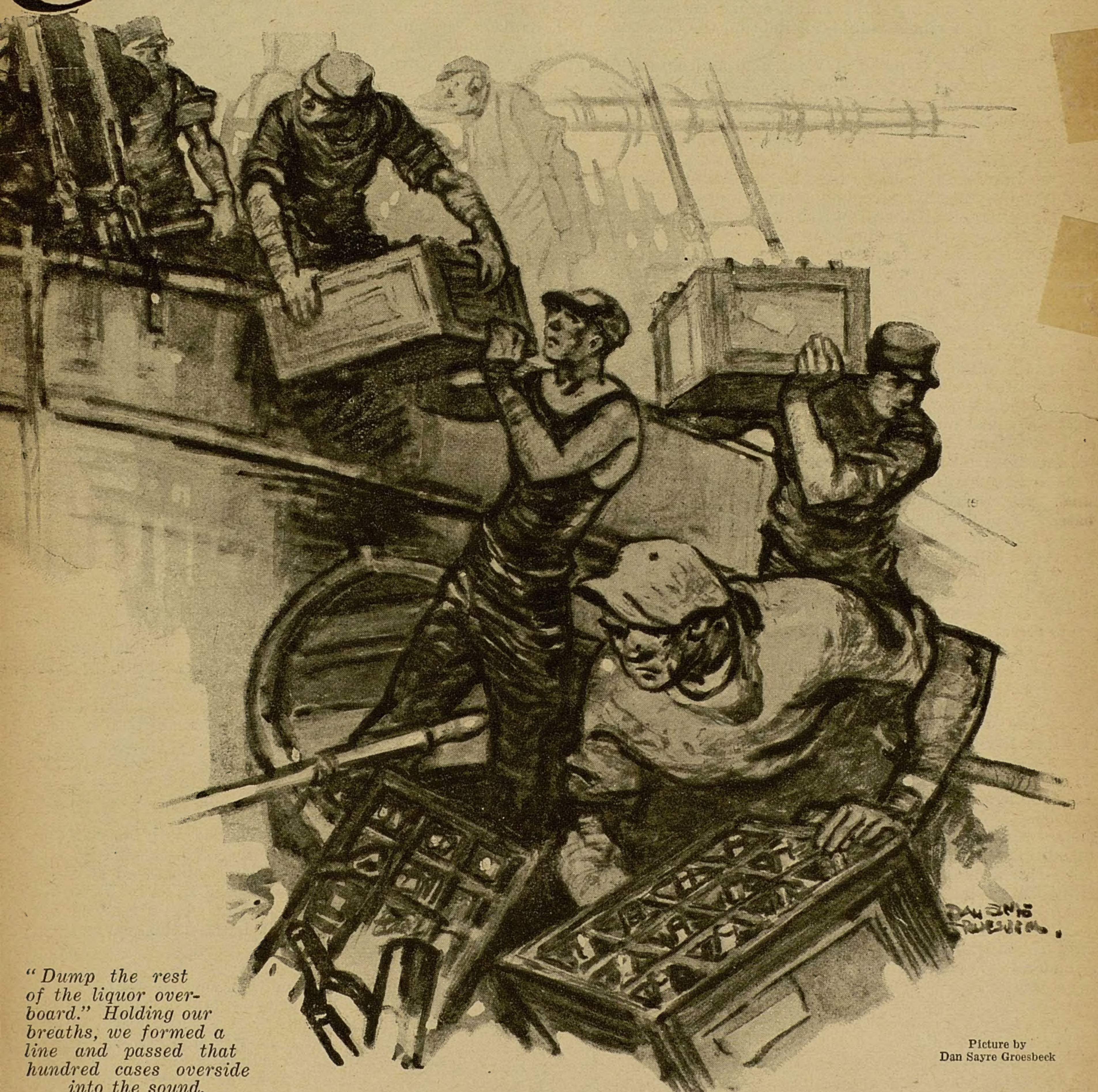
" You ought to lay off the liquor," I came back. He laughed, and walked me out of earshot before mumbling his proposition. America was dry and begging for a drink. He had a schooner, the Dorothy W., and a contract to carry a load of rye whisky from Nassau to Atlantic City. He needed a skipper to sail her.

" One hundred dollars a day, Bill," the tempter reiterated. I wondered how long this had been going on.

I went with him and inspected the Dorothy W. She was a shabby, drab little seventy-footer. I knew we'd never get along together and I turned down my friend's offer.

COY

At Last the Truth about Keeping America Wet—by the Man Who Actually Founded Rum Row



"Dump the rest of the liquor overboard." Holding our breaths, we formed a line and passed that hundred cases overside into the sound.

Picture by
Dan Sayre Groesbeck

But I talked the situation over with my brother. I sold my boats and went into the game.

In August, 1920, I went to Gloucester, Massachusetts, to buy the first of my fleet. She was the Henry L. Marshall, a ninety-foot fishing schooner with a speed of seven knots. She had a capacity of 1,500 cases in wood or 3,000 cases in burlap packages. I paid $16,000 for her and $4,000 more refitting. It was while I was waiting for her to be ready for sea that I fell in love at first sight.

Her name was Arethusa, and I was standing on a Gloucester pierhead when I first saw her. The late sun turned her spread of canvas golden and my throat was tight and stiff as she came walking up the harbor like a great lady entering a room. The lines of her long low black hull told the mariner of speed and grace. The Arethusa, fishing schooner, sailed in through the harbor of Gloucester that night and straight into my heart. I couldn't buy her then. I'd spent almost my last dollar on the Marshall. In the early months of 1921 we sailed for Nassau, which for four years was to be my home.

Billy Hain, an old friend of mine, boarded the Marshall by the time she was through the harbor mouth. Would I take 1,500 cases of liquor to Savannah at ten dollars a case? What else was I there for?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REAL McCOY
Continued from page seven

We were loaded in an amazingly short time. Hain came aboard. "Now," he said, "let's get out of here. I'm in a hurry."

"Clearance papers?" I suggested. He tapped his breast pocket. "Got 'em," he replied. "Clear with fifteen hundred cases of rye to Halifax. Let's go."

Hain took a seaplane back to America. We made sail—and I was off on my first rumrunning enterprise, bound for St. Catherine's Sound, an inlet on the Georgia coast.

First, however, we stopped at West End and obtained duplicate clearance papers. These proclaimed that we were headed for Savannah in ballast.

On a cloud-darkened morning we found the mouth of St. Catherine's Sound. A little motorboat came puttering up and down over the rollers and Billy and a cracker pilot came into the Marshall's lee and clambered aboard. We went in over the bar, dropped anchor, and waited for the lighters which, Hain promised, would be along at dusk. They appeared in due time, and we set to work discharging cargo. Presently, when we were only half unloaded, I saw a red port light away off in the darkness.

"Hey!" I called and pointed it out to Billy.

"It's the cutter," he said. "Better pipe down. I got them fixed, but there's no use rubbing it in."

ON the Marshall and on the lighters men stood still and waited. The cutter had turned from her course and was heading toward us; we could hear her engines, pumping louder and louder. She loomed before us, passed, and went throbbing on her way as though we had not been there. Billy and I wiped our sweating faces and resumed the transfer of our cargo.

Long before daylight, Hain and his cargo departed. Our hold was cleaned out except for a hundred cases I had put aboard as a favor for a small dealer in Nassau. I went to sleep. The mate, a Swede whom I shall call Johnson, woke me almost immediately.

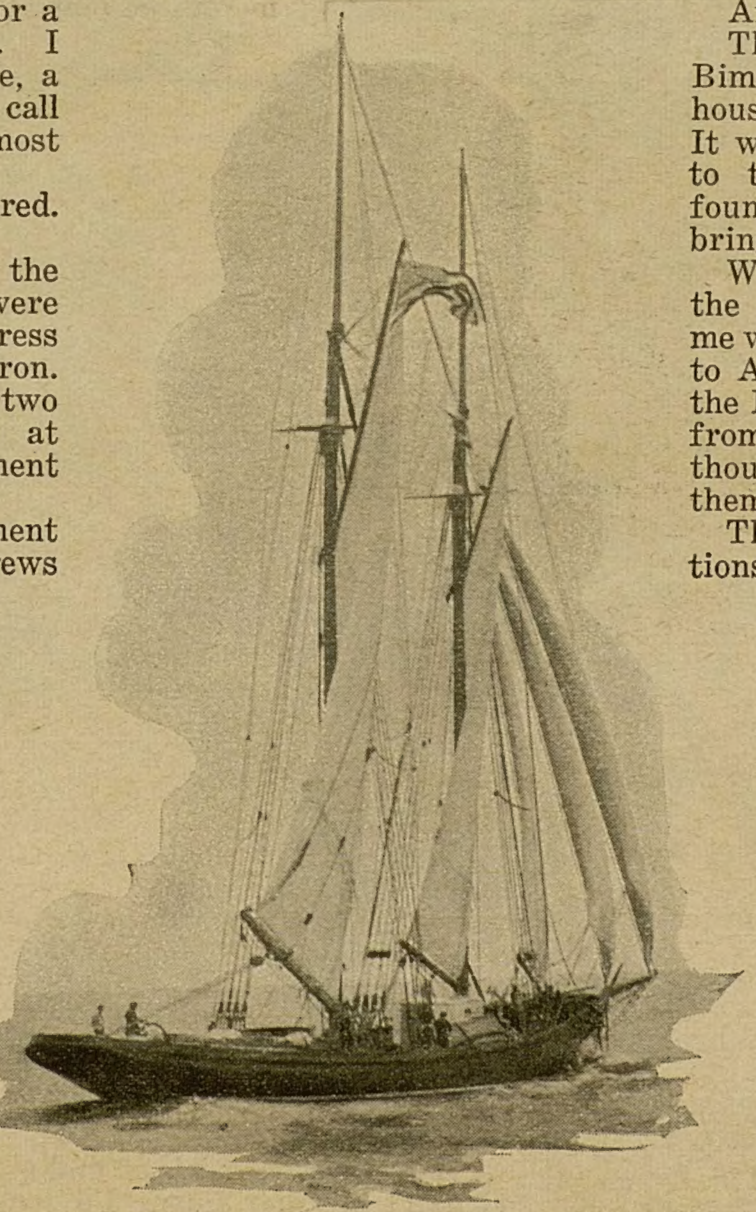
"On deck," he stammered. "Hurry up!"

In the gray dawn the waters of the sound were lead and the crooked cypress limbs like fire-twisted iron. Only a short distance off, two great seaplanes swung at their moorings. Government seaplanes.

There was no movement on either craft. Their crews might be asleep, waiting for daylight to board us.

"All hands on deck," I whispered to Johnson. "Dump the rest of the liquor overboard."

Holding our breaths, we formed a line and passed that hundred cases out of the hold and overside into the sound. But when I looked at the planes by the clear light of day and with unterrified eyes, it was easy to see they were deserted.



The Arethusa, McCoy's beloved schooner.

Later that morning their crews reappeared, cast off, and the craft roared skyward. They had lighted on the sound and gone ashore to get some gasoline. Next morning Hain boarded us and told us our presence was causing comment and we would have to leave.

"I thought," I said, "you had protection."

"I had," he snapped. "For two nights, not for a ninety-nine-year lease. Get out of here, you damned rumrunner!"

So we sailed for Nassau.

I banked $15,000 there, which was not bad pay for about a week's work. We watered up and reprovisioned. Billy Hain's father, a most lovable old scoundrel, arrived by steamer from Florida and chartered the Marshall again. A grand walrus was old man Hain and the most ambidextrous drinker of my acquaintance.

"Cook," he would shout when aboard my schooner, "another hocus-pocus!"—and no sooner had he drained that than he would bawl for another.

Billy Hain followed his parent to Nassau and came overside, in wild haste as usual, waving clearance papers.

"You go to Bimini," he panted, "and we're going with you."

And we went.

Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

The basement of the concrete house of the Bimini Rod and Gun Club was a bonded warehouse packed with American bourbon and rye. It was from this store that the Marshall was to take 1,500 cases north. The Marshall founded Rum Row. She was the first ship to bring New York liquor in large amounts.

When I got back to Nassau, some Italians in the rum line who knew me were waiting for me with a charter to take 1500 cases of bourbon to Atlantic City. I made Johnson captain of the Marshall and appointed a big Down-Easter from Maine mate. They were good men, I thought. And they were, as long as I watched them.

The Marshall loaded and sailed with instructions to jog about fifteen miles off Atlantic City until my arrival. The Italians had customers who were supposed to be ready to take over the cargo. But when I reached Atlantic City by rail, I found the deal had fallen through.

THE Italians thought they had a customer at Charleston and asked me to send the Marshall there. That deal also fell through and, at my suggestion, we decided to take the cargo on to New York.

The Marshall went north again, with orders to wait twenty miles southeast of Montauk Point for two weeks. If I had not appeared by then, Johnson was to return to Nassau, discharge the crew, and wait orders there.

When I reached New York, the Italians had sold the Marshall's cargo to a big shot in Connecticut. We got rid of it at last, and the schooner squared away for Nassau. I rode ashore on the last load.

In three months I had cleared $35,000 net and the game was just beginning.

One of the Italians bumped into me as I was hurrying through the lobby of the Pennsylvania.

"Gangway," I told him. "Nassau-bound."

He grabbed my arm. "Forget it," he said. "There's a million in it, if you'll listen."

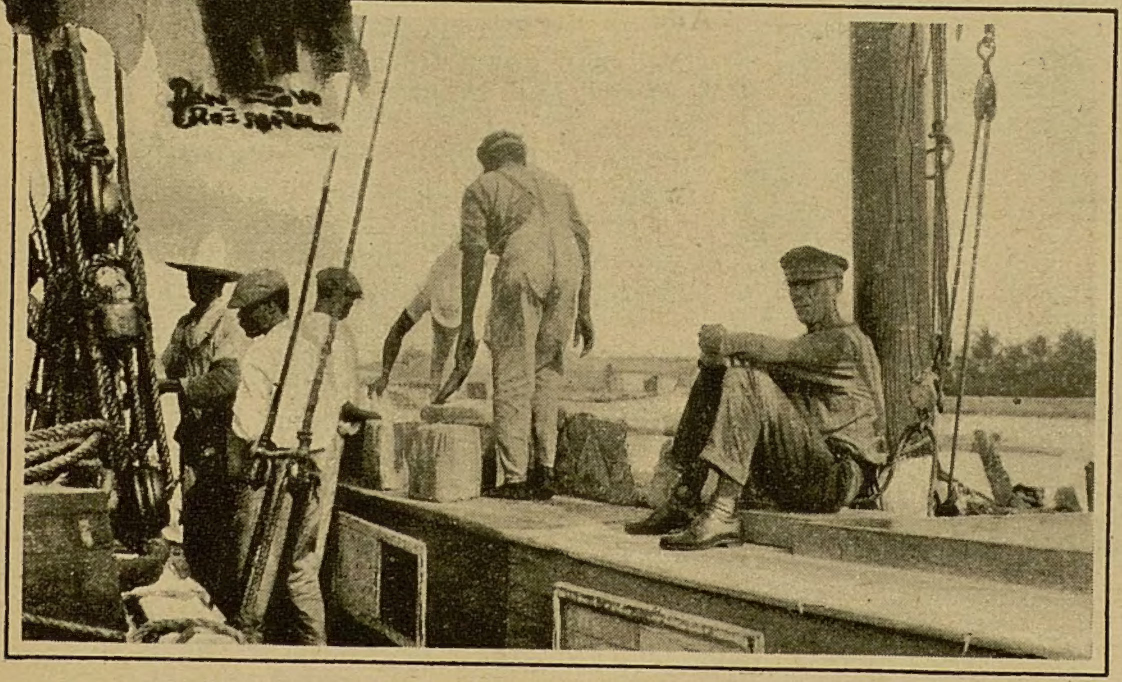
So I forgot it and let my train go and listened.

The Italian mob planned to operate in a big way. As a first step, they had just bought 5,000 cases at a Kentucky distillery and were shipping it to Nassau.

"You haul for us, Bill," he went on. "Only, get yourself a ship that will take it all in one trip. Five thousand cases a load means fifty grand each voyage. How does that sound, guy?"

"I know the schooner I want," I said, "but she may cost more than I've got. You boys may have to give me a lift."

"Cook," he would shout when aboard my schooner, "another hocus-pocus!"



Loading rye on board the Arethusa at Nassau.

"Go ahead. Write your check and we'll sign it."

I bought the Arethusa in Maine for $21,000. It cost me $11,000 more to get her ready for sea. I would let nothing but the best go into her.

We brought her down to Gloucester and set to work. I repainted her a dazzling white.

Captain Albert Gott, a grizzled Down-Easter and a born seaman, was the Arethusa's captain. Her crew were all big, two-fisted men.

I paid my captains $1,000 per month on voyages they made alone, and $500 per month with the privilege of putting $500 more "under the stern"—putting $500 worth of their own liquor aboard her—if I accompanied them. My mates got $500 normally, $250 if I was aboard, and $250 additional under the stern. The cook received $150 and could carry $150 worth of his own liquor for sale. Seamen got $100 a month and a bonus of $100 at the end of each trip.

The Marshall and the Arethusa were in Nassau harbor when I returned. A big Georgian I knew offered me $15,000 for the privilege of sending the Marshall north to Atlantic City with a load of rye. I smothered m hunch and turned over the Marshall to him, with th understanding that he never was to bring the schoone closer to Jersey than twenty-five miles offshore. I did an other foolish thing, so foolish that I deserved most of the later misfortune it caused me. I wrote out specific sailing orders for Captain Johnson and gave them to him.

I placed my new schooner under British registry. We had to change her name, since there was another Arethusa on the registry list. We christened her Tomoka. Still later she became Marie Celeste. I always though and spoke of her by her original name.

NASSAU was beginning to come out of her dreams. Bay Street, usually somnolent, grew active. Liquor dealers enlarged their quarters. An American, who was later my main source of supply, bought a quantity of rye in Baltimore. A United States Shipping Board vessel brought the cargo over and landed it in Nassau. Every case of it thereafter went back to the United States via Rum Row. All this man's transactions, however, were entirely within the law.

Adventurers and business men, racketeers and merchants not only came to Nassau by sea but began to rain down out of the air. Meanwhile the Arethusa loaded 2,000 cases of the Italians' rye and took liquor belonging to the man who had chartered the Marshall as the balance of her cargo. When we reached Long Island, she hovered off Montauk. Each night we were unloading fast, half expecting cruisers and battleships to sweep down upon us any time. After three nights' steady trade, I did not want to press my luck too hard. I ordered the schooner out to sea for several days, with instructions to be at a certain spot off Montauk just before darkness on Wednesday night.

Two inquisitive strangers talked with me on the pier at Fort Pond Bay Wednesday morning. They claimed to be fishermen. I knew they weren't.

At dusk, as I guided my customer's fou boats out toward where I had told the Ar thusa's captain to be, a gray cruiser loome through the twilight.

We went pounding along out to sea. All at once I saw my Arethusa coming.

In the darkness, we saw the warship's blinker working. I sent Captain Gott aloft on the lookout with a pair of powerful night glasses, and we got to work.

Presently he called down in an uneasy voice:

"Bill, there are blinkers working to seaward."

We loaded the faster. Gott called again a half hour later: "Blinkers going to shoreward too."

"They've surrounded us," my customer gasped, but we went on loading. There wasn't anything else to do. When the last case had been put overside, I said:

"You boys stand a better chance if you scatter and take each boat to shore by a different route."

They agreed and slipped away into the blackness. After a little while Gott reported the blinkers had vanished. We had happened to sail into the middle of a squadron working out some war-game night problem. That was all. They weren't interested in us.

I went out to the Arethusa with a customer that night, and then had the lad who had brought me out in his motorboat take me to Block Island. From the summer hotel I telephoned to the Italians. The next afternoon one of them arrived saying he had an order for 500 cases that had to be filled.

We walked to the telegraph office together. There was a crowd about the door on which bulletins were pinned. Over their heads I read:

New York: Henry L. Marshall, McCoy mystery ship, seized off Atlantic City with 1,500 cases of whisky. Government searching for Arethu mrunner, seen off Montauk.

ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REAL McCOY
Continued from page nine

We left Block Island after that, but we landed our 500 ses that night. I told Gott to take my schooner to sea or two weeks and then to wait for me twenty miles southast of Gay Head, off the tiny island called No Man's land. Then I took a train to New York. The morning paper announced that the big Georgian who had chartered the Marshall, and Ben and Bill McCoy, had been indicted by the grand jury, and that the crew of the schooner were jail, held without bail.

We got a lawyer. Ben was going to stay and face indictment. The Georgian skipped to Florida and I decided to odge the law. The Arethusa was waiting for me offshore.

Weatherly, the Georgian's nephew and the Marshall's supercargo, decided to go with me.

We went to New London together. I got in touch with my schooner that had been jogging patiently about off No Man's Land, and we sold some more of her cargo to Connecticut purchasers. I enjoyed myself in New London, but I played my hunches. Something woke me early one morning saying in my ear: "Time to get out of here." Fifteen minutes later we were on a launch heading out across the sound and, as I learned later, Jim Lynch, a Treasury agent man, was asking at the hotel for me. He and his mate McAdam had been sent out to get me.

Weatherly and I went to Gay Head, where a remnant of the Indians of New England still dwell.

Indians are ideal people for a rumrunner to live among. They don't ask questions. We stayed with them several weeks. The Arethusa still jogged about No Man's Land, nd each night we discharged more cargo.

Lynch and McAdam ran in circles trying to pick up my trail, while rumors kept floating in about the "mystery ship" that was hanging offshore. The prohibition authorities turned on the Collector of the Port of Boston, demanding that a cutter track down the Arethusa. The cutter ried but couldn't find her.

Then scandal broke. A New Bedford wspaper reporter disguised himself as sherman, chartered a boat, and went out one Saturday to find the Arethusa. He succeeded where a revenue cutter had failed, boarded her, talked with the crew, bought some liquor, and spread the story of his exploit over an entire page. He certainly laid on the color.

WHEN I saw that yarn I felt in my bones that it was time to say good-by to Gay Head. That afternoon Weatherly and I left. He scuttled away in an Indian's old flivver, bound for the east end of Martha's Vineyard where I promised to pick him up. I chartered the fastest fishing launch in Gay Head, and, because my luck still was in, found the Arethusa. I told Captain Gott to make a wide circle out to sea, coming in at the end of three days to a point twenty miles southeast of the Cape Ann whistling buoy. If I didn't show up in a few days thereafter, he was to go back to Nassau.

On my way back to Gay Head I crossed the bows of the cutter Acushnet, coming down the coast at full speed.

We picked up Weatherly in the launch, ran over to Buzzard's Bay, and took the Boston train. Three days later, I chartered a car and went down with Weatherly to Gloucester.

Two stanch friends met me there.

"We've been readin' about you, Bill," they told me quickly, "and there's men in town looking for you. Best take to the water till they leave. There's a boat ready."

Once at sea again in this little motor skiff, I dozed until, off the Cape Ann buoy, we raised the lovely white shape of the Arethusa, waiting with all sail set. I wondered at the spread of canvas until I saw, between my schooner and the horizon, three destroyers puttering about.

I waved to Gott. He hove to [illegible] as I came overside. Above, the wind stirred such tumult in the slatting sails that he had to scream his message: "Was goin' to leave in another hour—I don't like them warships!"

"Halifax," I ordered. "Wait for me outside the harbor."

I went back to Gloucester in the launch. I changed all my money into $1,000 bills at the bank and then went to Boston. The following afternoon I took steamer to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Weatherly followed by rail.

On reaching Halifax, I sought the harbor. There, offshore, the Arethusa was waiting.

I looked up Bill Acker, collector of customs, and came clean.

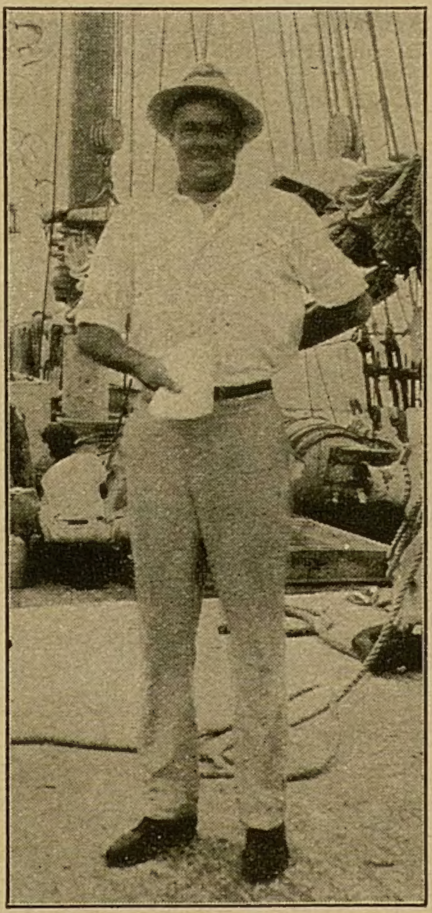
"Collector," I said, "I'm Bill McCoy. I've a rumrunner, Bahama registration, jogging off your harbor. I'm cleared for Halifax. I want to come in for repairs."

"You can't," snapped the collector, and then corrected himself. "No; you can come in, if you insist, but you'll have one hard time getting out again. I'm telling you for your own good, McCoy."

THERE seemed nothing to do but return the Arethusa to Nassau with part of her cargo still unsold. And then a hunch whispered to me. There was St. Pierre, port of the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, 400 miles east. I squared my shoulders and went to see the French consul.

"Ah," said he. "You weesh to go to St. Pierre for repair. But certainly. You are not cleared for there? What does that matter? Go, m'sieu', and ask for Folquet Frères on your arrival. Go on your sheep. I will cable you are coming."

Weatherly stayed in Halifax, but I chartered a harbor tug, put a few cases of fresh provisions aboard her, and started out to meet the Arethusa. The wind was out of the east and picking up force. When she saw us, she came about and ran down toward us. She took me aboard and we stood away on our course for St. Pierre.


"The real" McCoy, on deck.

First, however, we had a little argument. All hands were disappointed not to go to Halifax. But I talked about the glories of St. Pierre. I never had been there, but that only made me more eloquent. By the time I had finished, a hurricane wouldn't have turned them back.

When the crew went forward, Captain Gott pulled me aside.

"Bill," he confided, "those lies of yours sounded fine—but, Bill, how the hell are we going to get there? I was to Miquelon once, but that's years ago and there isn't a chart on board."

Night and the gale were coming in. The sky was gray and the sea a foam-streaked black. It was bitter cold.

We searched the cabin and found an old school geography. From its map of Canada, we determined the approximate latitude and longitude of St. Pierre and Miquelon and worked out a Mercator's sailing, thanks to Admiral Sims' teachings on the Saratoga. Then we put the Arethusa on her course.

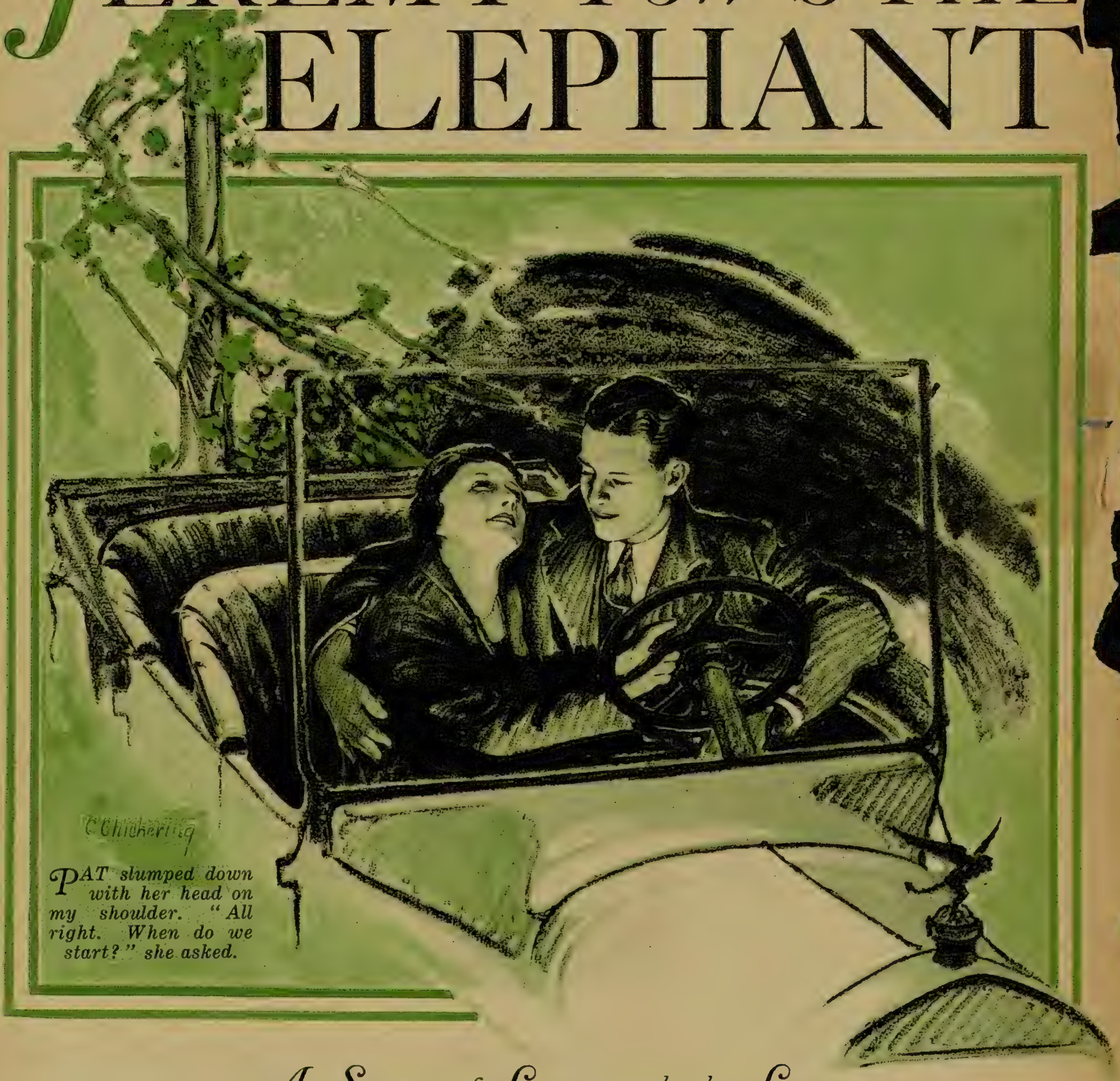
By midnight we raised St. Pierre and hove to until morning. At daybreak we sailed in. St. Pierre was a bleak village, with a stone-scattered beach and little white houses and sides of hills white with drying codfish. The men looked at me reproachfully.

We anchored off the governor's house and the Folquet brothers were the first to greet us. That was the beginning of a friendship.

Mine was the first rumrunning ship ever to reach St. Pierre. Since then the liquor trade from that port has brought the inhabitants of that formerly poverty-stricken island millions of dollars.

Another installment of "The Real McCoy's" own story will appear in an early issue.

JEREMY TOWS THE ELEPHANT



PAT slumped down with her head on my shoulder. "All right. When do we start?" she asked.

A Story of Love and the Law

By

© Bachrach

VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

who was born in Washington, D. C., is married, and lives on Long Island, N. Y. She admits a partiality for cats, but also shares with her husband a fondness for dogs, horses, cows, and automobiles. In addition to writing fiction, both she and her friends admit she is a good cook.

Pictures by CHARLES R. CHICKERING

(Reading time: 32 min. 7 sec.)

IT was the week before the family broke camp. The summer had flashed by on skates, and I was feeling low. And then there was this college racket. Every morning dad and I went to the mat with it. He wanted me to go back to the university, and I wanted to go to work. He's a swell scout, but you can lean too hard on education. I bet plenty of big men don't know a Greek verb from a frat house. And what would it get 'em if they did?

"I figure this way," I told him one night at dinner. "I've already done a two years' stretch—"

"Stretch?" asked my mother.

"Current among our best gunmen," dad told her. You have to hand it to him for a snappy comeback.

"Gunmen!" cried my mother. I simply ignored this.

"What I mean—" I began, "if you were a millionaire like—"

"Like Pat Montbury's father," said my sister Emily. Emily is our household comic strip.

"—like some men," I wiped her off before she got going "it might be different. But I've done two years, a

[CONTINUED ON N

JEREMY TOWS THE ELEPHANT

Continued from page eleven

"And what they don't know, you can tell 'em." I turned around and looked at Emily. She shut up. Sometimes it works.

"I mean I ought to go to work," I told dad. "I ought to have responsibilities—"

"He means Pat Montbury," said Emily. "He wants to get married."

"Don't be ridiculous," said my mother.

"I'll see you about it later," I told dad. "No man can talk business with a child yapping on the floor."

"I'm sixteen," hooted Emily. "Laugh that off."

"Then it's a case of arrested development," I told her.

"You both ought to be in rompers," said dad. "When I have any business to talk over with you, Jeremy, I'll let you know. You're going back to college and no nonsense. If I can't pay your bills, I'll tell you."

Just then the telephone rang.

"I'll get it," I said. "I've finished, anyhow."

"You haven't eaten the pattern on the plate," said Emily.

"Is that so?" I asked. "You don't hear any kick from Amaryllis." Amaryllis is the dark cloud in the kitchen. "Listen," I told her, "you lay off that extension, too." I went into the telephone closet and shut the door. I figured it was Pat.

"Hello," I said. It was Mark Peters.

"What's the big idea?" he shouted.

"Who do you think you're yelling at?" I said. I was sore.

"I've been calling this number about an hour," he said. "Beat it up here in the Cricket, and don't stop at any hot-dog stands."

"Up where?" I asked him.

"Twenty miles up the road past Elizabethtown—" he began.

"Sorry. I've got a date," I told him.

"Lay off the comedy!" he came back. "I've got the Elephant, and a broken drive shaft—"

"I thought your old man told you to leave that locomotive in the garage," I said.

"Can I help it if he takes the roadster and goes fishing?" asked Mark. "Great tripe! I have to go places."

"WHAT do you want with me?"

"To tow me home!" howled Mark. "Do you think I can run with a broken drive shaft?"

"You might try," I told him. "Why don't you get a tow up there?"

"Because the skate wants eighty-five dollars," he said. "Say, do you know this is long-distance? Are you coming up?"

"Sure," I told him. What could I do? "I'll be up first thing in the morning."

"Take your time! Make it the day after! With the old man coming home at noon tomorrow!"

"All right," I said. "I can't start for nearly an hour. I've got to break my date."

"Give Pat my love," he said. "I pulled off the road. You can find us."

"I can't miss you, with that steam engine," I told him. I hung up and grabbed a cap. Then I snatched a coat. The nights are cold up in the woods. The family were reading around the fire when I went in. A fieldstone fireplace with a moose head is regular camp equipment.

"I've got to go out," I said. I went and kissed my mother.

"Give Pat my love," said Emily. Everybody was sending love to Pat.

"Will you be late?" asked my mother. She never tries to stop you. Just says something like that.

"I'm going to run over to Mark with the Cricket," I said. There wasn't any use telling them Mark was sit-[illegible] by the road twenty miles past Elizabethtown.

[illegible] f you break down," said dad. Everybody guys the Cricket. I don't care, as long as the darn thing runs.

"I—I may stay with Mark all night," I told them. "So don't worry."

I opened up the garage and got the Cricket out. Dad named her. Well, she did sort of chirp, but what was the difference? I got her at the university the year before off a freshman who needed twenty-five dollars—and I mean needed! She was all right, except she wouldn't go. She had a slick new paint job, so Mark and I took her off in a field and tinkered with her. We put in new spark plugs and charged up the battery and messed around, and at Easter she ran home under her own steam. Dad whooped when he saw her, but he took her to his pet mechanic, and Pete put in new piston rings and this and that, and dad footed the bill. But Pete said when he turned her over to me that you couldn't make anything out of a seven-year-old car but a seven-year-old car.

Our camp is up a cat track two miles into the woods from the main road. The car runs in two deep ruts if you strike 'em. If you don't, you ride the ridges and hope you stay there. The trail is nothing but sharp broken stones, where it isn't ledges of rock. So I wouldn't take a new car there if I had one.

PAT and Mark belong to a colony halfway round the mountain. They have regular roads and long black cars, and their camps look like the business end of a bank roll. Our camp was left us by dad's Aunt Caroline, or we wouldn't have one.

Well, the Cricket oozed down the lane from the garage, and into the road. I have to call it a road if I call it anything. It has about eight hairpin curves, all before or after a big ledge of rock. There it is. You go into low, and stagger up, and then slide off the top down the other side. I wondered as I bumped about why I had to fall for a girl halfway round the mountain. The cricket chirped and hopped over the rocks. She whistled, too, but I didn't think it meant anything. I found the road to old man Montbury's and let the car out. I was sore, having to break a date with Pat. But how could I ditch Mark? Pat's father likes me the way he'd like a pet snake. He's just any girl's rich father with an only daughter.

Pretty soon I pulled off the road and waited. Pat sometimes met me there. I thought it was more tactful, with her father and all. In about five minutes there was a scrunch on the road, and then Pat opened the car door and climbed in. She leaned over and I kissed her, and that wasn't old man Montbury's business.

"Well," she said a little later, "where do we go now?"

"Nowhere, sweetness," I told her. "And I'm a whole lot sorrier than you are."

"I don't call Sally's visiting blonde so hot," said Pat.

"There isn't any blonde in my life," I said.

"That's what I wanted to know," she laughed. "Then let's go places."

"Keep this to yourself," I advised her; "but that bum, Mark, is twenty miles up past Elizabethtown with a broken drive shaft."

"I'm not excited," she said. "His father told him to lay off driving that freight car."

"It cost ten thousand dollars," I said. Pat laughed.

"Try to get ten for it, unless he held somebody up," she said. "His grandfather must have had a sense of humor. Imagine leaving anybody that pile of junk."

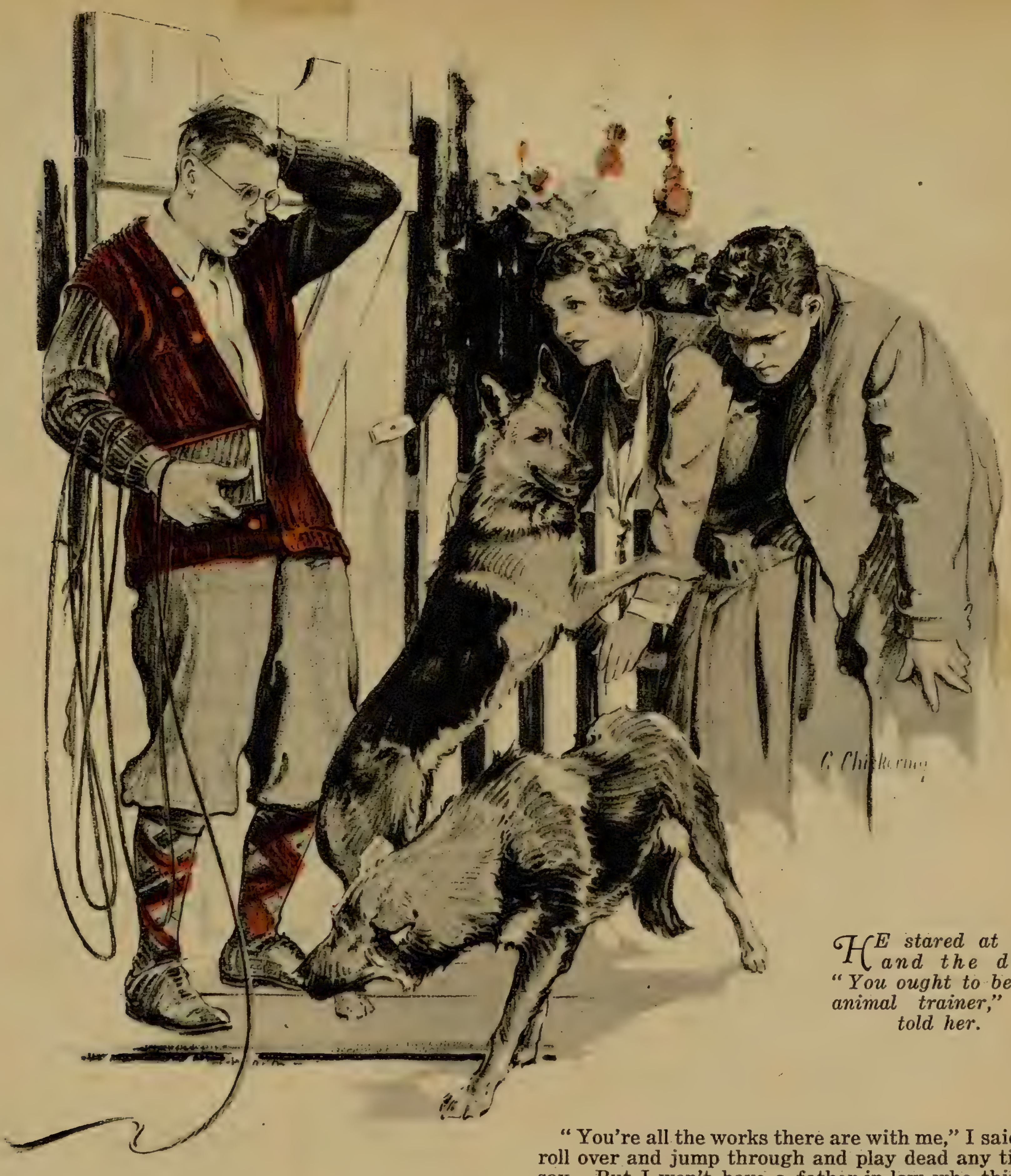
I told her about Mark's father taking his roadster to go fishing, and that the old man was coming home the next day.

"That's tough," she said, "but what business is it of ours?"

"I can't leave him up there, can I?" I asked.

"You're not in the wrecking business. Let him telephone for somebody to tow him home," she said.

"They want eighty-five dollars," I explained. "Where can that egg get eighty-five dollars?" Pat slumped



HE stared at Pat and the dog. "You ought to be an animal trainer," he told her.

down with her head on my shoulder. "All right. When do we start?" she asked. I snapped on the light and looked at her. Darned if she didn't mean it.

"Get out, like a good kid," I told her. "If I stick around much longer, I won't go at all."

"It will be a slick ride," Pat went on, "and I never towed anybody."

"Go on home, sweetness," I said. I kept thinking about Mark and the Elephant and the time.

"What's the matter with my going?" asked Pat.

"It will take me four hours to get up there, and gosh knows how long to get back, and what will your father be doing?" I came back.

"Is that our business?" she wanted to know.

"For Pete's sake, will you go on home?" I begged her.

"You make me sick," she said.

"Listen," I told her. "Girls have still got reputations, although I'll admit you'd hardly notice it. You can't lope round all night with a couple of men. Not with me one of them."

"You ought to marry me," said Pat. "We might as well be married, the way you fuss."

"You're all the works there are with me," I said. "I'll roll over and jump through and play dead any time you say. But I won't have a father-in-law who thinks I'm a dose of rat poison. I've got to show him some action. I've got a swell job all landed if I can lay off the university." Pat took her head off my shoulder and sat up.

"All right, sweet dumpling," she said. She got out. "Have a swell trip and tell me all the news that's fit to print. You've got a bum lamp. Probably a loose connection."

"Here! Wait a minute!" I called. But she had vanished. Just like that. I felt all of a sudden as if I was alone in a hundred-acre lot. But there was Mark, sitting by the road, watching. I went around and fixed the headlight, climbed back in, and started for the main road.

I thought, this duty stuff is not so hot. The seat beside me was a mile wide. I began to think about parents having a mortgage on you, and to wonder how they got that way. It was getting colder and I stopped and put on my coat. The main road was empty when I turned in. I gave the Cricket more gas. She's past mountain climbing, even when it's cold, and every once in a while she'd boil. I'd get out and open the hood, and think about Pat, and Mark sitting by the road. She'd

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEREMY TOWS THE ELEPHANT
Continued from page thirteen

cool and we'd shove off again. I was almost asleep when we finally ran through Elizabethtown. The Cricket stumbled down over the little bridge, with the water clucking and chuckling in the dark, and climbed the hill the other side. We ran fifteen miles more and I started looking for the Elephant's lights beside the road. Mark didn't say which side—not that it made any difference. I began to wonder what the joke was, when all of a sudden Pat spoke from the back of the car.

"There he is! Over there!" she said. I stalled the Cricket and she began to roll back downhill. I jammed on the emergency and looked round. I just opened my mouth when I saw her sitting there.

"You never really thought I'd go home, so don't sit and look like a husband," she said. "Anyhow, I was the one who found them. You'd have gone right through to Canada."

I knew she was just talking so I couldn't. But if I'd said what was on my mind, she'd never have talked to me again.

"If you don't mind telling me, how did you get back in the Cricket?" I asked.

"Just slid in while you were fooling with the lamps," she explained. "That's what you get for a two-door car."

"If it wasn't for leaving Mark flat, I'd start back now," I told her.

"Not with me," she said. "I'm of age. I'll go where I want to."

"No foolin'," I said.

I STARTED the engine, ran the car up the road, turned around, and rolled down just in front of the Elephant. You couldn't mistake the old locomotive. But where was Mark?

"Wait once," said Pat. She opened a door and I flashed a light inside. There was Mark, snoring under a couple of rugs on the back seat. Only for his face being full of grease where he'd been under the car, he looked like leaving a call for eight o'clock.

"He gets me into a jam that will last all my life, and goes to sleep!" I said. I was sore.

"I got you into the jam, darling," said Pat, "and I'll get you out." I pulled the covers off Mark, and grabbed him by the leg.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Where do you think you are?" He came off the seat and into the road. His hair was standing up. He rubbed his eyes and stared at us.

"You took your time," he started. Then he realized Pat. "And just how did you get in this?" he asked her. "You're a swell guy!" he said to me.

Pat stamped her foot. I think it lit on his, the way he jumped.

"Shut up!" she cried. "I hid. Jerry didn't even know I was aboard until just now."

"What in the name of bobcats did you do that for?" he asked.

"Tow your old car and forget it," snapped Pat. "I know what I'm doing."

"If I thought that—" he began.

"Get busy, and fight it out afterward," I said.

"All right. Where's your towline?" asked Mark.

"Towline?" I repeated.

"Towline, darling," added Pat. "Where is it?" There was no use stalling.

"I haven't got one," I admitted. "I forgot it."

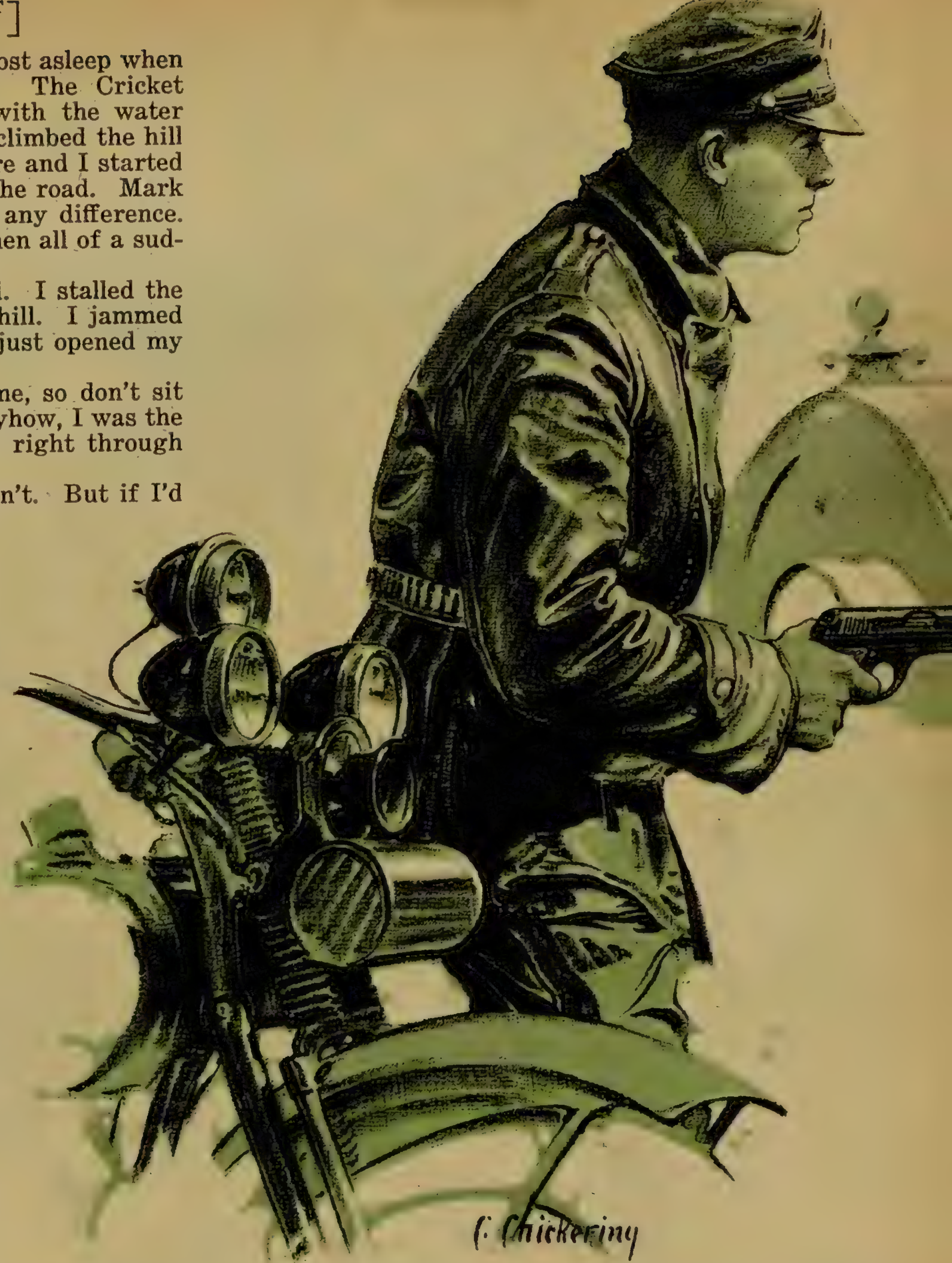
"He came up here to tow a car, and he forgot the towline—" began Mark.

"Well, why not?" said Pat. "What do you suppose he is? I think he was darned decent to come at all."

"So do I," apologized Mark. "But how the heck—"

"We'll find one," said Pat. "Anybody'll give us one."

"Such as—" suggested Mark. He looked at his watch. It was half past one.



"Where's the crook who wanted eighty-five dollars?" she asked.

"Just past Elizabethtown," he said. "I telephoned."

"Where from?" she asked.

"White farmhouse—off the road up there," he told her.

"Come on," she said and started up the dark road.

"Don't be crazy!" cried Mark, catching her arm. "That old guy stuck me fifty cents for a local call. Said it wore out the phone to use it so much. All he'd give you a towline for would be to hang yourself."

"Uh-huh," said Pat, walking along.

"He's got two police dogs almost as sweet-tempered as timber wolves," added Mark.

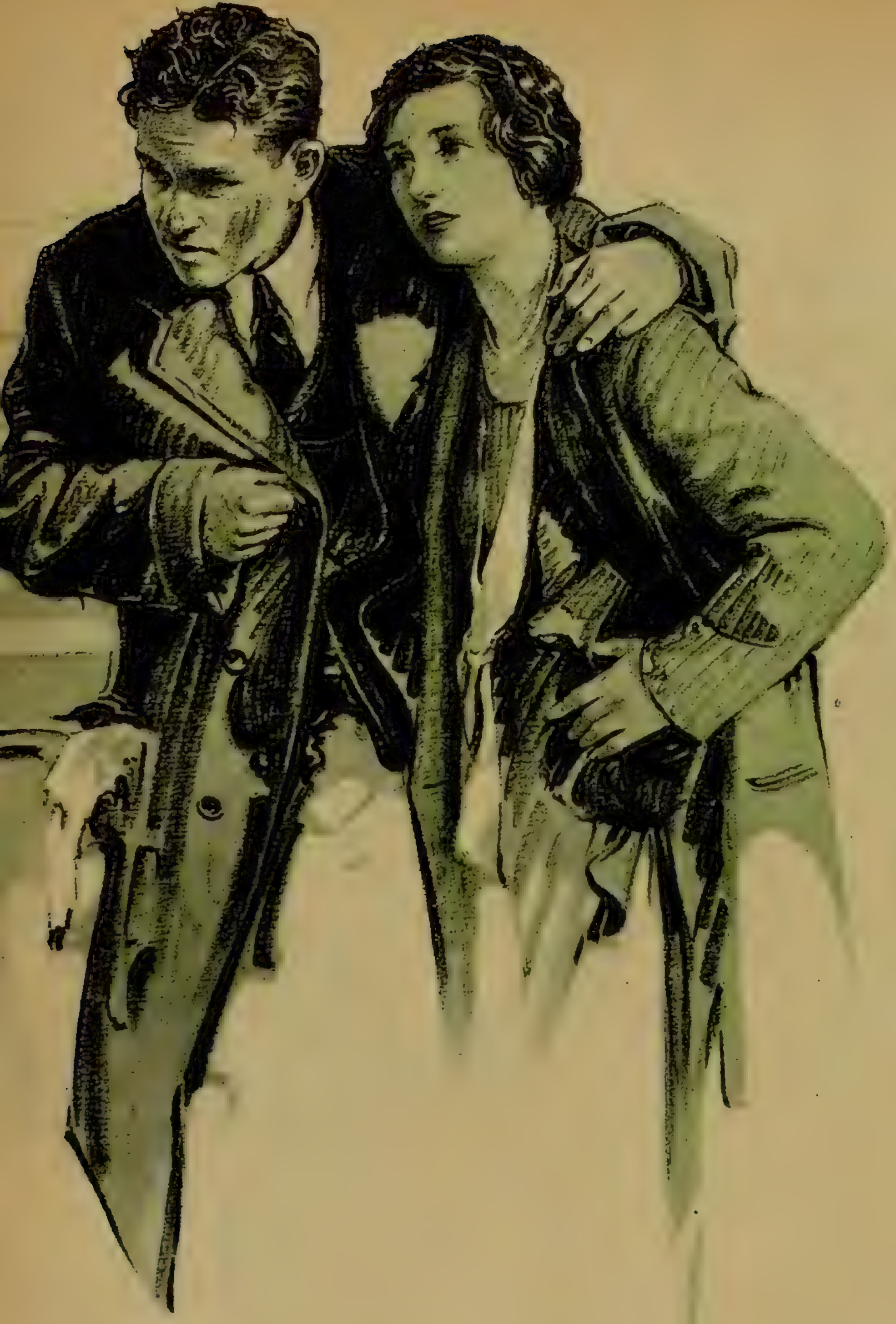
"OH, go talk to the Elephant," said Pat. "Come on, Jerry." So of course I followed her. Pretty soon we came in sight of the house. There was a light in a back window on the ground floor. Well, I thought, there won't be any of this nightcap stuck out of the second-story window business, anyway. There was a white picket fence, and a lot of trees. The house was low and long and white. I could just make it out. I got thinking of Pat, and homes, and what not. We got to the gate and Pat told Mark to beat it.

"You seem to be solid with the old man already," she said. "You'd better give somebody else a chance."

"Well, for Pete's sake look out for the dogs," Mark told her.

"Oh, dogs!" said Pat. She started for the path around the house.

"Maybe you'd better stay with Mark," she whispered



PAT edged over to me and I put my arm around her. “Where's the other crook?” asked the trooper.

to me. “Old men and dogs don't bother me much.”

“Thanks a lot,” I said, “but I guess I'll tag along.” We crept up to about two feet of the back porch, when a couple of bolts of lightning struck the path beside us. A dog that barks don't worry me. But these bums growled deep in their throats, with bared teeth about a foot long. I made a grab for Pat.

“Stand still,” she said. I wondered where she got the voice. I stood. I shut my eyes. I'd rather be eaten blindfold. But nothing touched me. The mutts just stood and growled. I began to think of a lot of things—

“WHAT'S all this rot, anyway?” said Pat to the nearest dog. She put out her hand. I froze to the spot. The big brute stopped growling and began to sniff. The other one came closer. I held what little breath I had left. Pat went on talking and holding her hands out, but not trying to get fresh with them. All of a sudden, the big one stopped sniffing and laid his head against her. The other started pushing him out of the way. She scratched their heads, and kept talking. If you like nerve, you'd have enjoyed it. She took a step nearer the porch.

I don't know whether they'd have stood for her going up or not. The door opened and a guy came out. He had on knickers and a sweater, and with the light behind him looked about my age. He swung the door wider and the light hit Pat and the two shepherds. He sort of wabbled down the steps. He looked as if you could have rubbed him right out.

“What in heck have you done to the dogs?” he asked.

“Oh, they're all right,” said Pat.

“Well, I'll be damned!” he said.

“I'm not all there when it comes to animals,” Pat told him. “The hounds know. This breed knows everything.”

“But how—what—” he began.

“What are we doing here, anyway?” asked Pat. She flashed a smile. Anybody would have fallen for it.

“Something like that,” he said. He came down the steps and caught sight of me. “Oh! I didn't see your husband.” I just opened my mouth.

“Really?” said Pat.

“What's the matter? Break down?” he asked.

“You can call it that,” she told him. “A friend of ours is stuck with a broken drive shaft and we want to tow him home.”

“My father said at supper somebody'd been phoning for a tow,” said the guy.

“So, will you sell us a rope—or loan us one? Because we have to be shoving off,” said Pat.

He looked at me and then at her again. Then he said wait a minute and he'd see what was in the barn. I handed him my torch and he went down the walk. The dogs followed, but King—the big one—turned back and sat down on Pat's feet. She leaned down and put her arms around him. He looked up at her. He was a swell brute, with his long black muzzle and big eyes.

“I sort of can't bear to leave him,” said Pat. “I wonder if they'd sell him.”

“He's just about all we need,” I said. “Not but what he's a swell hound.”

“That's right,” she said. “I'll telephone them when we get back, and we can drive up and get him.” The farmer's son came up the walk with two pieces of rope dangling from his hand. He stared at Pat and the dog.

“YOU ought to be an animal trainer,” he told her. “These any good?” Pat took the ropes. They looked like they came off a ball of twine.

“Grand,” she told him. “How much are they?”

“Not a thing,” he said. “I couldn't sell that junk.” Not much like his old man, I thought. But then, Pat isn't Mark.

“Thanks a lot,” she said. We all shook hands, and Pat kissed the dogs.

“Sure you don't want any help?” he asked. “I'd come anyway, but I'm swatting up on my Latin.”

“University?” I asked him.

“Sure is,” he told me. “The old man thinks I've had enough. But I'm not going to be a farmer all my life!” I said that was the way it was. Old Joe Hawkes, who digs in near our camp, says, “Them as wants it can't git it, and them as won't have it can't git nothin' else.”

“Well, so long,” said Pat. I didn't say anything. What was the use? He called the dogs and went in the house. I took the ropes and we walked around to the front gate.

“Where in heck is Mark?” asked Pat.

“Maybe the hounds ate him,” I said, “but I'm afraid not.” We hiked back down the road to the Elephant. Our arms were around each other, and the smell of the pines and balsam came riding down the wind from the mountains. I forgot Mark and the Elephant.

“He thought we were married,” I said.

“So he did,” said Pat. I kissed her. Just then the old Elephant bulked dark beside the road. I opened the door, and there was Mark, asleep on the back seat. I grabbed him by the leg and pulled him off.

“Who do you think you are, anyway?” I asked him. I was sore. He just sat there and blinked.

“I've had a darned hard day,” he said. “I've got to have my sleep. I didn't come back till I saw the dogs hadn't got you.”

“That's all you can ask of anybody,” said Pat. “Get out here and help hitch this towline. We've got to move.”

“What line?” asked Mark, turning the pieces over. I couldn't blame him. They looked like nothing going nowhere.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEREMY TOWS THE ELEPHANT
Continued from page fifteen

"If you know a better one—" suggested Pat.

"Heck!" said Mark. "Come on. We'll be here till morning."

"We're practically here till morning now," she told him. It was quarter past two. Mark and I measured the ropes. They were long enough to double, which helped a lot. We hitched the Elephant to the Cricket. I climbed in.

"Wait a minute," said Mark. "What about the drive shaft?"

"What do you mean—what about the drive shaft?" I asked.

"You haven't taken it out," he said.

"*I* haven't taken it out!" I barked. I was sore. "Why the heck didn't *you* take it out? You had time enough."

"It takes two for a job like that," he told me. "Anyway, we can't start till it's out." I stood and looked at him. The big bum, sleeping on the back seat. Pat looked on as if it was the middle of the day.

"Come on, then," I snapped.

"You've got the most marvelous disposition!" whispered Pat. So I thought, maybe everything happens for the best. We got out the tools and crawled under the Elephant. Mark just lay on his back and stared above him.

"Keep your mouth shut if you're going to sleep," I told him. "You might swallow a nut."

"My eyes are full of goo," he howled. "When I get the guy that greased this ice wagon—"

"Can't you keep your hands off your face?" I asked him. "And for Pete's sake put that torch where it lights something." Pat got down and looked under the car. She burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" asked Mark, sticking his head out.

"Only your faces," she said. Just then, the darned thing came loose. Mark came out first. He lay down on his stomach and crawled. A broken piece of the running board caught him in the back and ripped his coat up. I slid out on my back, but a big blob of grease caught me on the nose, and I heard my knickers rip on a piece of bough. Mark laughed, when I stood up, till he fell back on the running board. But the big stiff hadn't seen himself. Pat screamed at the sight of Mark. But I sort of annoyed her.

"YOU'VE torn your new suit—" she began.

"Never mind my suit," I said. "Let's go!" We put the tools back and I climbed under the Cricket's wheel.

"Let's just camp here," suggested Mark. "It's so near morning, and I'm so darned sleepy—"

"Swell," I told him, "with Pat and all."

"*I* didn't bring Pat to the party," he began. Pat got into the front of the Elephant and opened the rear door.

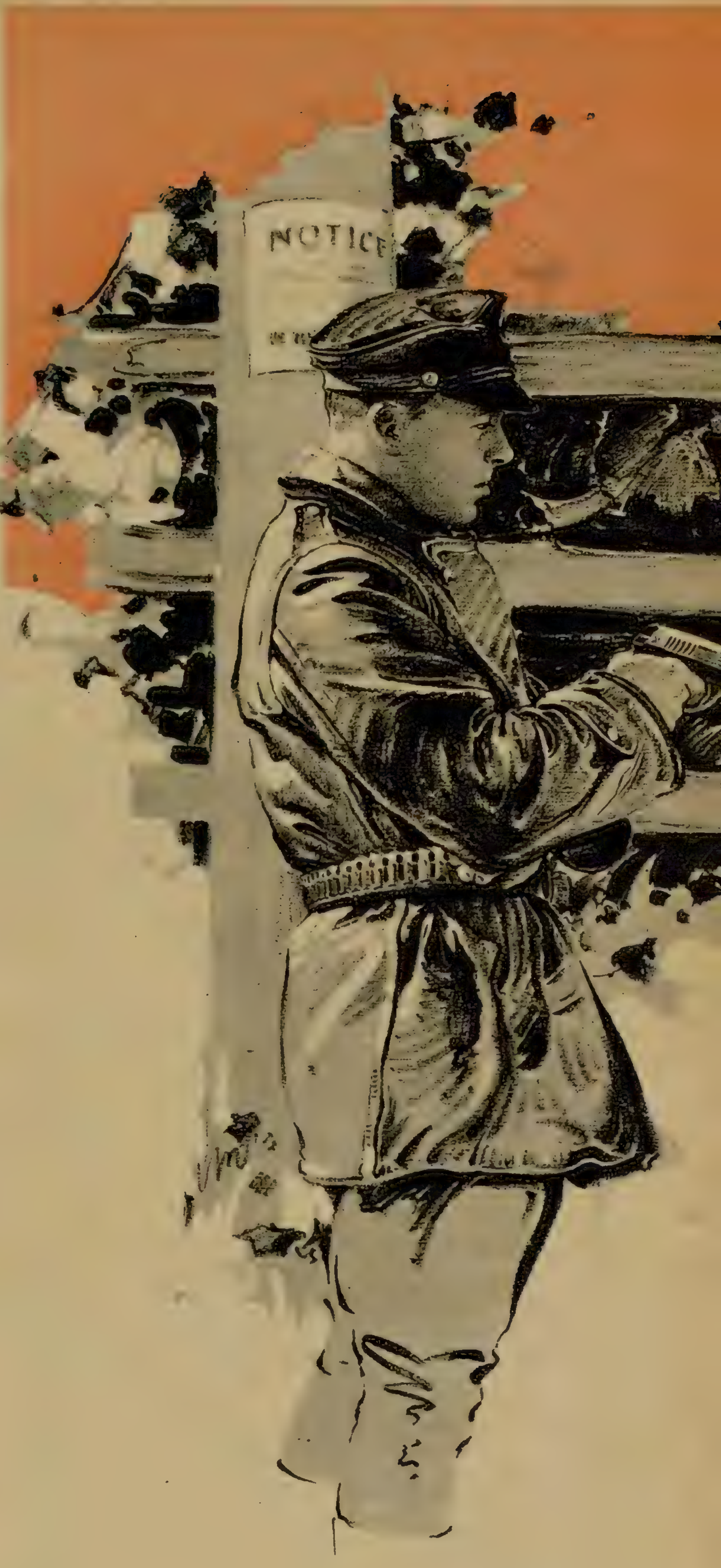
"Nobody brought me," said Pat. "Climb under the rugs and go on to sleep. I'll steer the Elephant."

"If I just had a great big piece of chocolate cake," began Mark.

"You will not steer the Elephant while that big bum—" I called. But Mark was already asleep on the back seat. She shut the door.

"Go on," she called back. "I'm not going to stay here the rest of my life."

There was still a Chinaman's chance I could get her back before the family woke up. I started the Cricket's engine. There was no use trying to tell Pat anything. She had her first car when she was twelve, and can drive circles around me. We crept out into the road and started down the hill. The Elephant lumbered along behind, lamps out. We had the road to ourselves, and as Pat eased her along I began to think maybe we could make it after all. Then we started up a grade. The Cricket chugged along in second, with the Elephant dragging behind. Halfway up, there was a kind of jar and the old Cricket shot up like nobody's business. I shut off the engine, set the brakes, got out, and ran back down the hill. There was the Elephant, sitting by the road, and Pat by the bumper, holding a frayed piece of rope. I started for the rear door.

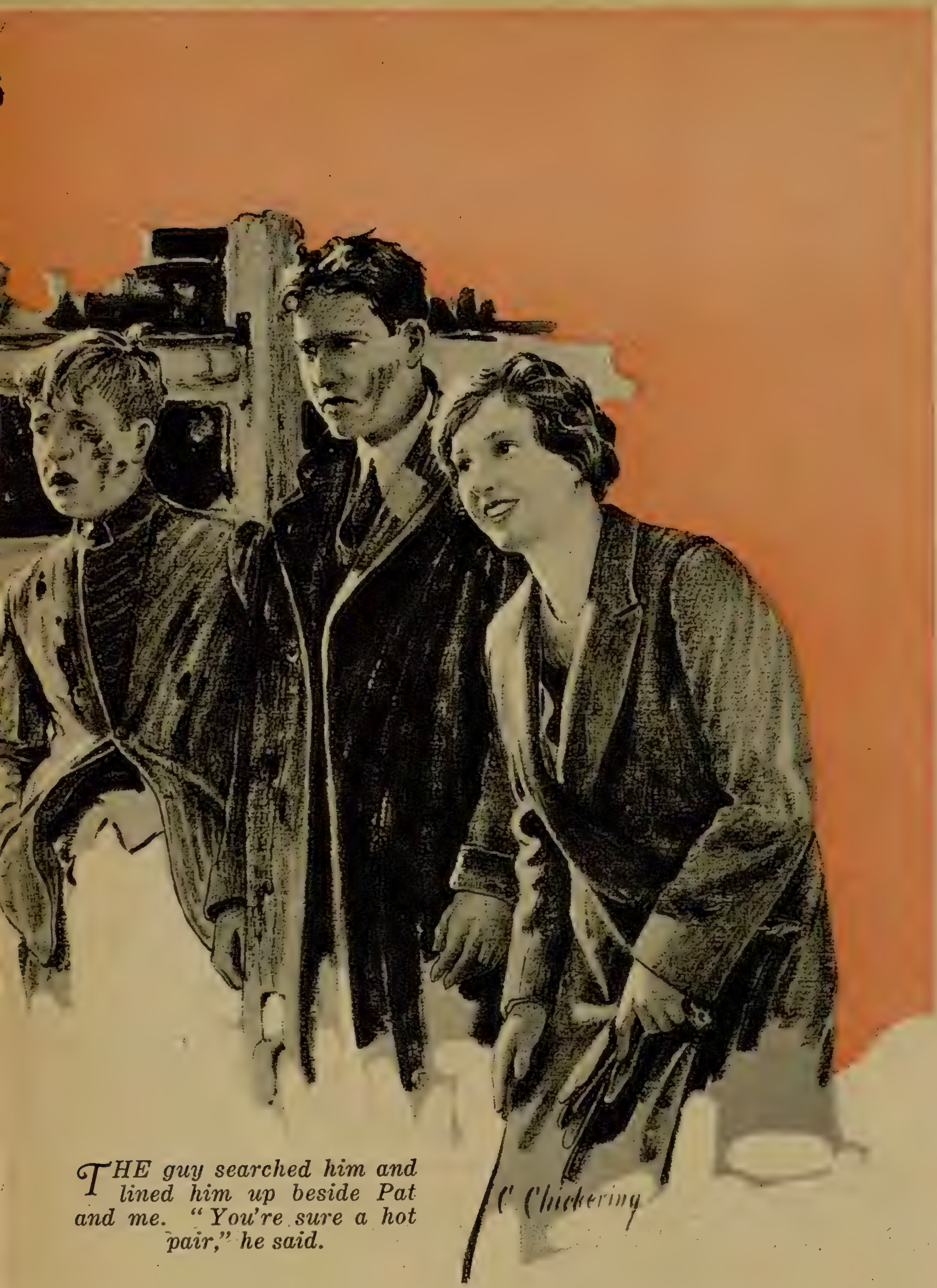


"For gosh sake let him sleep," said Pat. "He's about as much good as a squash pie."

"You're right, at that," I told her. She was already tying the ends of rope together.

"That thing will never hold on a hill," I said.

Pat said maybe it was just a weak spot. I backed the Cricket down and we hitched the cars together again. It began to rain, but I hardly noticed it. It was just one thing more. Starting on a wet hill, pulling a locomotive, doesn't get you much—in case you never tried it. The pull came. I held my breath. But Pat had turned the trick again. The Cricket chuffed up in second, and the Elephant crawled behind. After a long time, we got to the top. Mark told me the Elephant's brakes hadn't been relined since the Civil War. I thought



THE guy searched him and lined him up beside Pat and me. "You're sure a hot pair," he said.

of it going down the other side. But everything was O. K. when we got to the bottom. We slid through Elizabethtown, which was dark as your hat, and why not? It was four o'clock. I tried not to think about it. What with time, and Pat, and what would her father say, it was too much on anybody's mind. We struck a stretch of level road, and the rain stopped. It looked like a break. Then came a gentle grade, with the light from a service station pricking the trees. The Cricket stopped. I threw out my hand, and the Elephant bumped us gently. "What in heck is it now?" I said. But I knew. There was no more gas in the tank. I thought it was tough for a girl to lose her reputation for a sap like me. She got out and so did I. I waited for what she'd say.

"Out of gas?" she asked. That was all. Talk about dispositions!

"I'm a—" I began.

"You are not," she said. "Everybody forgets gas. Why not, with pumps every mile?"

"The Cricket always finds a filling station," I told her. It's a fact, too—no foolin'. "Take the wheel, and I'll see if I can start the outfit down grade."

"Wake Mark up," said Pat. "Good gosh, it's his car."

"What for?" I asked. "He'll only go to sleep on his feet." I wanted Pat to myself. I figured I'd never see her again once we landed. Pat got under the Cricket's wheel, and I pushed. It was like moving a Rocky Mountain. I opened Mark's door and grabbed him by the leg.

"Get out here and push, can't you?" I hollered. I had to tell him five times before he came out into the road. His face was black and his hair on end. He had no idea what it was all about.

"What are you *doing?*" he kept asking. But all I said was, "Push, darn you!" And at last the old bus began to roll, shoving the Cricket. Mark stood in the middle of the road.

"*Now* look what you've done," he kind of moaned. I thought he was going to cry. I took his arm and pulled him down the road.

"Forget it," I told him. "Once we catch 'em, you can go back to sleep."

"What did you let 'em go for?" he asked over and over. By the time we made the pumps, Pat had the guy out and the tank full. He was standing staring at the Elephant.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," he said as we came up, "if it ain't a Paget-Perrier!"

"Who said it wasn't?" asked Mark, yawning. The guy turned and stared at him. I didn't wonder. Then he went back to Pat.

"AIN'T been making them cars for more'n ten years," he told her. "Cost round ten thousand."

"So I've heard," said Pat.

"Yours?" he asked.

"Yes and no," said Pat. Afterward she wished she hadn't gotten fresh with him. After he looked Mark up and down, he took a squint at me. I didn't like it.

"In any trouble?" he asked Pat.

"Trouble?" Pat wanted to know.

"Need any help nor nothin'?" he said.

"Whatever it is, the answer's no," said Pat. He said "Oh," and went on staring at the Elephant. I decided to ignore him.

"Climb in," I told Mark. But he was half in already. I heard him sigh as he hit the seat. I thought it was no wonder his weight worried him. Pat took the Elephant's wheel, and I climbed into the Cricket, and we shoved off. The guy still stood by the pumps staring. I looked at my watch. It was half past four. I tried not to think what would happen if we ever got home.

I was thinking about Pat, when, shooting down the hill, came the sound of a police whistle. I decided I'd gone goofy. A black mountain road at half past four in the morning, and a police whistle— But then it hit me just behind the ear, and a motor cycle shot up beside the Cricket. I looked out at a State Trooper and a wicked little automatic.

"Stop, can't you? What the hell!" he said. "Didn't you hear me whistle?"

"Sure did," I told him. I put my hand out and stopped. The Elephant bumped us gently.

"Get out," said the trooper. He was a good-looking guy, at that. "Put 'em up!" he snapped. I took a chance on my hands, and stuck 'em in the air. He went all over me with one hand, and looked puzzled.

"Where's your gun?" he asked.

"I figured I wouldn't need one," I came back, "but it seems I was wrong."

He ignored that, and opened the Elephant's front door.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEREMY TOWS THE ELEPHANT
Continued from page seventeen

"Get out!" he told Pat. I was sore.

"You could sure use a manner or two," I told him. He said, "Shut up." Pat just sat and looked down at him.

"What would a stickup man want with manners?" she asked. "Is it a new racket, stealing State Troopers' uniforms?" The guy looked at her a minute and laughed.

"That's a hot one," he said. "Not that it will help you any. Go on, get out of that omnibus."

"I'm stiff, anyhow," Pat said, and slipped into the road. She edged over to me and I put my arm around her.

"Where's the other crook?" asked the trooper.

"The other—" I began.

"You heard me," he said. "Where is he?"

"Have you looked in the tool box?" Pat asked him. She acted as if it was a party. The trooper glared at her, and she looked him over as if he was a funny mechanical toy. He looked away. He grabbed a door of the Elephant and yanked it open. He stuck his gun inside, and flashed a light. Mark went on snoring.

"Snap out of it!" yapped the trooper. "That won't get you a thing." Mark yawned and sat up.

"Shoot that darned light off me, will you?" he said. "Don't I get any sleep?" Then he saw the guy. Then he saw the guy's gun.

"What is it? A holdup?" he yawned. "For the love of Emerson tote that gun somewhere else. Suppose it goes off." I had to hand it to him in a jam.

"Come out of it, and make it snappy," ordered the trooper.

"Have it your own way," said Mark. He untied the rugs from his legs, and slid into the road with the rest of us. The guy searched him and lined him up beside Pat and me.

"You're sure a hot pair," he said. "Come on, and make it snappy. As you were, in the cars, and turn around. I'm going to ride behind, and shoot the daylight into anybody that gets fresh."

"Don't be silly," said Pat. "Take our money, and call it a day. We're going somewhere."

"That was funny the first time you pulled it," he told her. "I don't believe you're kidnaped at all. I think you're as deep in it as they are. Go on. Beat it."

"Sure she is. What's it all about?" asked Mark. Every time I looked at him I had to laugh.

"WILL you get in those cars?" ordered the trooper. He was mad.

"Try to make me," said Pat. She was mad, too. She sat down on a log beside the road. "If I had that gun, I'd show you things. I'm cross-eyed if I'll move until I know what it's all about. You make me sick! Take it or leave it."

"The same to you and many of 'em," snapped the trooper.

"If music be the food of love, play on—" said Mark. He went and flopped down on the log. I couldn't stand there in the road alone, so I sat beside Pat.

"What are you sitting down for?" yelled the trooper. "I said get going. It's almost morning—"

"I would have thee gone," said Mark. "But yet no farther than a wanton's bird—"

"Quit that!" shouted the trooper.

"He flunked Eng. Lit.," I explained. "He's swatting up on his Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare or any other guy," he snapped, "he can't get fresh with me. Get going." I didn't like his eye much.

"Where to?" asked Pat.

"The police station," he said.

Pat and Mark whooped, but I didn't think it was so funny.

"What's the charge?" asked Mark.

"Stealing cars. What do you think?" he said. Pat jumped up.

"That whosit in the garage!" she cried. "He must have telephoned, the cute thing. Why, you poor nut, do you think we stole those? Look 'em over!"

"Jake said a Paget-Perrier ran around ten grand," he insisted. "Ten grand—and those guys haven't even got a whole suit between them."

"You couldn't give this fire engine away," Pat told him. "His grandfather left it to him, because his father wouldn't buy him a car." I could see the trooper back down. Those guys are too good at their jobs to be made monkeys of. He asked for our drivers' licenses and Mark pulled out his college papers. He was all set to go back, and had 'em in the car. The trooper was all bothered when he found out who Pat's father was and all. Said the mechanic had called Troop Headquarters and reported that two crooks had kidnaped a girl and stolen a ten-thousand-dollar car. He was sore as the devil, but Pat kidded him into a good temper.

"IT'S a tough break, all right," he said, "you out all night, and all. What do you figure on doing about it?" he asked Pat. He was all fussed.

"I just thought we'd get married," said Pat. The trooper gave Mark the up-and-down. Then he looked at me. Then he pulled down his tunic, and cocked his hat.

"You and who else?" he asked.

Pat stuck her arm through mine.

"We've been engaged two months, anyway," she said. "There's no use putting it off."

"I suppose so," he said sort of gloomily. You would have thought I didn't have anything to do with it.

"Call me when you're set," said Mark. "I've got to have my sleep." He climbed back into the Elephant. I began to wonder about Pat—not wanting me to go back to college, sneaking away in the Cricket when she knew we couldn't get back in time. I thought, what she wants with a fish like me— But I guess that's love. She and the trooper were still fixing it.

"We're both of age," she told him.

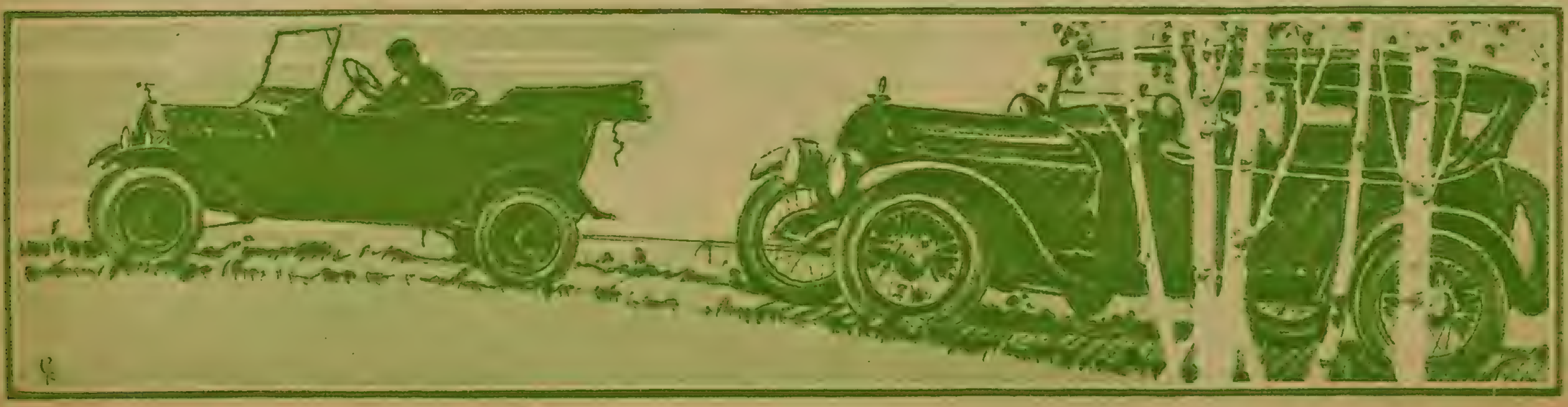
"I've got an uncle in the business," he said.

"Trooper?" I asked. Not that I could see what it had to do with us. But he said, "No, minister."

"I'll find you a place to clean yourselves and mend your clothes," he went on. "Then we can have a cup of coffee and a hot dog, and I'll introduce you."

So that's the way it was. We got clean, and we got breakfast, and we got married. We shook Mark and the Elephant at a garage on the main road near his father's. Then we called up Pat's old man. We figured we'd better let him know by telephone. We were right. At last we drove home. Mother said, "Patricia!" And they fell into each other's arms. But the next day, Pat and dad went to the mat about the college business. He insists I've got to go back. But every once in a while he grins, when he thinks my wife isn't looking.

THE END



We Go on the Air!

TUNE IN ON

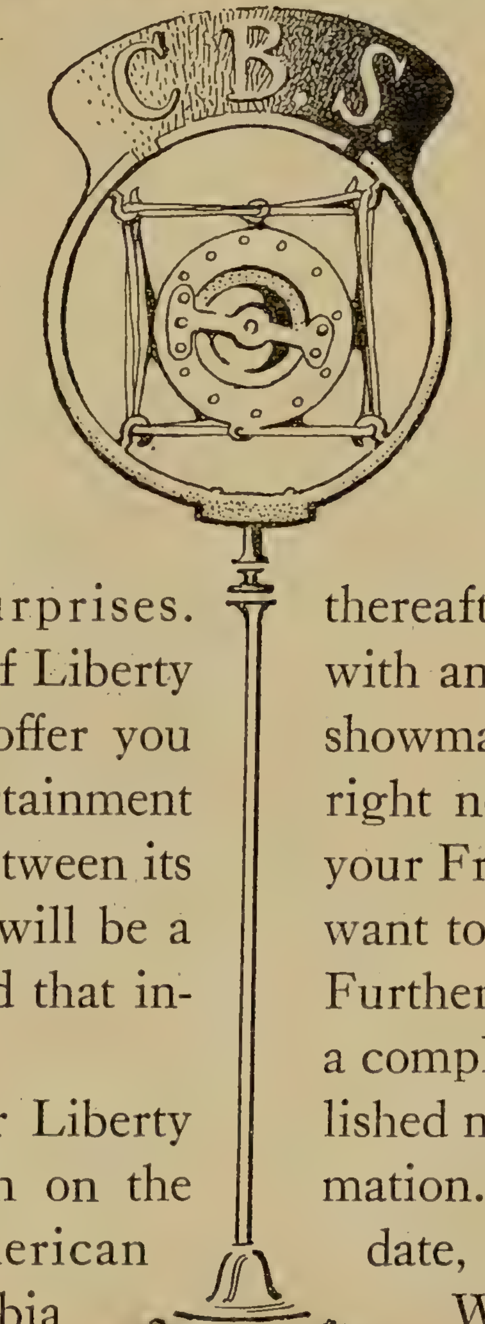
Liberty Radio Hour

Every Friday, 9 P.M., New York Time

BEGINNING JULY 3

WABC

AND COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



HERE'S big radio news! Liberty is going on the air! Going to broadcast a smashing program every Friday night. Going to bring entertainment and delight into your home with a weekly broadcast crammed with action, drama, music, and surprises. Liberty on the air—a mirror of Liberty on your library table—will offer you the same sort of thrilling entertainment you are accustomed to find between its covers. Liberty Radio Hour will be a broadcast for everybody—and that includes you. We'll prove it.

What more fitting time for Liberty to make its radio début than on the eve of the birthday of American liberty? And over the Columbia Broadcasting System stations!

The first Liberty Radio Hour will be heard Friday, July 3, at 9 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over key station WABC and the basic stations of the great Columbia System. Each Friday night thereafter, at the same hour, it will return with another masterpiece of broadcast showmanship. Might as well decide right now to spend the remainder of your Friday nights at home. You won't want to miss Liberty on the air—ever. Further announcements, together with a complete list of stations, will be published next week. Watch for this information. In the meantime, remember the date, Friday, July 3, 9 P. M., over WABC and associated stations.

The MAN They

Three Times the Trap Was Sprung, and Yet—

By

JUDGE MARCUS KAVANAGH

who was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1859 and took his law degree at the state university. After practicing law in Iowa he moved to Chicago and became judge of the Cook County Superior Court. He made a study of court methods abroad for the American Bar Association and last year appeared before the English House of Commons to give his views on capital punishment.

(Reading time: 18 min. 10 sec.)

THE events hereafter narrated I consider more remarkable than any other in the world's record of criminal prosecutions. They will leave etched into the reader's mind an ineradicable wonder.

Of what does a condemned man think when he is standing on the trap, his arms pinioned behind him, and his knees belted together? And when the black cap is drawn down over his face so that all the old world in which he has dwelt those many years—that gruff, rough old world which has so buffeted him, but which upon his leave-taking he finds he loves so terribly—at that last instant what does he wonder about and what questions sweep through his groping, bewildered soul?

So far as I can find out only one man in history has ever been able truthfully to inform us of this, and that man was John Lee of the village of Babbacombe, which place lies over two miles from Torquay and under the high rocky shores of Devon.

The events suggested in the foregoing suppositions actually happened to Lee on February 24, 1885. After that he never ceased talking about them until a natural death ended all his recollections in the fall of 1929.

Through these forty-four years there ensued not one night that, in a cold sweat, he did not start from his sleep trembling and out of some vivid dream in which he endured again that awful hour. He lived its agony again and again in his waking thoughts.

John Lee was born in Glamoray, Devon. His parents were very poor people. His father died when he was young. He seemed a little "queer" to many. A homeless person with a bit of mental twist lives separated by a high wall from the rest of the world.

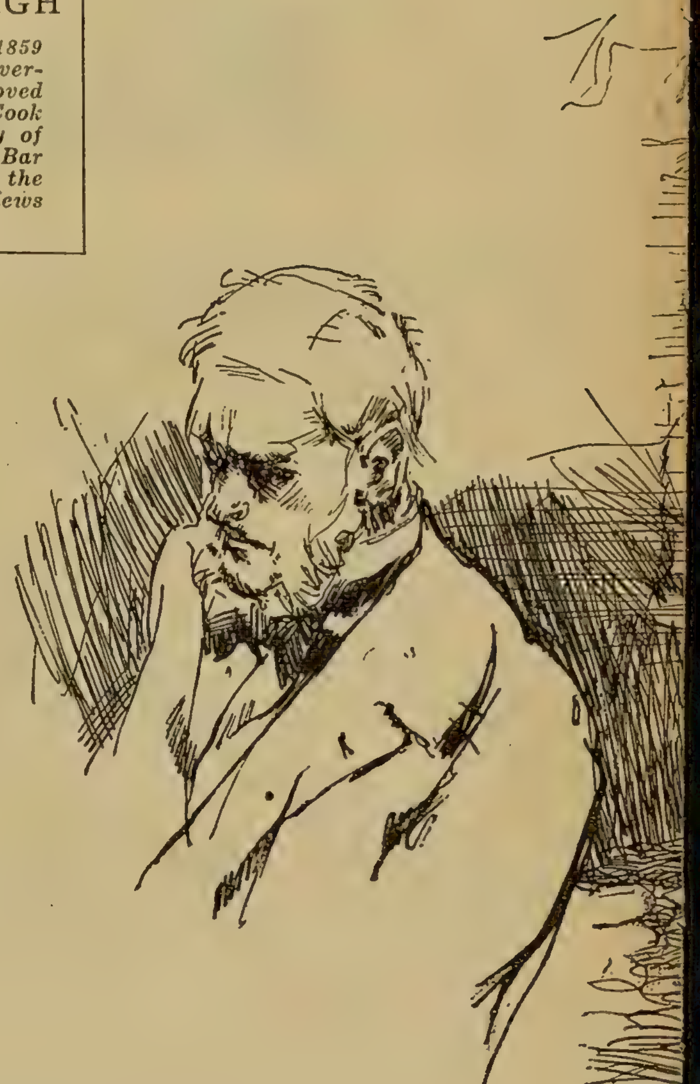
Always Lee was slight of build, dark-faced, restless-eyed, morose, and world-hating. Were he haled today before an American court for any offense, the judge probably would at once send him to a psychiatrist. Somewhat shrinking and cowardly, too. Maybe that was the reason why he never dared but once to stray far from the rocky shores about Devon.

Nevertheless at the age of sixteen the lad went into the navy, but was disqualified for illness after a short service. He turned rapacious. It is no wonder that before long he ran into the police.

Mrs. Keyes, a wealthy elderly woman, lived at Babbacombe. This woman occupied a pretty cottage nestling against the hills, within call of the beach. She employed as a cook Elizabeth Harris, a stepsister of Lee and, except their mother, his only living relative.

Notwithstanding the two had never been overfriendly, the stepsister took pity on his wretchedness and prevailed upon her mistress to take him in as a butler. This she did in January, 1883. Not many months went by before Lee's predatory tendencies floated to the surface. He stole a guitar from his employer's house and sold it. His mistress set out to discharge the ungrateful fellow and started to tell him so, but he cried and pleaded, seemed so wretched and helpless, that she relented and kept him in her service, punishing him, though, by deducting from his wages until the instrument was paid for.

It is curious, when one comes to think about it, how often fate picks on some out-of-the-way spot for a stage upon which to exhibit world-stirring criminal phenomena. In the events about to be related it will prove inexplicable how an insignificant, unworthy, friendless individual like John Lee could invoke an invisible, mysterious, impalpable force against which all the power of British law and British authority should fall helpless.



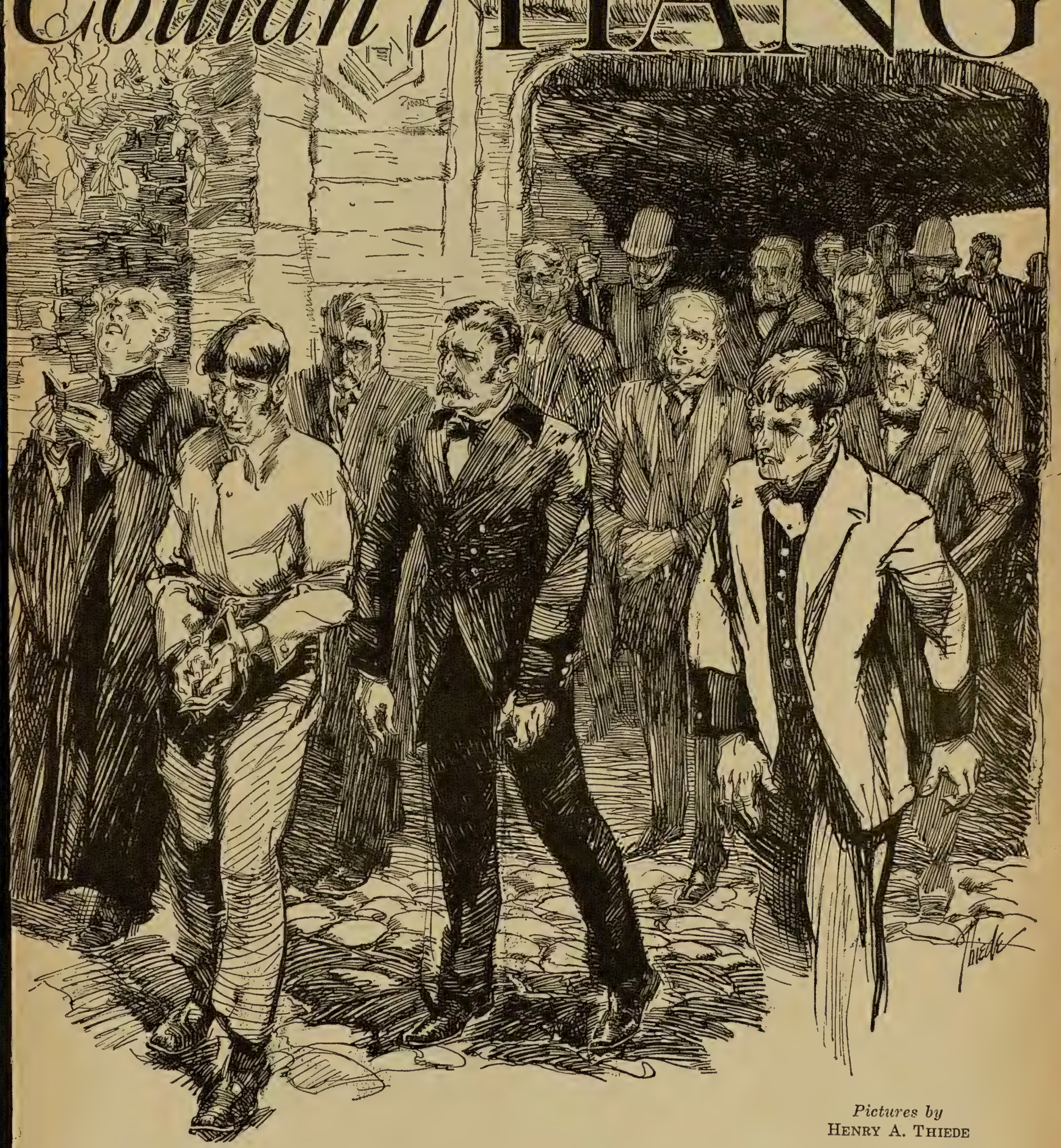
NO word was uttered by any of the grim-faced men who marched around him, except the chaplain, who began once more the litany for the dying.

But this happened, beyond all question. On the night of November 14, in the year 1884, fate settled on the lovely hidden village of Babbacombe for a crime of such unexcelled cruelty and ferocity that next day every newspaper in Great Britain vibrated its horror.

IT appeared that this Mrs. Emma Ann Keyes, a lady of high connection, admired and respected for her goodness and charity, had been found by her servants at daylight, fully dressed, lying upon the floor, hacked to death. The assassin also had attempted to burn the dwelling.

There appeared no attempt at robbery and no discernible motive for the crime. Besides its mistress, the family consisted of Jane and Eliza Neck, two sisters who had been servants in the cottage forty-one years; Elizabeth Harris, the cook, stepsister of John Lee; and John Lee himself. Not one of these claimed to have heard any sound during the murder. The police at once proclaimed

Couldn't HANG



Pictures by
HENRY A. THIEDE

the crime an inside job. In a few days John was arrested.

The evidence of his guilt, when accumulated, seemed absolutely conclusive. The recital of the incriminating facts would be outside the purpose of this article. Anyone curious enough to follow will find them set forth in the collection of remarkable criminal events written by Mr. Guy Logan.

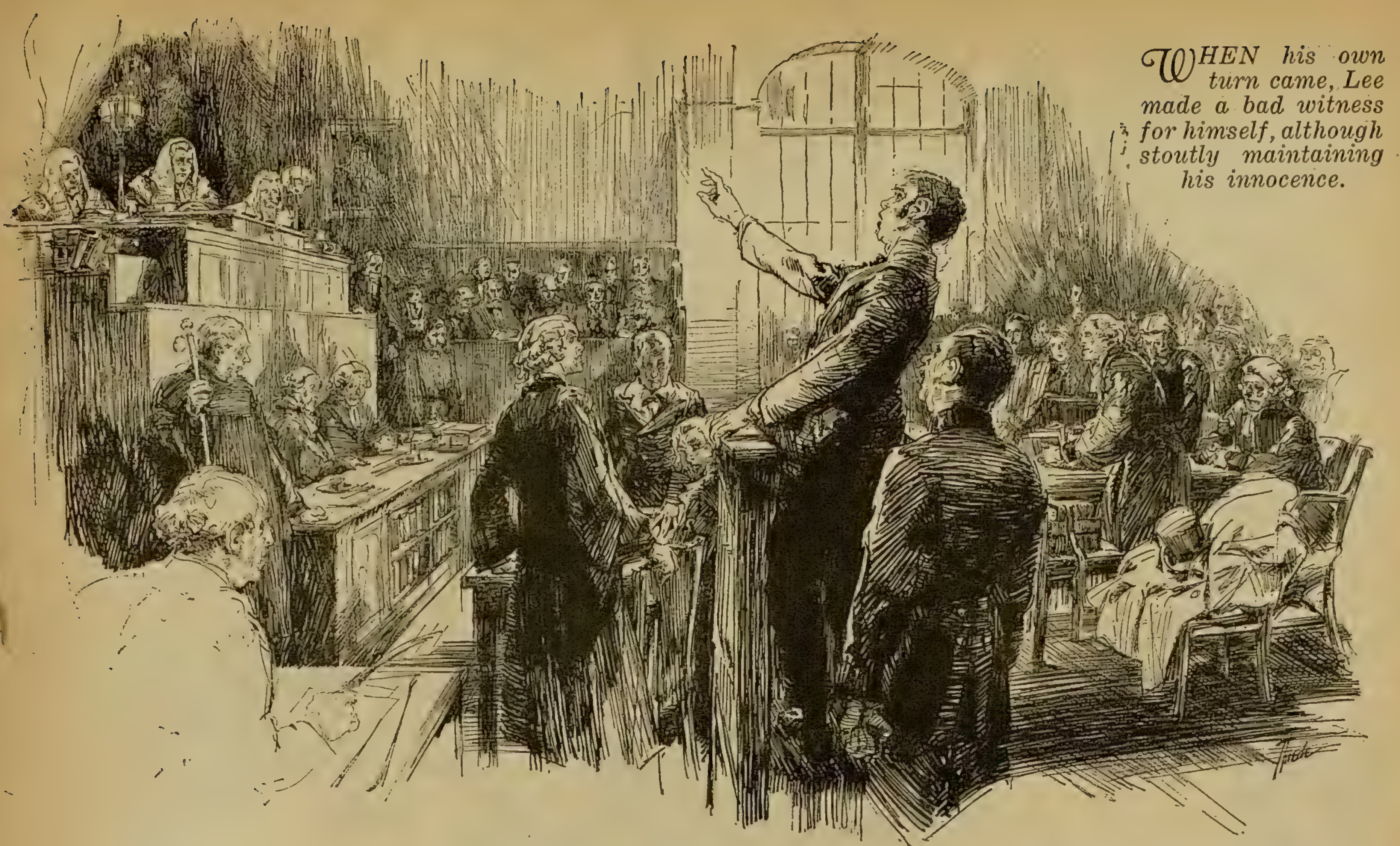
A full account of the trial and of the happenings on the day of the execution appears in the Devon and Exeter Gazette of those dates. It was reprinted in the Gazette in December, 1907.

Sufficient to say that no one who read those accounts or who was at all conversant with the widely known circumstances believed Lee innocent. The evidence of his half sister helped put the noose around his neck. He stood without a friend on earth, deeply execrated and actively hated through the length and breadth of south England.

He was brought before a magistrate at Torquay, and, after a hearing before the magistrate, was remanded to Exeter for trial. He was then twenty years old.

The next assize was held at Exeter on February 2,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



WHEN his own turn came, Lee made a bad witness for himself, although stoutly maintaining his innocence.

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T HANG
Continued from page twenty-one

1885. The trial took place on the 16th of that month. During the hearing Lee sat, one knee crossed over the other, curious and impassive as any spectator. He was vigorously defended, but paid small attention to his lawyer. As one damning fact piled on top of the other, as witness after witness pointed deadly fingers to the dock, he sometimes smiled. Occasionally he turned to his guards to say, " I didn't do it. They can't hang me."

When his own turn came, Lee made a bad witness for himself, although stoutly maintaining his innocence. The jury was out only forty minutes and returned a verdict which meant death. Even when the judge put on the black cap and bade Lee arise for sentence, the condemned stood up stiffly, quietly, and unmoved, and faced the judge.

" Prisoner at the bar," said the court, " you have been convicted of one of the most cruel and barbarous murders in all the annals of crime. You have three weeks of life left to you. No power on earth can save you. I adjure you to spend these few days in preparation for meeting your God and your Maker, to whom you must make answer. You will be taken hence to the prison from whence you came, you will be there safely detained till the twenty-fourth day of this month, and you will then be taken by the sheriff of this county to some safe and convenient place and hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul! "

A DEATHLY hush in the courtroom followed. To the surprise of everyone, Lee broke the silence. His clear voice, unmoved, unafraid, answered the judge:

" My lord, you have wondered at my calm demeanor through the trial. It is only right that your lordship and all the people should understand why I am so unmoved. I will tell you why. I am innocent. The Lord on high knows I am innocent. He will never permit me to be executed. He has told me not to be afraid, and I trust Him."

Ordinarily, to look any certain misfortune steadily in the face as it approaches for an appreciable period dims to a great degree its terror. Soldiers realize how, after a time, the fear of bullets diminishes. To lie in one's bed with the knowledge that one's end is a certain coming event, and to wait, fumbling the sheets and staring at the ceiling through long days and pain-ridden nights, often creates a wish for a more sudden consummation. Time drags terribly. That is an experience many of us will have to go through, however.

It is different with the doomed assassin. To realize, as the convicted felon does, that inevitably in a certain spot, at a fixed hour of the clock, on an arranged day near at hand, he shall face an ignominious destruction, makes the sudden days gallop with incredible velocity. The dread of the rope about their necks is why so many murderers attempt suicide.

HOWEVER, John Lee evidenced not the slightest apprehension. No visitor came to the cell except the prison chaplain. These visits came to their end always in an argument, the clergyman striving to make the prisoner realize the certainty of his doom and the convict refusing to accept that realization. The execution was set for eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th.

Two or three days before that the executioner and his staff came down from London and erected the scaffold in an old coach house which stood in the prison yard.

On the very night before the time of Lee's proposed execution, the chaplain said to him:

" Have reason, John. There isn't the slightest chance for the Home Secretary to commute your sentence. No one is asking him to. You haven't a single friend in the universe except God. Let's you and me get on our knees and prepare for you to meet Him."

The confidence of Lee towered serene and immovable as Mont Blanc. " I never in all my life saw anyone as stubborn as you are, parson," he retorted. " Haven't I told you He has promised that I would not be hanged? Do you think He's going to break His promise? What does the Home Secretary amount to alongside of Him? "

It had rained heavily for several days and yet the morning of the execution saw the narrow streets of the ancient city of Exeter thronged with visitors. There was nothing an outsider could see. The scaffold stood in the coach house in the prison yard, altogether invisible from the street. And yet, impelled by that inexplicable, morbid feeling so common to humanity, hundreds waited for hours, only to catch a glimpse of the black flag which is hoisted over the prison as a sign that the judgment of the law is satisfied.

There was an added attraction on this occasion. Berry, the famous—or, if you like, the infamous—executioner, had come down from London a few days before and had slept in the jail. There might ensue a glimpse of him.

Berry, unobserved by Lee, had watched the convict in his cell and made a mental note of his height and weight. Then the hangman, as was his custom, constructed a dummy of about the same proportions. He experimented with this lay figure that evening. Now there is no doubt of this. Witnesses still live who can testify to it. The trapdoor and all the ghastly apparatus worked perfectly.

The next morning, after breakfast, Lee, his pipe still in hand, rose startled when the officials in charge of the awful ceremony appeared suddenly at his cell door. Berry on these occasions was all for haste. He boasted that two minutes of preparation sufficed.

Before the culprit realized, he was thrust into the midst of a little procession in the hall, his arms strapped to his sides. The governor of the jail, with two wardens, stood at the head. Lee with the chaplain came next, the latter chanting the litany for the dying. Close behind them Berry and two assistant hangmen followed.

The procession moved slowly down the corridor toward the exit, across the cobbled yard into the coach house, where the gallows stood and where a small party of invited spectators waited at its foot. As they came in, the officials responded to the litany, Berry answering loudest.

AND now let Lee himself tell what followed, as he often afterward related over the bar at his public house or from his improvised pulpit in the latter days when he turned evangelist.

"Well, sirs," he would say, "as we stumbled along down the corridor past the other prisoners in their cells, the words of the litany kept knocking inside my heart; but I wouldn't join answering them, for, you see, I knew I wasn't going to die and it was inappropriate.

"Then, too, the noise from the street outside the walls dazed me a bit. It was like the rise and fall of waves in a storm breaking up against the rocks at Babbacombe. Every second or so a laugh or a shout darted up like a sea gull above the roar. When I was up on the gallows I could hear the mob outside screeching at me. It was awful!

"I kept going on kind of dazed like, Berry pushing me forward to make me go faster, till all at once we came to the barn where the scaffold stood with two or three men waiting on it and a score of others loitering at its foot. When I climbed up and faced them I said: 'Lord, you're keeping me in unnatural suspense. Why don't you hurry with my saving?'

"They pushed me on to the trapdoor and strapped my knees together. I looked at the people below me in the yard. There were a dozen I had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Try a Saline Cocktail

-these bubbles chase troubles

THE tomato juice cocktail, the sauerkraut juice cocktail, the fruit juice cocktail—all contribute mightily to the health of the nation.

But here's the cocktail that bubbles away troubles—a sparkling drink that puts the old zip into you at 7 A.M.! The Saline Cocktail!

Try it, yourself.

The next time you wake up feeling sluggish—tired—half-sick—pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water, and drink it down!

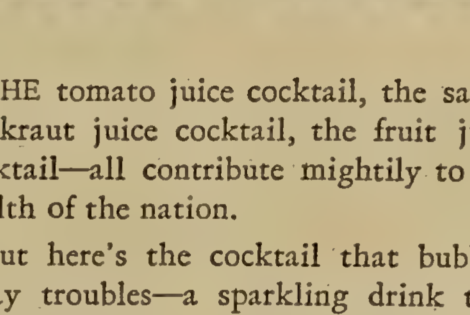
Promptly, gently, thoroughly, Sal Hepatica cleanses the system. Within half an hour, or less, you are a new man, ready for a new day. Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, digestive disorders, vanish before this saline drink. Acidity is corrected. Sluggish livers quickly improve. Not only are wastes and toxins swept from the intestinal tract, but the entire bloodstream is purified.

For generations, in Europe, physicians have sent their patients to the famous spas of Aix-les-Bains, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, to "take the cure." And Sal Hepatica contains the same natural salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these European health springs!

Ask your doctor about the saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today. And any time you wake with a dull, tired feeling, drown it in a fizzing Saline Cocktail.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20



© 1931

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-61, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*__________
*Street*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T HANG
Continued from page twenty-three

known all my life. Not one of them looked sorry for me or even friendly. Some of them looked sober, some sneered up at me, and one or two grinned.

“That gave me an awful, desolate, sick feeling in my heart. Still I wasn't afraid. But I must admit that when Berry fastened the knot of the rope under my ear my teeth began knocking together in spite of myself and my heart barely fluttered. For one moment I lost hope. God forgive me that insult! That minute was when they pulled the black cap down over my face. ‘Lord,’ I says, ‘have you gone back on your word?’

“In the next second what was going to happen? I wondered, terribly scared. Would I be tossing in the roaring flames of hell, as my sins deserved, or listening to the music of heaven, as we are promised? I stood suffocating for air because of the cap.

“Suddenly I realized something had gone wrong with the gallows. Berry and the others were kicking and twisting at the trapdoor I was standing on. They kept muttering excited orders to each other. Presently the crowd down below began talking and shouting. I was pushed off the trapdoor while someone worked on it.

“I shouted: ‘I'm smothering! Take off this cap!’ Then I heard the sheriff say: ‘Take off the cap and send him back to his cell. We have a right to take his life by hanging, not by smothering.’ So they unstrapped my legs and I stumbled back into the prison. My ears were throbbing and my brain was twisting around and around. My, but I was glad! The Lord had kept His promise. When I got back in my cell I lay down all of a tremble, my face white like snow and all covered with icy sweat.”

NEXT WEEK—

A
MASSEUSE
LOOKS AT
THE STARS

By

SYLVIA

of Hollywood

This is what actually happened: When the lever which held up the trapdoor was pushed, the door refused to move. Again and again the officers pushed and twisted and stamped, but the trap remained obdurate. Berry, angry and humiliated, began work to find out what was the matter. After the prisoner was removed, a warden foolishly stepped on to the door, another pushed the bolt, and lo! the drop slipped down and the deputy fell through to the ground, injuring himself badly and nearly breaking his leg.

John Lee had been lying on his cell cot a half hour when the official procession again appeared. “What!” he cried, astounded. “You're not going to try that foolishness again, are you? Haven't you heard Providence speak?”

BUT again he was led, indignant and protesting, down the corridor, over the yard, up to the gibbet. No word was uttered by any of the grim-faced men who marched around him, except the chaplain, who began once more, though in a rather apologetic strain, the litany for the dying. But as they crossed outside, the mutterings and cries of the crowd were plainly audible.

Once more the fastened legs and the noose—again the black cap—again the pushing of bolts and levers. Wonder of wonders! No force or power could make the hinged door of death fall out of its place. The condemned stood as solidly and safely on the scaffold as if he trod the paved highway. After they removed him for the second time to his cell, the trapdoor worked again without a second's difficulty or hesitation. The dummy fell through and swung below at the first pressure of the bolt.

Remember, this is no illy vouched story nor merely imagined occurrence. The facts as above related were seen by still living witnesses, were published in all the European papers, and were established as the basis for official governmental action.

At his wit's end, the sheriff telegraphed all particulars to the Home Secretary.

Whatever punishment the death penalty includes is all suffered by the culprit before the fatal stroke which ends his life. The cold agony of fear which to the last instant tortures the victim constitutes most of his punishment. For a condemned person to go up on the gallows twice means little short of his being punished twice. Nevertheless the Home Secretary wired back at once: “Proceed with the execution.” So the murderer of poor Mrs. Keyes for a third time had to go through all the agony of the penalty for murder. Perhaps the suffering became actually intensified by the suspense of the undefined hope which to a certain degree held his fear in abeyance.

When the executioners appeared for a third time at Lee's cell door, the man sprang from his cot, angry and frantic. “What!” he shouted. “You here again? Haven't you any sense at all? Don't you know you can't do it? I'm surprised at you!”

Even as he spoke Berry had again fastened his elbows to his sides and before he could protest again the procession was hurrying Lee down the hall to the place of execution. The news of the two previous failures had spread out into the city; shops were closed and half the population surged with the others up against the prison gates. Though now the public rage was a little modified. Already murmurs against the sentence sprang up here and there in the crowd. Men shouted hoarse, angry contradictions at each other over the heads of their neighbors.

Their voices reached the scaffold. At two or three places in the crowd on the streets fights started.

INSIDE the jail yard most of the spectators gazed in half pity at the white, sagging figure which was being partly supported on the trapdoor while the noose for the third time clutched his bowed neck. “I'm not afraid—I know you can't hurt me—but my knees are kind of shuddering, so I can't stand straight.” These were stout words though they ended with a sob.

Two of the assistants took hold, one on either side, being careful not to lean a foot on the trapdoor. The black cap again shut the world from the faded gaze of the culprit. No one had any doubt but what the trapdoor would work this time. Since the second attempt they had tested it four times with the dummy. At each trial the dummy had shot down through the opened door and swung freely in the presence of all.

In this third effort Berry himself pressed the bolt. There could be no trick. The excitement in the jail yard grew intense. The crowd below surged up under the scaffold, the victim hung limp in the arms of two deputies. The prisoners in their cells began an unearthly screeching. Through five awful minutes this contest of the law against the invisible and omnipotent force which opposed the law continued. The invisible champion won, and they carried Lee back to his cell.

The prison throbbed with perturbed mystery. What could be done? Further attempts must amount to mere torture. All this ended about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

The under sheriff, Mr. H. M. James, caught a train, at the moment fortunately waiting, and hurried up to London. In the meantime Berry found out the reason for the difficulty. The recent heavy rains had swelled the planks on the scaffold. By sawing away the edge of the trapdoor he had repaired the machine so that now it would work quick, certain, and without a flaw.

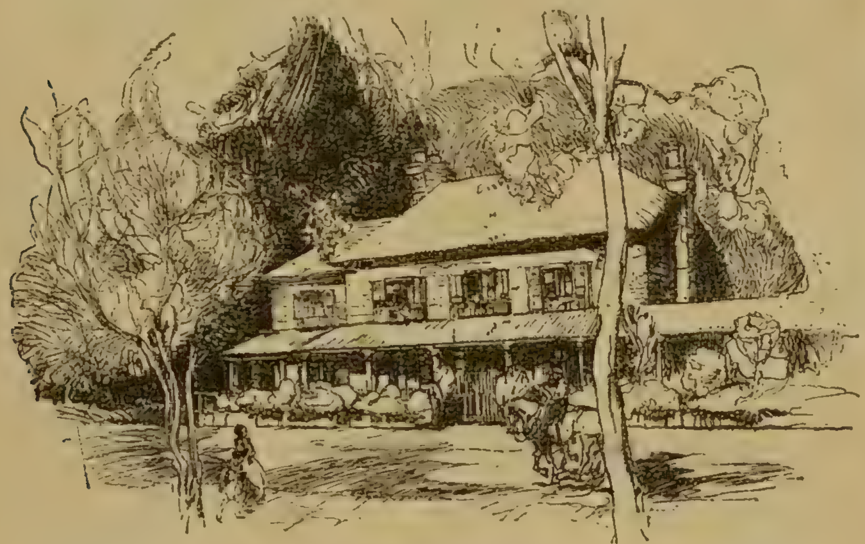
The authorities were preparing to lead the condemned out once more when a telegram arrived from the London Home Office: “The death sentence of John Lee is commuted. He must instead go into penal servitude during His Majesty's pleasure.”

There is little interest in what happened to the assassin after. Sufficient to say that his imprisonment continued till December 12, 1907, when he was released. Some speculators set him up in a public house in the expectation that the notoriety of his case might prove attractive to trade. This for a short time happened, but he proved an erratic and irresponsible business man, so the speculation failed. Then he turned evangelist, and used his experience on the scaffold as a text, preaching whenever he could find any sort of congregation.

So far as breaking the laws was concerned, his life continued a model one. He never failed to assert his innocence of the murder. He married, left his wife, wandered to America, and died a year or so ago.

Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, was called severely to account by the press and in the House of Commons for letting off a cold-blooded murderer. So hard was the censure pressed that the statesman sought to sidestep his responsibility and lay the blame on a subordinate.

As to the affair at Exeter, a great deal of discussion ensued, one party contending that the mere swelling of the boards was quite a natural accident. The blundering on the scaffold resulted, they said, from the excitement of the event, that there was nothing providential about it. Others argued that Providence always uses natural causes for its results. The miraculous event was providential in its time and method. And they concluded that the result established the innocence of John Lee. "What about the success with the dummy?" they demanded.



Mrs. Keyes occupied a pretty cottage nestling against the hills within call of the beach.

However, if the event was providential, may it not rather be understood as proving his guilt? Do we not place too much terror on the idea of dissolution? Is it nearly so great a misfortune as we imagine and is not all of its agony composed in its apprehension? May it not be, in short, that the crime of John Lee was so ungrateful, so cruel, so atrocious, that Providence made him suffer the death penalty not once but three times?

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for June?

2—What novel includes the character Dolly Varden?

3—What is the name of the isthmus that connects Africa and Asia?

4—Has The Star Spangled Banner ever been officially designated as the national anthem of our country?

5—What building in Boston is known as the "Cradle of Liberty"?

6—What is saleratus?

7—Who was Hebe?

8—What is a ketch?

9—The gnu is a native of what continent?

10—What does chromatic mean in music?

11—What is megalomania?

12—Where is Normandy?

13—Which branch of Congress has the sole power to impeach a President?

14—What kind of creature is a mandrill?

15—What is a monsoon?

16—Which book of the Old Testament has only one chapter?

17—What is a metronome?

18—Who was the author of the poem Annabelle Lee?

19—What celebrated English essayist used Elia as a pen name?

20—What yearly allowance is made to the President for traveling and other official expenses?

(Answers will be found on page forty-four)

"YES, MADAM, *thousand*
are turning to them every da

—these delicious tasting pure yeast tablets... the yeast that is all yeast!"

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
50
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
Extremely Rich in Water Soluble B Vitamin
Pure Dehydrated
YEAST
A Tonic Food

ON THE AIR Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 P. M., *Eastern Daylight Saving Time*, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ Blue Network Stations and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. L
1750 North Ashland Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name............

Address............

....

SO different—so delightful in taste—so easy to eat in this modern form! Crunchy little tablets of pure yeast, as good and as pleasant to eat as candy. That's why thousands are turning to Yeast Foam Tablets—the pure, dry, modern yeast that's *all* yeast. Just try it; learn this new easy way to get the full health benefits of yeast.

Doctors recommend Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, underweight, nervous or run down conditions. For pure, dry yeast such as this, is the richest known natural food source of the "B" and "G" vitamins. So pure, so concentrated, so uniform in vitamin content are Yeast Foam Tablets that they have become the standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading American universities.

If you have found ordinary yeast too unpleasant, just try Yeast Foam Tablets! Chew them as thousands do and enjoy their good nut-like flavor. Or swallow them whole. Because they are *pasteurized*, Yeast Foam Tablets cannot form gas nor cause fermentation. Hence they are *safe* for all ages.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets—the yeast that's good to eat and good for you. The *ten-day* bottle costs but 50 cents. Made and guaranteed by the Northwestern Yeast Co., Chicago; World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

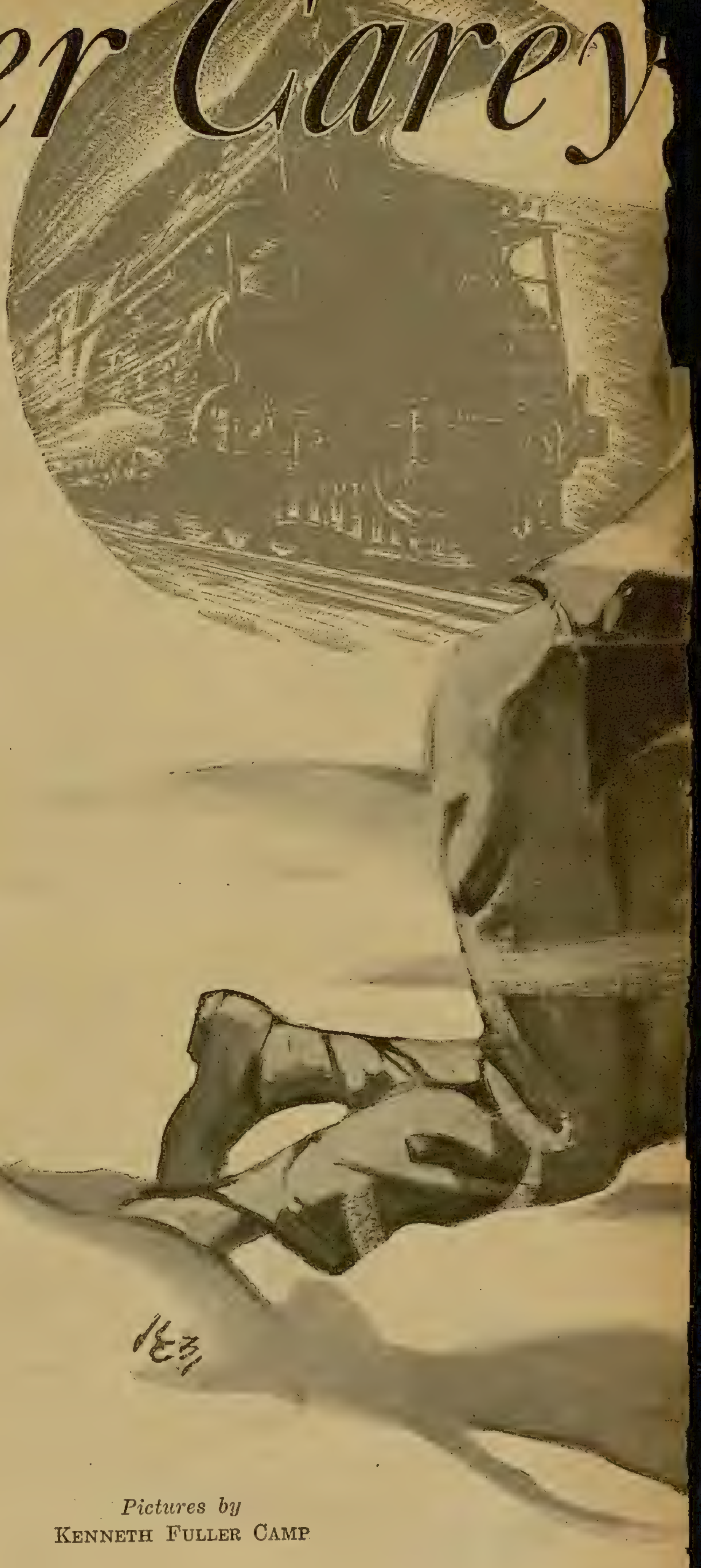
Mother Carey

The Story of a Successful Failure

By

EUGENE JONES

who was born in Tarrytown, N. Y., was raised in the South, and put in fifteen years on various newspapers, reporting. While he has never been an engineer or a cow-puncher, railroad yarns and "Westerns" have been his specialty in fiction.



Pictures by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

(Reading time: 28 minutes 46 seconds.)

ED BOLES, beloved superintendent of the Mountain Division of the T., C. & W., was up against it. And "it" being a woman complicated matters no end. Boles knew his limitations. He could handle everything from strikes and wrecks to the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, but he could *not* handle a woman. Particularly sad-eyed, quiet-voiced Mother Carey.

Chief Dispatcher Muldoon, coming in without knocking, found him slumped behind his desk, wearing his hat on the back of his head and his eternal cigar in the corner of his mouth. "You look as if somebody had ditched the president's car," observed Muldoon.

"I wish they had," grumbled Boles, "with me in it!"

"Why?"

Boles leaned forward, pushing his hat to a still more precarious angle. "Jim," he said, "Mother Carey's on her way here about that son of hers."

Muldoon whistled softly, signifying his comprehension.

"She wants me to teach him telegraphy," went on Boles grimly. "Put him behind a key, where he can play with passengers' lives and company rolling stock. Him—Dud Carey!"

"Her last bet, too!" sighed Muldoon. "Pretty tough on her, *I'll* say. If I was dispatching kids instead of trains I'm blamed if I wouldn't've given Pop and Mother Carey a better break."

Which was the sentiment of the entire division. Veteran Engineer Carey had died at the throttle, leaving three boys, two of whom had done their best to break their mother's heart. The third—Dud—showed no vicious tendencies. He loved his mother; planned with her on the long winter evenings all he would some day accomplish in railroading. Naturally she didn't see what was so plain to others: that he was hopelessly dumb—this "last chick" of hers, as she called him—a failure, even as a wiper in the roundhouse. And big-hearted Ed Boles couldn't tell her; he would have let a train run over him first.

Because, ever since the Careys had moved to Butte City, railroad men had looked upon Mother Carey as a special benefactress sent by Providence. A railroad *woman* if ever there was one! Time and again she had accompanied wrecking crews on their grisly errands, a quiet, efficient little angel of mercy facing the horrors of burning rolling stock, telescoped coaches, and mangled humanity. . . . Now she was coming to ask a favor of the T., C. & W.

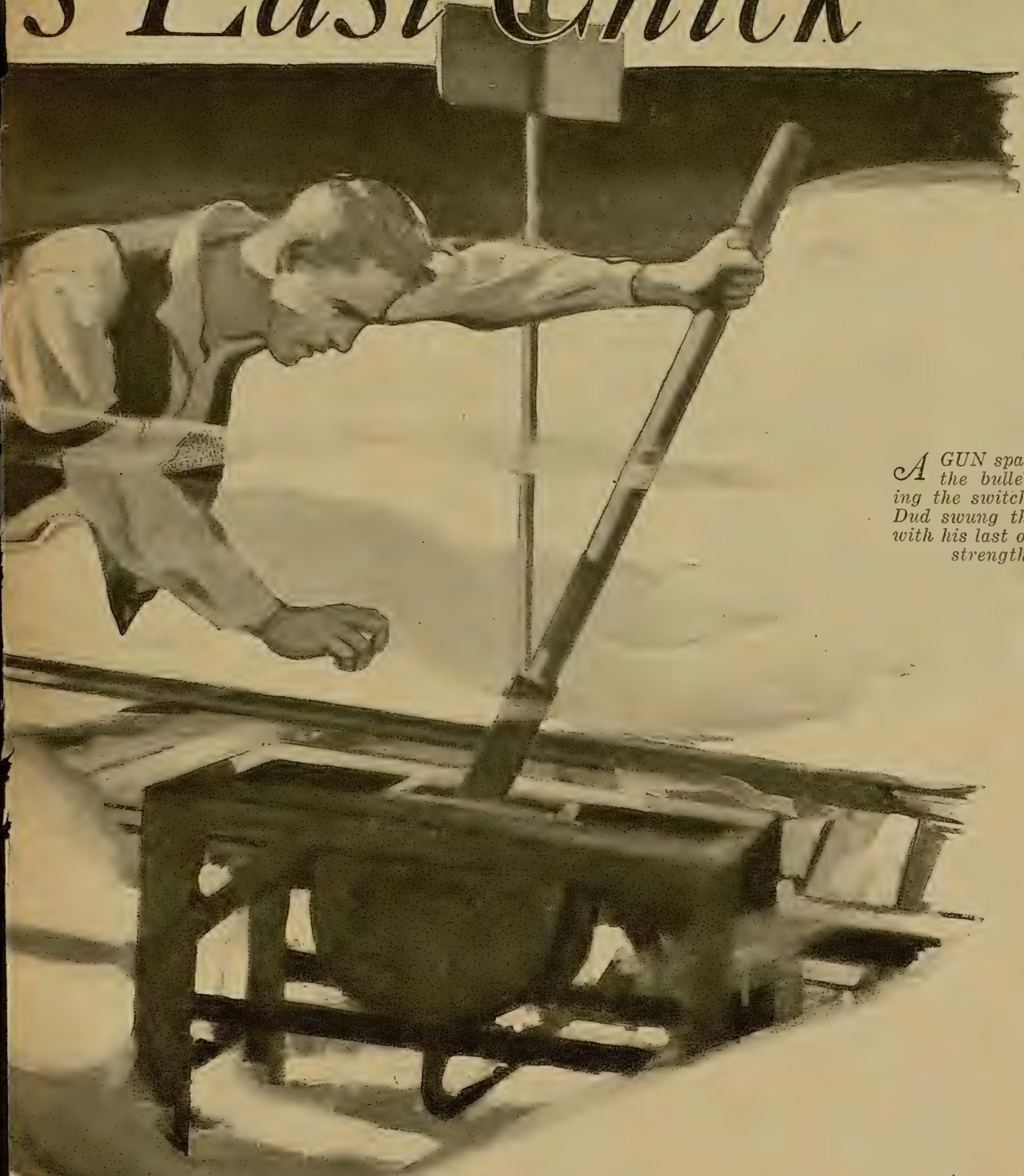
"What'll you do?" questioned Muldoon.

"Do?" shouted Boles. "Do? Why, I'll jam telegraphy down Dud's throat by main force; make 'im work till his tongue hangs out. It's the least I *can* do for Mother Carey."

Fifteen minutes later a slight woman in black came in. She was thin almost to the point of emaciation. Her eyes, managing somehow to smile in spite of all they had seen, met the super's gaze bravely.

"If you're not too busy, Mr. Boles—"

s Last Chick



A GUN spat again, the bullet striking the switch stand. Dud swung the lever with his last ounce of strength.

Off went the hat and out came the cigar. Boles was on his feet like a flash, escorting her to a chair with the air of a courtier. "Never too busy to see *you*," he beamed.

After settling herself, she explained quietly, "I came about my son Dudley."

"Yes, ma'am, so you said over the phone. Something wrong with the job?"

"No, Mr. Boles. Only—it isn't the right sort for him. All the boy needs is a chance."

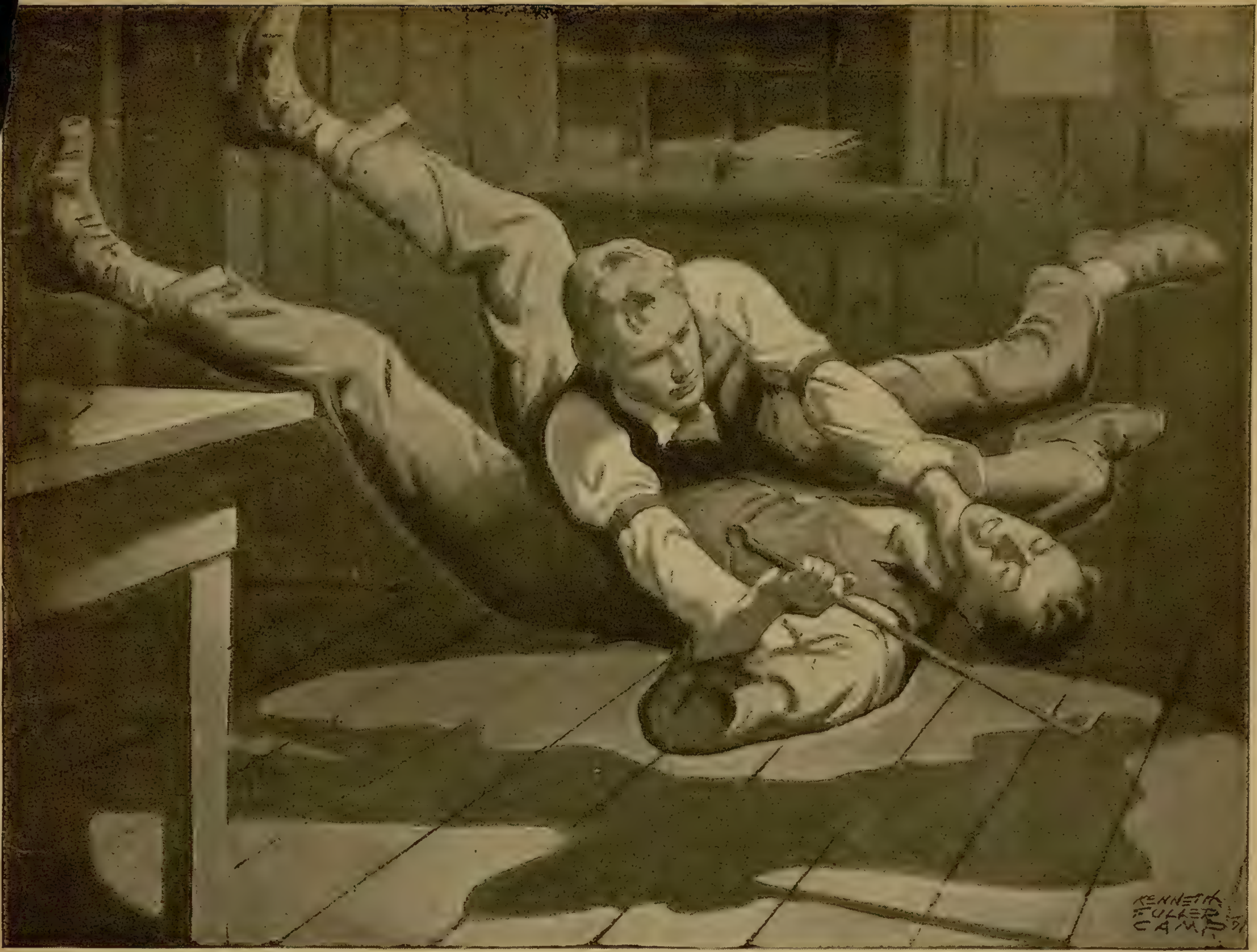
The super leaned back in his tip chair, locking his hands behind his head. "Sure, Mother Carey; we don't doubt it. But you know how it is in this business—slow climbing. I sort of figure it would be better for Dud to learn the game from the bottom up—wiping, nut-jamming, braking—"

"Yes, and then?" She sat forward, fingers tightly clasped in her lap.

"W-ell, that's the road to the cab, ma'am. Your husband was a mighty fine engineer."

"But, Mr. Boles, I don't want Dudley to be an engineer.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Dud made no attempt to hit; instead, he bore his antagonist to the floor with a crash.

[MOTHER CAREY'S LAST CHICK
Continued from page twenty-seven]

Please forgive a mother for being sure that he is meant for something better. His father always told me to urge our boys into the operating end. That's why I want you to see that Dudley learns telegraphy." She rested a thin hand on Boles' knee. "You will do this for me, won't you? I want to be able to say one of my sons is a good railroad man."

Boles didn't look at her. He was looking far away, through the office walls and into a future which almost certainly held another great disappointment for Mother Carey. But he placed a big rough hand on her slim one, and he said gruffly:

"You trust me, ma'am. Dud'll learn telegraphy!"

When Mother Carey had gone Boles chewed his cigar meditatively. A railroad does not provide a fund to instruct would-be operators. Hard-boiled directors would faint all over their mahogany tables if such a thing were suggested. The men who learn telegraphy learn it themselves with the help of a dummy key. They sit into the small hours, pounding out letters, words, and eventually sentences. After that comes practice—interminable, monotonous, a dreary means to a coveted end. And the goal? A day trick in some isolated station where there is small chance of forgetting a holding order.

Dud Carey might face this drudgery bravely for his mother's sake, but he would fail. That was obvious. Boles could see only one glimmer of hope: find him a tutor—somebody who would drive telegraphy into his thick head as a section hand hammers home a spike. A tutor? Well—

Boles sent for Gerald Patterson, night operator at Snow Creek. Patterson happened to be in the lunch room. He came reluctantly. Familiarity doesn't breed contempt of the super's office, not even in the heart of the habitual transgressor. Patterson was a sleek young man and a wizard at a key; the latter fortunate for him. Because if he hadn't been the best operator on the division he wouldn't have remained on the division. He came in furtively, with a smirk for Boles and a quick, suspicious glance about. Boles eyed him blandly. "Patterson," said he around his cigar, "you've been on the carpet twice in a month—drinking—"

"Not while on duty, sir."

"—and I haven't fired you. Want to do me a favor?"

"Sure, Mr. Boles; anything I can."

"You can!"

"What is it, sir?"

"Teach Dud Carey telegraphy."

"Dud Carey!"

"That's who I said."

"But he's too dumb."

"Yes? Well, that's unfortunate, because if he is you'd better hunt a new job. So take your time with him, my boy, take your time."

"I was hired as an operator, not a teacher," complained Patterson sullenly.

Boles pushed back his hat to a startling angle. "All right. You're fired as an operator and hired as a teacher. Put it that way. From now on you hold the night trick at Snow Creek provided Dud makes good. Get me?"

PATTERSON went to Snow Creek that evening with a scowl on his face, riding down as usual on Number Eleven; while the fast freight, due there two hours later, brought Dud Carey. It was an efficient schedule even if it didn't appeal to Patterson. Dud finished work in the roundhouse at five thirty, went home for supper, caught the fast freight for Snow Creek, dropped off when it stopped for orders, and spent three hours at a dummy key rigged by Patterson's unwilling hands. Then he caught Number Eighteen back to Butte City.

There was something pathetic about it—Dud's determination to learn and Patterson's impatience with him, *and* Dud's patience with Patterson. Dud stood six foot one, wore an eleven shoe, a shock of straw-colored hair, and two men's supply of freckles. His fingers wouldn't fit the key; his legs bumped the table; perspiration streamed from him on the coldest nights. He had been born with the knack of doing everything wrong. Even in the roundhouse he invariably wiped places on engines which shouldn't be wiped, and left unwiped places that should. He had fallen into pits, stumbled over rails, collided with natural and unnatural obstructions, cut, bruised, and smashed himself generally, to the amusement of his fellow workers. Yet, more credit to Dud, he always extricated himself grinning.

Nobody could get angry at him—nobody but Patterson. Nobody had ever been able to teach him to do well any given task. However, everybody liked him and kidded him, and hoped against hope that some day he would accomplish something for the sake of Mother Carey. Her he worshiped, eternally thinking of her, planning some little kindness, trying in his lumbering way to lighten the burdens of her life in Butte City.

As time passed, Dud of course got a glimmering of telegraphy. When orders were slack he managed to read the dots and dashes, making just enough mistakes to thoroughly mistranslate every message stuttering over the Snow Creek key. Weeks passed. Patterson fumed. Boles remained adamant. Dud took things as they came. Which, logically, gives us "rights" through to those tragic events imprinted forever on the memories of the Mountain Division.

ONE afternoon Patterson went down to Red Carter's speakeasy before boarding his train for Snow Creek. There weren't any railroad "dicks" there; there never were at that time of day. Whether or not he was keeping an appointment with Kid Lingle of the notorious Lingle gang doesn't matter. Kid invited him to drink at a table in a dark corner. Kid was in the railroad business too, but a unique and precarious branch of it.

"Listen," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "Nex' Friday evening you ain't gonna take no train orders for th' Fast Mail, see?"

"What d'you mean?" asked Patterson, not looking at him.

"Well, f'r instance, if you gets a message to sidetrack a runaway engine, you'll be out."

"Out?"

"Yeah. Hustling coal for your stove—that'd do."

"What's the game, Lingle?"

Lingle grinned unpleasantly. "Never mind, Patterson, as long as I pass you a coupla grand. Keep yer trap shut and do what yer told. If you don't—" His grin became a scowl.

When Lingle sauntered off he was sure of Patterson's coöperation, for this wasn't the first time the Snow Creek operator had stepped from the straight and narrow.

Friday brought with it snow. All day a whirling blanket enveloped passes, valleys, mountains, drifting as high as switch lamps in places. Which was bad for the operating department, bad for engineers and train schedules. Extra freights stayed in the yards wherever possible. Not much tonnage would be moving that night, practically nothing but a couple of locals and the Fast Mail, due to leave Butte City at nine thirty.

The Lingle gang had prayed for snow, and the devil had answered their prayers. Their plan, after the fashion of all Lingle plans, was simple enough to succeed. Eighty miles out of Butte City and twenty miles east of Snow Creek the right of way climbed a steep grade ending in a cut. The engine pulling the Fast Mail, made up solely of express and mail cars, would find steaming difficult in the face of such intense cold. No matter what speed she developed before she struck the grade, she wouldn't come over the top at more than twenty-five or thirty.

Good! No hoghead would be fool enough to disregard a fusee flaring redly against the snow, or the menace of crossties chained to the rails. The Fast Mail would stop exactly where and when the Lingle gang planned.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FRE

Enough Hires Extra
to make
8 BOTTLES
of delicious Hires Roo
Beer. Just mail the coupon.

For Growing Children
Doctors praise
Hires Root Beer

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable beverages. Doctors, almost unanimously, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe. Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is delicious plus invigorating plus nourishing . . . and absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Now, to win added friends, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle. Compare that to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs. Nature's invigorating and healthful ingredients. A luxury beverage at an economy.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer. (35c in Canada.)

THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
DELICIOUS
Hires
ROOT BEER
HEALTHFUL
(HOUSEHOLD FORMULA)

Hires Root Beer can also be obtained at soda fountains and from Hires Kegs. Also at stores and stands you can buy it already bottled.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY,
Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa. [2-6-27]
Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract.
Name..
Address..
City.. State..
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

MOTHER CAREY'S LAST CHICK
Continued from page twenty-nine

They might strike resistance on the part mail and express clerks—a few wild buls—but that would be all. The first car ntained a shipment of United States curency. To break the train back of the first ar, leave the engine crew behind, and speed ff in safety was their scheme. Four miles ast Snow Creek, and just over the divide, n automobile road crossed the track. Snow never lingered on it, due to the prevailing winds. Here they would halt, transfer the currency to a waiting automobile, and lose themselves in the storm.

Should somebody from the Fast Mail succeed in reaching the nearest tower, some two miles west of the scene of the robbery, and telegraph Snow Creek—well, the Lingles felt confident Patterson's key would be dead. . . .

Walt Moran, at the throttle of the Fast Mail, was uneasy that night. Hunch, probably. Straining out the cab window, eyes on the whirling gray blotch of world revealed by the headlight, he urged the big 1509 for all she was worth. Her furnace, a white-hot inferno of flaring oil fire, was doing its best, but the gauge needle quivered around one hundred and seventy pounds. The rush of icy air against smoke box and boiler plates pulled the steam down alarmingly.

They were making sixty on the straightaway, a shade better at the foot of the grade; yet when the heavy train barely nosed over the summit the exhaust was gasping like a spent runner.

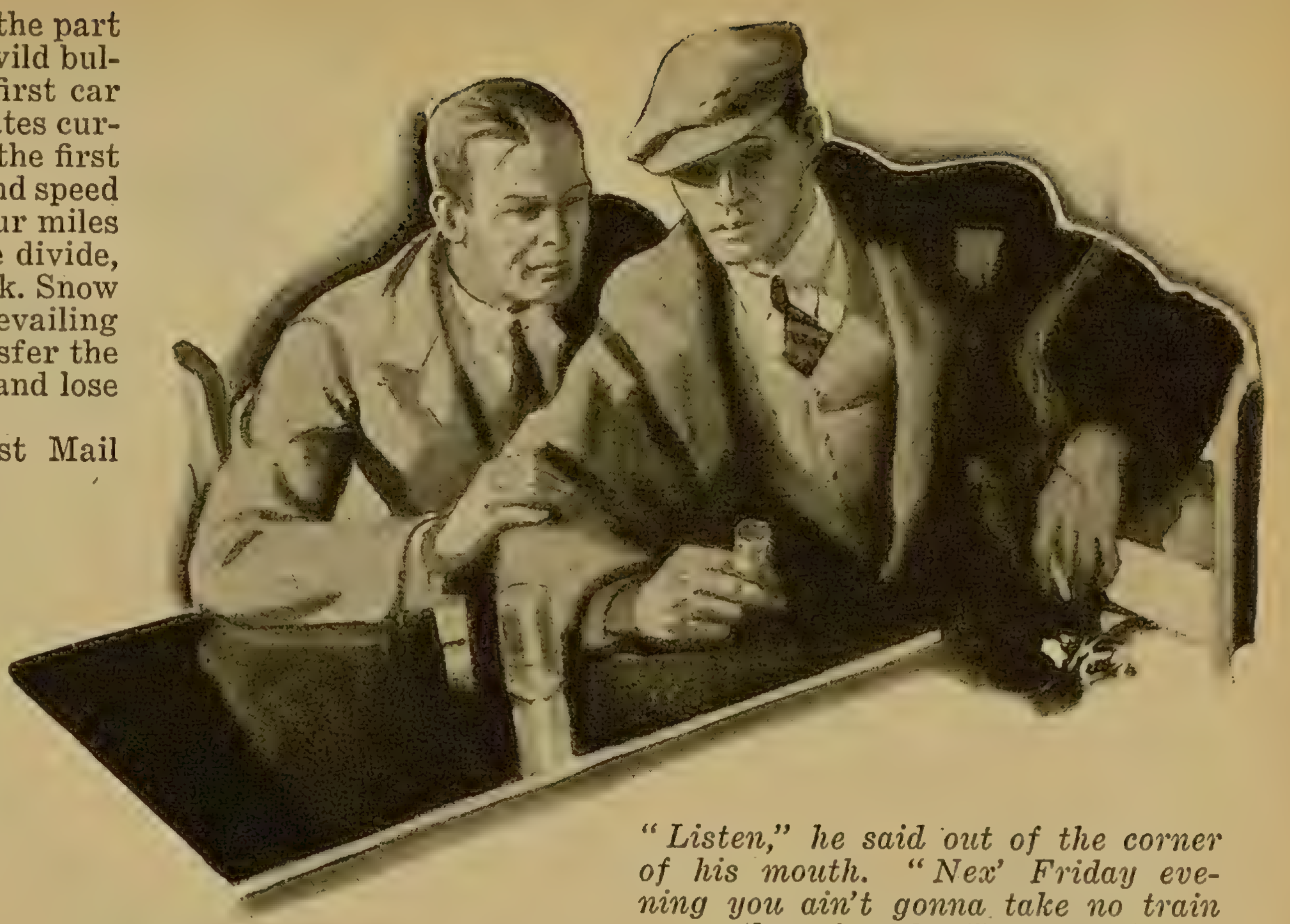
IT all happened in a flash. Rounding the last curve, the 1509 found herself facing red fire. Even as Moran, quick as a cat, jerked shut the throttle and opened both train and engine air, he understood. He saw the chained crossties, the scattered figures. He tried in that last fateful moment to warn the crew—just once the whistle shrieked before a bullet tore an ugly path through his shoulder and sent him spinning backward to the floor of the gangway.

Masked men settled the fireman; others found vulnerable points in the express car directly behind the tender. Automatics spat flatly. A groan, a curse, the thud of a falling body—that was all. Resistance, of course—just about as much resistance as the Lingles had counted upon. Surprised, outnumbered, the clerks did their bit as long as the issue remained in doubt. But fighting in the face of sure death—well, several of them had been in holdups before.

Experienced hands broke the train while confederates held the crew at pistol point. The fellow who took Moran's place in the cab was no novice at the throttle. The 1509 hesitated, as if loath to obey criminal hands, then heaved forward, leaving behind dark sprawled figures in the snow and eight helpless cars. Freed of most of her load, she gathered speed like a race horse, while back in the single car two bandits took their time about extracting the currency from the safe.

Nothing to worry over now. Nothing but a clear track and "rights" through to where their automobile waited. Barring Snow Creek, not a siding or crossover threatened them, and Snow Creek had been fixed. Faster roared the 1509. Sixty-five, seventy—

Dud Carey, swinging off the fast freight at Snow Creek some hours earlier, came like a bad dream to Patterson. Patterson had forgotten his everlasting date with Dud. It wouldn't do to have him around, poking his freckled nose into other people's business—not on this night of nights. Unaware of the jolt he had given his instructor, Dud entered the tiny station with a grin. When the freight conductor had got his orders, warmed himself at the red-hot stove, and left, Patterson O. K.'d the train before he turned a sullen face to Dud.



"Listen," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "Nex' Friday evening you ain't gonna take no train orders for the Fast Mail."

"Look here, you, I can't help you tonight. Too busy. Snow on the line. A lot of trouble maybe. Better catch Sixteen home. She's due in six minutes."

Dud, already seated at his dummy key, kept grinning. "That's all right, Patterson. I'll just stick around and practice, if you don't mind. I got to practice a lot."

Patterson's eyebrows met. "No you won't!" he snarled. "You catch Sixteen. How th' hell d'you think I can handle train orders with that damn' key stuttering?"

"Why, you told me you could work in an office with ten keys—"

"Never mind what I told you; I can't. You catch Sixteen. See?"

A stubborn light crept into Dud's eyes, but he merely extracted a railroad telegraph blank from the rack and began to struggle with the long-familiar printed instructions at the top. Slowly, painfully, his key clicked: "Be brief. Operators are requested to use code whenever possible and write all messages in ink. Order of Divisional Superintendent." A pause. Then, with many additional mistakes: "Be brief. Operators are requested—" and so on indefinitely until the rhythm of the dots and dashes began to swing like a song through Patterson's brain.

Patterson, sprawling at the table, stared into the night and silently cursed Boles. Would Sixteen never come? The hands of the clock above his head stood still. The snow made a faint, velvet sound on the panes, audible during Dud's many pauses.

SUDDENLY Sixteen's whistle penetrated the storm, a welcome sound indeed to Patterson. As she rumbled in, snow-topped and window-frosted, the operator jerked his head toward the door.

"Beat it, Dud. See you tomorrow."

Dud looked up, puzzled. It took his unwieldy mind a moment to get away from "Operators are requested—" Then he rose, put on his coat, and went out without a word. Patterson drew a breath of relief.

Three minutes after Sixteen's tail-lights had disappeared around the curve the station door opened and in came Dud, looking like a kid caught stealing apples. Patterson went pale.

"What th' hell d'you mean, sneakin' back—"

"Sorry," grinned Dud, "but I got to practice. Mr. Boles said for me to practice whenever you was too busy to help me. If it bothers you, I'll quit sending when a message comes through."

Patterson, on his feet now, staring at Dud, hesitated. "You damned nit-wit, I've a good mind to—"

"To what?" prompted the other innocently. "If you quit teaching me I'll find somebody else."

But Patterson wasn't considering that. He was measuring his strength against Dud's, comparing his slight build to the mass of muscle which Providence had given this pest in lieu of intellect. He slumped back in his chair, his threat incomplete. Time to think? Not much of it, with the Fast Mail due in two hours. Not a train would pass during that interval. No chance of ridding himself of Carey, or of driving Carey out into the storm, where he wouldn't hear what went on in the office.

Methodically Dud returned to his everlasting "Be brief. Operators are requested—" over and over, with unique and totally undecipherable variations. And outside the snow patted the windows.

It was damnable, this twist of fate. If Patterson saved his face by acknowledging whatever orders came through for the Fast Mail, he would have to carry them out, which would bring down swift and terrible consequences from the Lingles. On the other hand, to deliberately ignore a message in Dud's presence would be virtually admitting his share in the stickup. But wait! Dud couldn't read a fast key, probably wouldn't even recognize the Snow Creek call. Now, suppose he were in the office alone—

Patterson became conscious of that eternal "Be brief. Operators are requested—" He listened with new interest. Were the dots and dashes a bit clearer? Was it possible this dumb bunny was getting the hang of it? No, certainly not. Nerves, that was all.

Suddenly Patterson closed the line on his own key. "Take this," he jerked, trying to keep the tension out of his voice. From under his fingers a message clattered with the speed of a woodpecker's tattoo. Fast? Yes, but no faster than what might be expected from Tower BB7.

Dud merely stared. Again Patterson flashed those staccato letter sounds, eyes on his pupil, face a white smear under his black, oiled hair. "How about it, Dud?"

The other shook his head, grinning helplessly. "Thanks, Patterson, but I got to practice more first. If I ever get that good I'll strike Boles for a job."

PATTERSON relaxed. No real danger here. Things were working out. Glancing at the clock, he settled down to wait and tried to close his ears to that everlasting repetition of "Be brief. Operators are requested—" He picked up an old magazine, but the leading story concerned a train robbery. Vivid illustrations, too! He flung the magazine away. . . . "Be brief. Operators are requested—" . . . Where would Lingle stick up the Fast Mail? At the top of the grade probably. Yes, of course. There might be shooting. Let's see; Moran would be at the throttle. Last trip, Moran had remembered to bring Patterson cigarettes, knowing Patterson was short of 'em. They wouldn't shoot Moran; only the express and mail clerks if they resisted. A clinker fell from the stove grate. Patterson jumped, his face livid. . . . "Be brief. Operators are requested—"

"For God's sake, quit!" he yelped, as if Dud had hurt him physically.

"Quit—what?" Dud was looking at him out of placid eyes.

"That—that damn'-fool stuff you're sending."

"What'll I send, then, Patterson?"

Patterson made a gesture. "How do I know? Anything—train orders. Use your imagination."

"I don't know any train orders."

"You wouldn't," agreed Patterson, slumping once more in his chair.

For a time Dud's clumsy fingers remained still. Silence in that station except for such tiny sounds as the tick of the clock and the caress of the snow. Again and again Patterson turned his head, listening, forever listening. Which would come first—the staccato, imperative voice of the wire, with its order which must not be obeyed, or the rumble of the 1509 bearing the Lingles to safety? Two thousand dollars! Lingle would pay. Double-cross? Never. Not Lingle. Yet accepting that money would be *prima-facie* evidence of guilt.

The droplight over the table sent strange shadows

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

what every • BRIDE wants to know

The easiest, most efficient method of meeting this urgent household responsibility; a message for every home manager

The family washing! It's every woman's problem, even though the "family" may be just a brand-new bride and groom.

Nowadays a great many brides solve this problem pleasantly and *permanently* by calling in a present-day laundry right from the start. But some hesitate. To these we say, just *try* the laundry way. That is all we ask. For we are certain this trial will win you, as it has won 8 million women in America alone!

3 FACTS ABOUT LAUNDRY SERVICE

1. *Economical.* Laundry service is decidedly thrifty. For a few pennies a pound you can have the damp or wet wash service. A trifle more gives bed linens, table linens and towels smoothly ironed.

2. *Safeguards Clothes.* Today's laundries use gentle rainsoft water. Each fabric, each color, is separated according to washing qualities. The multiple-suds method removes even *hidden* dirt without scrubbing.

3. *Saves Time, Work, Worry.* Greatest of all laundry benefits is freedom from drudgery. It gives you extra hours for pleasure, while guarding your charm. Phone for service.

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

(Below) — When your sheets and pillowcases come from a present-day laundry, they are not only snowy white, but have the hygienic purity that safeguards health.

© 1931, L. N. A.

Let the
LAUNDRY
do it!

MOTHER CAREY'S LAST CHICK
Continued from page thirty-one

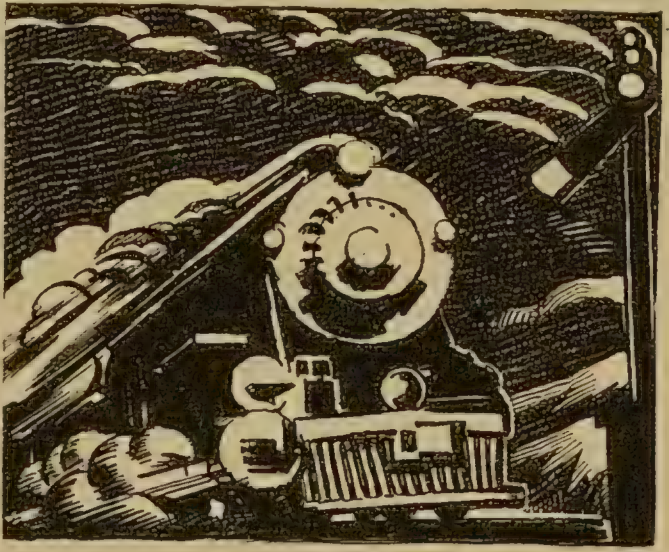
across the window. The rods holding the shade were magnified many times, until they resembled iron bars. . . . "Be brief. Operators are requested—"

Suddenly the key spoke, and Patterson, leaping from his chair as if on springs, made a grab at the almost empty coal scuttle. But it wasn't for Snow Creek. Dud untangled himself from the table.

"I'll fill 'er up," he volunteered good-naturedly.

"Fill what up?"

"Why, the scuttle. You was going after coal, wasn't you?"



Patterson looked down blankly at the scuttle; then terror flashed in his eyes. "No you don't!" said he, shoving the receptacle out of Dud's reach. "When I want coal I'll get it myself."

Dud went back to his sending, taking no offense. That was a peculiarity about Dud—one idea at a time. He refused to be diverted even by insult from the Herculean task of learning telegraphy.

Snow, silence, and the crawling hands of the clock. And Patterson slumped before the table, nerves aquiver. Silence except for "Be brief. Operators are requested—" over and over, haltingly, misspelled, jumbled. It must have been a half hour before the key began again. Once more Patterson rose, grabbing the scuttle. "FR, FR, FR," came the call, *his* call, the Snow Creek letters.

"Be back in a minute," said Patterson in a voice he didn't know, and hurried to the door.

"Say!" called Dud. "Maybe that's for you—"

But Patterson had slammed the door behind him.

"FR, FR, FR"; a pause. "FR, FR, FR." Without thinking what he was doing, Dud scrawled the letters on his pad. FR must be code. And then he let out a whoop of joy. FR was, of course, the Snow Creek call. Miraculous—this chance to show Patterson what he had learned! If only he might catch the message itself, have it ready when his teacher returned. In that instant he offered a strange prayer: "Oh, Lord, gimme the brains! Gimme the brains!"

His awkward fingers flew to the key as he cut in, "I-FR." And then came letters—not fast; slurred, as he had expected, but painfully slow; distinct to a fault. Whoever was at the other end of the wire was taking no chances of error. Dud's hands trembled so that he could barely write: "Ditch runaway engine Number 1509. Fast Mail robbed. Tower BB7. Repeat."

REPEAT? Not so you could notice it! Patterson must be told—Patterson, out there filling the coal scuttle. Dud started up, staring about. From far down the right of way came a rumble. The 1509! Why didn't Patterson come back? He would have to go after him—and there wasn't time. Certain things Dud knew from experience. The key to the padlock fastening the siding switch hung on a nail over the table. The switch, some hundred feet beyond the station, must be thrown before the 1509 crossed the frogs. That would put her on a blind siding, save whatever traffic might be moving in the opposite direction from a head-on collision. He didn't stop to wonder why the 1509 was running away, or why the operating department was willing to wreck one hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery; that would have required imagination, mental initiative. His was unquestioned obedience, absolute faith in the wisdom of "orders."

The wire was silent now. Why didn't Patterson come? Nearer rumbled the 1509. Dud could almost hear the thud of her drivers. He cast a desperate glance at the door. Then he reached for the key on its nail. And as he reached, Patterson came in, breathing fast, looking as if he had seen a ghost.

"What're you doing?" he snapped. "Leave that key alone."

Dud indicated the scrawled message. "We gotta ditch 1509. They held up the Mail—"

"Ditch nothing. You're crazy!" Patterson darted across the office. "You never got a message straight in your life. Here, get away from that key."

"I got this message straight. I'm gonna ditch that engine."

Patterson's face wasn't pleasant. "You won't!" he gritted. "Who th' hell d'you think you are?"

Dud listened a moment. The 1509 was very close. Suddenly his arm shot out over the table toward the dangling key, but not before Patterson struck, the full weight of his body behind the blow. It caught Dud squarely on the chin. He staggered back, groping like a man feeling his way in the dark.

"Take my job, will you?" screamed Patterson furiously. "I'll teach you to meddle!" He caught up the heavy lifter from the stove.

BUT something had happened to Dud Carey. One instant he was sagging against the table; the next he moved quick as light. And Patterson, advancing, met one hundred and ninety pounds of energy in rapid transit. Dud made no attempt to hit; instead, he bore his antagonist to the floor with a crash. The pair, kicking, panting, straining for grips, rolled half under the table, Dud on top. He managed after a moment to free one hand. He might have killed Patterson then, might have followed his primal urge to sink his stubby fingers in the other's windpipe; yet he merely attempted to get away. He wasn't angry at Patterson; no time to be. No time for anything but thoughts of the 1509 and how he was to reach the siding switch. And so Dud tore Patterson loose and tried to regain his feet.

Nothing doing. Patterson caught his legs, clinging like an octopus. Nearer roared the engine. Dud saw it in his mind's eye—a black, elephantine machine of destruction charging without warning into Pullmans, passenger coaches, whatever rolling stock blocked its path. His ears drummed to the sound of drivers, his heart pounded to the pound of the rods. And Patterson clung leechlike.

"Let go, let go, you fool!" yelled Dud, striving with all his strength to break the man's hold.

It was a matter of seconds now. He dared not risk a longer struggle, for Patterson's sake as well as his own; for the sake of the whole division. Then he realized that Patterson was working his way by inches toward the stove lifter, squirming along the floor like a snake with Dud astraddle of him. Another would have comprehended earlier, but Dud barely in time. Patterson's clawing hand found the lifter and, clutching it, swung upward—an awkward yet effective blow had it landed.

But Dud, conscious at last of Patterson's determination, sensing something infinitely more vicious than stubbornness in his adversary, closed his huge fist and jabbed. Even as Patterson had hit the unsuspecting Dud some minutes before, so now Dud hit Patterson. But with sledge-hammer strength.

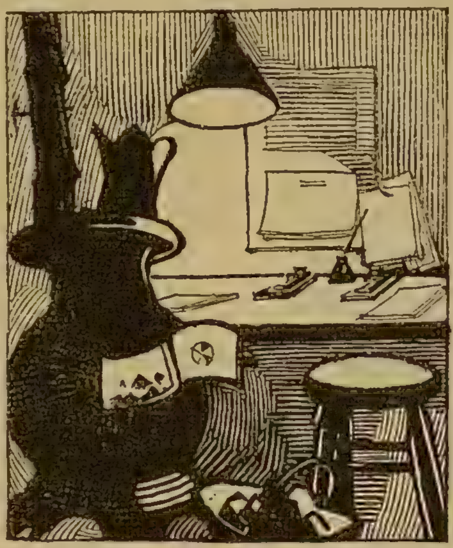
It wasn't a nice picture—Patterson suddenly relaxed, with blood welling from a flattened nose. The stove lifter clattered to the floor, the noise sharply metallic against the background of 1509's thunder. Dud stumbled to his feet, flung out of the station to the platform, where the glare of an approaching headlight flooded him.

Barely three hundred yards away came the 1509, swaying through the night at seventy miles an hour; and fully a hundred feet away stood the siding switch. Dud ran lumberingly. The snow dragged at his feet. From behind him rumbled the thunder of hurtling tons, nearer, nearer— A bullet sped past his ear, the pistol report unheard. Another ripped his sleeve. He didn't realize what it was, wouldn't have varied his course if he had. "Ditch runaway." Those two words played tag in his brain. Somehow he must reach the switch, unlock it, throw over the lever before the engine crossed the frogs. Lives, rolling stock, his future and that of Mother Carey hung in balance. Whether or not the 1509 would split the switch didn't matter. Even if her wheel flanges clung to the crossover rails, she must pile up beyond, where the siding ended in a sand bank.

He became conscious of a stab of pain in his shoulder. He faltered, nearly pitched headlong into the snow. Twenty feet—ten— His hands went out, gripping the switch stand. Never had his fingers proved so awkward. The headlight glare half blinded him. Hours, really seconds, elapsed before the key clicked. A white blurred face peered at him from the cab. He saw a hand holding an automatic whip like a semaphore arm from the gangway—saw and dodged instinctively. And then he understood the pain in his shoulder. Strange, the tricks of Providence! If Dud hadn't been given just such proof at just this moment he might have been tempted to let the engine pass, as long as there was a man at the throttle. For throwing that switch meant death to every soul aboard.

But even slow-thinking Dud understood. The bandits, of course! A gun spat again, the bullet striking the switch stand. Dud swung the lever with his last ounce of strength. Things were too chaotic for him to realize the 1509's pony truck had already crossed the frogs. But he would have turned the switch anyway. He would have turned that switch even had it meant death.

WHAT happened next would remain stamped on his memory forever. He saw the 1509, traveling at more than a mile a minute, swing her cab violently to the right as her drivers tried to cling to the crossover. Then, like a huge mortally wounded beast, she leaped clear of the rails to thrash along the ground.



The sound of ripping metal and escaping steam united in an awful medley. A dark figure catapulted from the gangway only to strike a telegraph pole. Somebody screamed — for the last time. Retribution here and no mistake!

Engine, tender, and express car lost their identities, became in the fraction of a second a heterogeneous mass, rolling over, splintering, bending, biting into the earth. Ties hurtled through the air like match sticks; two hundred pounds of steam burst from the punctured boiler; flaming oil from the fire box painted the snow.

Providence, heretofore apparently indifferent to Dud, chose now to favor him. Not a fragment of wreckage touched him, perhaps because the shock of the crash had thrown him flat on his face. . . . It was suddenly very quiet, in spite of the hiss of steam. A ghastly tableau illuminated by the burning oil. After a time Dud contrived to get up, and to stagger back to the station office, where Patterson lay unconscious. He fell into the chair by the table, his thick fingers feeling blindly for the instrument.

"DH, DH, DH," stuttered the key until after what seemed an endless delay Division Headquarters cut in. And then Dud sent the message which was to go down in railroad history: "Be brief. Operators are—11509 datched at Sno Crek as pur orders. Sendhelp. Carey."

THEY still talk about it—towermen, dispatchers, engineers. And when Mother Carey hears them she smiles and tries not to look too proud of her boy.

Of course it was a long time before the evidence could be pieced together, or the hospital authorities would permit Dud to testify. But Boles wasn't in any hurry. Patterson, the only culprit the law could reach, was safe in jail awaiting trial. The Lingles had paid with their lives, spending their last conscious moments in a hell of steam and flame more terrible than any man-made punishment.

When the wrecking crew had reached Snow Creek on that never-to-be-forgotten night, it had found Dud unconscious across the telegraph table, his fingers still gripping the key, and the battered Patterson trying to crawl from the office. It had also found the express company safe pitched fully fifty feet from the right of way, but undamaged. Three neatly drilled holes around the combination lock told their own story: the bandits would have blown the safe in another five minutes.

One morning some weeks later, Boles, wearing his hat on the back of his head and a huge grin all over his face, came around from behind his desk to welcome Mother Carey and her son. He held her hands, looking deep into her faded eyes.

"You were right," he said simply. "Dud was never intended to be a wiper." And then he put his arm around Dud's shoulders. "My boy, you're going to collect a lot of money. Uncle Sam wanted that gang, dead or alive, ten thousand dollars' worth. But if you've still got a hankering to be a railroad man, there's an operator's job open just as soon as you learn telegraphy." He grinned. "That message you sent from Snow Creek was the God-awfulest good news I ever saw come off a railroad wire."

THE END

AFTER CRUIKSHANK 1835

Gastrogen
quickly checks
Indigestion

GET rid of that logy, fulsome feeling that follows your meals! Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets as soon as you leave the table. Acidity and indigestion go quickly.

Gastrogen gives quick relief without the embarrassment of gas that follows the use of soda. Nor can it alkalize the stomach because, unlike "bi-carb", it contains only insoluble antacids.

Your druggist has Gastrogen in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ and bottles of 60 for 60¢. It's harmless yet decisive in effect, and you'll like its spicy, aromatic taste!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*

2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*

3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

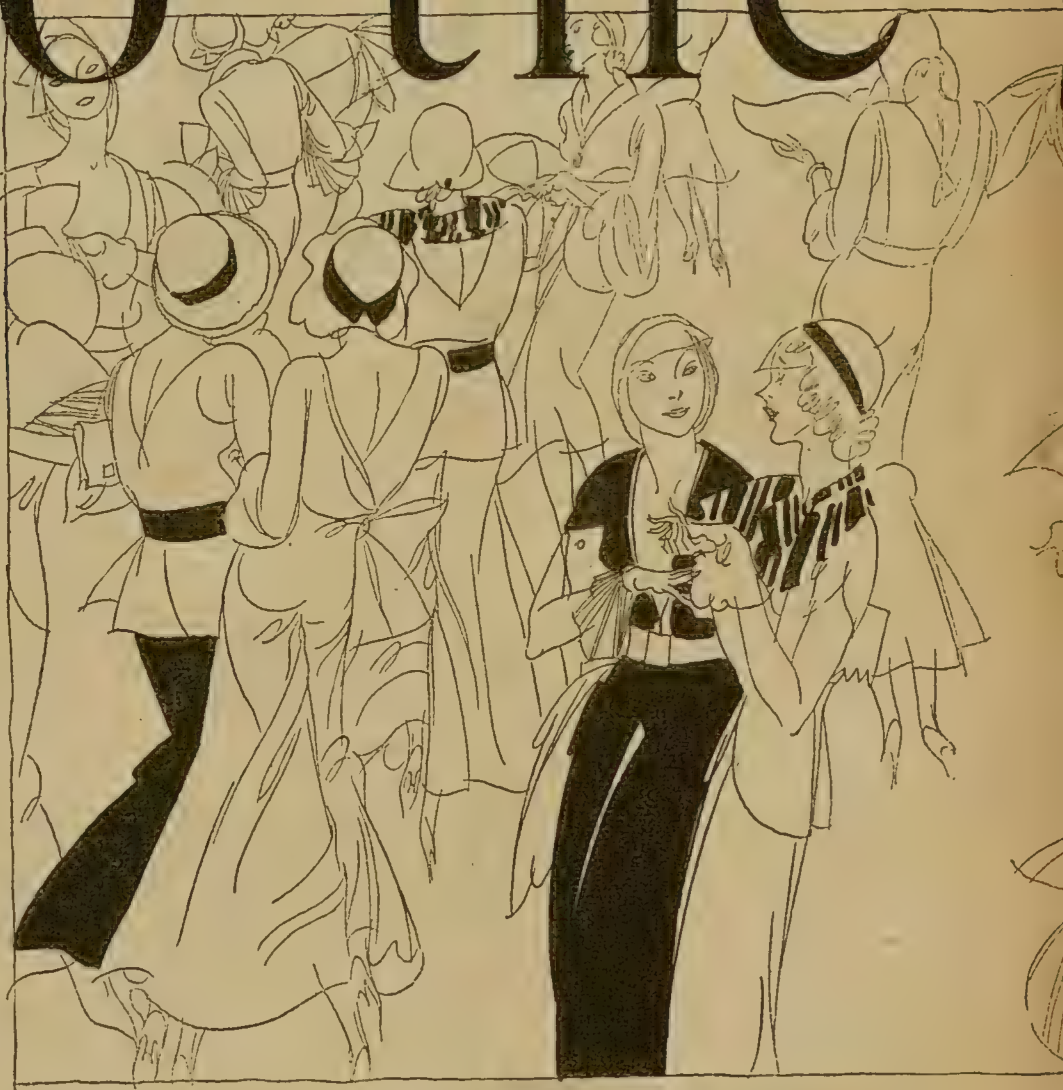
SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-61
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name..

Address..

To the



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

ARRIVING on the dot to keep a business appointment, I was met by an astonished, a pathetically grateful executive.

"Marvelous!" he exclaimed. "I never expect any woman to be on time."

Now can any of you girls who read this page give me a logical reason why so many women pride themselves on being unpunctual?

Being late—and being kittenish about it—always seems to me one of the silliest tricks that women practice. If you can't keep a man interested in you without making him wait and worry every time you have a date with him, then you must be a weak sister.

I am perfectly sure that if I were a man, and if any woman kept me waiting more than the excusable fifteen minutes, I would walk right out on her.

Business women keep their business appointments fairly punctually. But when it comes to social dates nearly all women are alike. Nevertheless, I can't help feeling that to be deliberately unpunctual is an unpardonable rudeness. It is a discourtesy that we won't stand for from men, nor will men stand for it from each other.

Why should women try to get away with it?

WE modern girls love our independence, yet every one of us hankers, sometimes, to be just an old-fashioned "clinging vine." I've felt that way myself at odd moments, but I don't want to feel that way any more. Not since the talk I had recently with Dr. W. Béran Wolfe, author of Understanding of Human Nature.

Dr. Wolfe studied human nature with the famous Freud in Vienna. What he had to say about the fate of the clinging-vine girl gave me the shivers.

"The most tragic type among women today is the clinging vine," he told me. "Nearly all women of that type go to pieces after forty. They suffer from every kind of neurosis. I could give you the names of a dozen clinging-vine women who were on top of the world ten years ago. They were beautiful, they lived in luxury, apparently they were contented. Today they are all of them broken, half-witted creatures.

"Married or unmarried, the woman who depends entirely upon her charm and beauty plays a dangerous game. This world is still a man's world—though women refuse to realize it. So when age begins to cast its shadow on the clinging vine, whose only talent is pleasing men, she loses her grip on life and withers."

I asked Dr. Wolfe why psychoanalysis is often considered to be merely a fad for rich people. He said:

"All new discoveries in the medical field have always been luxuries of the rich at first. Even Epsom salts, when originally introduced, were for some years accepted only as the latest 'health fad' taken up by a French king and his courtiers. Naturally, the same sort of thing happened when psychoanalysis began to be practiced."

Then I asked Dr. Wolfe how we ordinary people can tell whether we *really* need the advice of an expert psychiatrist, or whether we have just "let ourselves go" and need only self-discipline.

"People should put this test to themselves," he answered. "They should check up on their happiness. If they find they are unhappy all the time, every day—then they must be in some kind of a serious mental jam."

This viewpoint, I believe, is rapidly gaining popularity. Mental hygiene is ceasing to be thought of as a fad. Sound information about our "state of mind" is becoming an important part of our health knowledge.

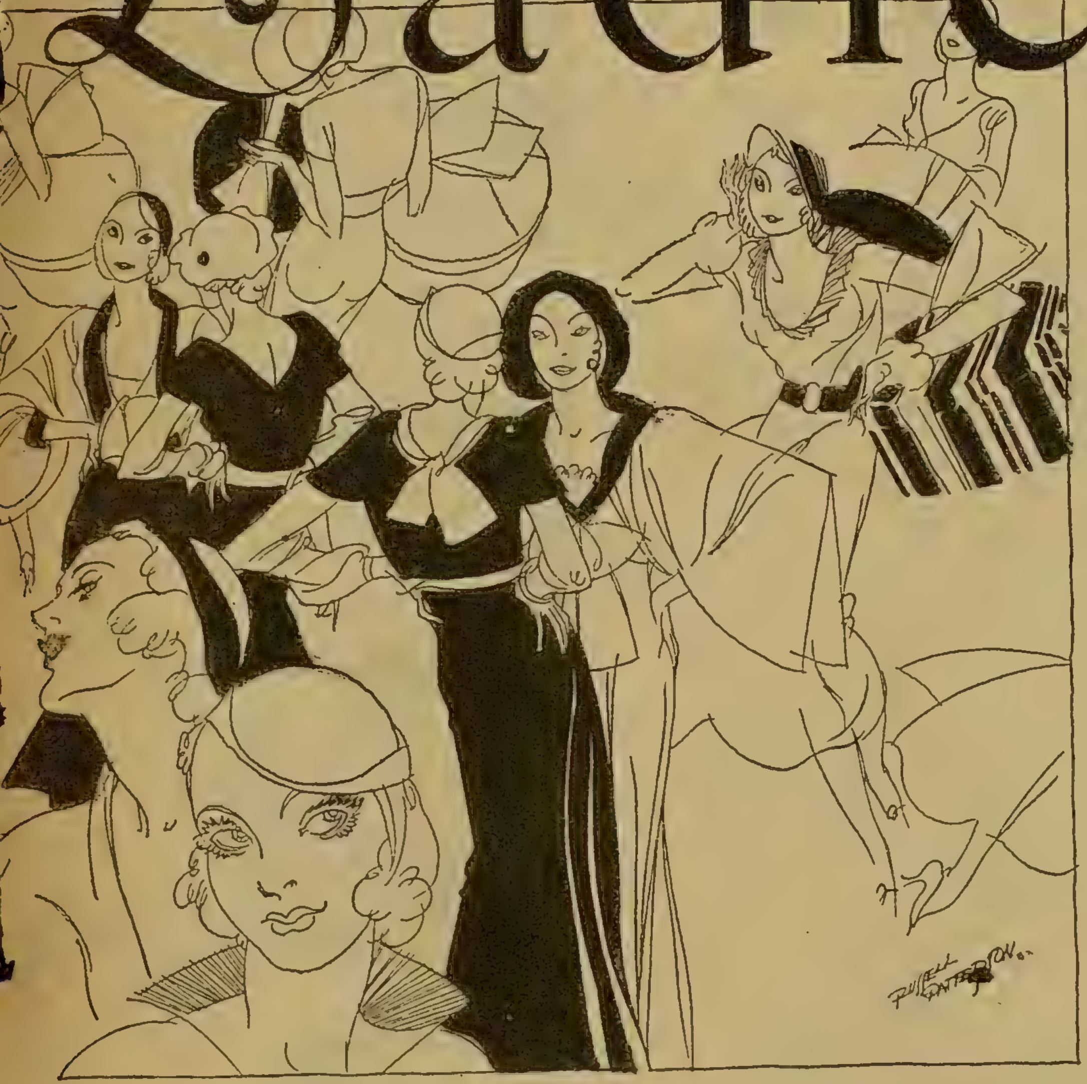
BABIES cost money. The financial complications brought on by the coming of a baby are acutely felt by most families. To simplify this problem, the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago has inaugurated a "Baby-Birth Savings Bank." The idea appears to me to be a splendid one.

From the day she enters the prenatal clinic, an expectant mother can start paying in five dollars a month to cover all medical attention straight through to the end of her confinement. The total fee is forty-five dollars. This pays for everything, including ten days in the hospital and the visits of a nurse to the mother's home after she leaves the institution. So there are no outstanding bills to overwhelm the family exchequer for a year or more, and baby starts life without any debts against its fair young name.

This fine arrangement ought to help get more expectant mothers into proper hospitals, and lead them away from midwife practice, which so many foreign-born women still patronize to their disadvantage.

LADIES in ruffles and poke bonnets of a century ago have just been seen strolling with tall, beaver-hatted gentlemen in the heart of New York City! No, they weren't ghosts; they were the present-day residents of Gramercy Square, New York, out to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their neighborhood park by donning for a day the quaint old costumes of its founders.

Ladies!



Picture by RUSSELL PATTERSON

This neighborhood birthday party was an exceptionally good idea, I thought. For keeping the past of a community alive is an excellent way to enhance the present. About the past there is always a special glow of intimacy, like a fire-lit hearth around which neighbors gather.

I am always profoundly annoyed by Americans who worship the antiquities of Europe without appreciating those of their own country. It is true, of course, that Europe has many more historic buildings, but on the other hand every relic of Old America seems infinitely romantic and interesting because of the very way these old things stand out in contrast among the giant newnesses of our American Today.

Philadelphia now plans to reproduce an entire street exactly as it was in George Washington's time. The same idea should find favor in other American cities. The atmosphere of leisure and of peace which clings to old places is something far more necessary to us than we realize as yet.

"TOMATOES may make or mar the fair name of any restaurant." Thus spoke an ardent food fan of my acquaintance. Before they appear on the table our *love apples* (as some old-fashioned folk still call tomatoes) should always be carefully peeled, declared my gourmet friend.

While it is true that many restaurants—and many hostesses—permit tomatoes to be served with the skins on, I have taken the tip quoted above, and I find it a good one. Skinned tomatoes are much more comfortable to eat, and just as flavorsome.

There are few luncheon or supper dishes so refreshing in hot weather as a cleverly stuffed tomato. Here are two recipes I like particularly well:

(1) Remove the skin from the tomatoes. Cut in halves, or slice off the tops. Salt and dry well with a piece of dampened cheesecloth after taking out the seeds and core. Now for the filling: Use equal quantities of finely shredded lettuce, diced pineapple, pitted cherries, and green pepper. Add a sprinkling of finely chopped nuts (pecans are best). With this goes a *mild* French dressing accented by a dash of sugar and one tablespoon of sour cream.

(2) Prepare the tomatoes as above. For the filling mix a cupful of chopped shrimps with ½ cup diced turnips (young ones, well cooked), the same quantity of cucumber, and ½ teaspoon minced onion. For the dressing use mayonnaise thinned with diluted vinegar.

Tomatoes filled with stuffing No. 1 are best served on a bed of watercress.

THOMAS SNELL was a house painter. He was not a wealthy man, but he had a philanthropic heart. For many years he gave to deserving causes that which was within his modest means to give.

His donations were not gifts of money, they were gifts of work. Year after year he painted various philanthropic institutions free of charge, among them a famous trade school and an animal hospital.

Last month Thomas Snell died at the age of ninety-four. It seems to me that his philanthropy merits special recognition. To give modestly, in terms of the careful labor which is a man's profession—there is something altogether admirable in the charity line.

"SURPRISE" is one of the favorite words in the language of childhood. There's not a child in the world who doesn't love surprises—little unexpected gifts and special changes from the fixed routine. What treats they are!

I never can understand why we grown-ups should renounce our enjoyment of such surprises just because we have passed from childhood to maturity.

Some of the extravagant remedies our grown-up boredom makes us pursue might not be necessary, I believe, if we would take the trouble to relieve the monotony of everyday home life by small surprises occasionally.

In one family I know the various members take turns at "springing" surprises. Their rule insists that these little gala events must never cost much money, and of course they bar annoying practical jokes. Family fu and pleasure is the object.

Sometimes their "s'prises" take the form of parties o excursions.

Sometimes it is a present, or merely a "holiday" dish for dinner.

However trivial these attentions may be, they are *surprises*, and they help keep the whole family youthful in spirit. They add a gay note to the mutual interests of family life.

TURBANS now for evening wear—hats are no longer the thing. The most fascinating little "toques" are in style this season for dancing and theater parties, for restaurant suppers and all evening occasions except those which call for quite formal gowns.

Made of soft jersey straw, coarse lace, or embroidered net, the new evening turbans must fit very closely, and should be worn well back on the head. They should be quite simple, having no ornamentation other than the draping of the material, or a couple of flowers at one side—flowers of organdie or chiffon.

A smart French turban of black straw lace has two white leather camellias set in front over the left eye. If you follow the clever example practiced by the charming wife of a famous American orchestra conductor you will have the color of your evening turban match the color of your hair exactly.

ROUGH and RECKLESS

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is reckless week in movieland. Marines, lovely débutantes, pretty social bluffers—they all steal, make love, and kill for your current entertainment. And, be it noted, all of them act practically the same way when confronted with temptation. They give 'n completely and in a big way. Hollywood has lost its old moral inhibitions.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ALWAYS GOODBYE

CAST

Lila	Elissa Landi
Graham	Lewis Stone
Reginald	Paul Cavanaugh
Cyril	John Garrick
Sir George Boomer	Frederick Kerr
Merson	Herbert Bunston
Blake	Lumsden Hare

Directed by William C. Menzies
and Kenneth MacKenna.
Produced by Fox.

You may have had your doubts about the screen possibilities of Elissa Landi following Body and Soul. But, after his film, I vote her one of my favorites, t so far behind Greta and Marlene and Constance.

Miss Landi lends such an interesting glamour to this original film yarn—of a daring, reckless young woman—that it is hard to discover whether the story has merit or not.

Lila has bluffed her way in and out of Mayfair. When she could marry money and position she turns them down for something she fancies to be love. At the end of her resources, she joins forces with a young scapegrace. Posing as his wife, she goes to the Lake Como palace of a retired jewel connoisseur. Then she finds that she cares—for the first time—for the kindly and lonely patron of the arts. But the past stands as a barrier.

Miss Landi plays the indiscreet Lila so compellingly that this plot may be as false as it sounds when retold, but I doubt if you will care. Miss Landi, should you wish to know, was born in Venice, Italy, of Austrian parents and educated in England. There, too, her stage career developed.

★ ★ ★ WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

CAST

Sergeant Flagg	Victor McLaglen
Sergeant Quirt	Edmund Lowe
Elsa	Greta Nissen
Olsen	El Brendel
Fifi	Fifi Dorsay
Pee Wee	Marjorie White
Prince Hassan	Bela Lugosi

Directed by Raoul Walsh.
Produced by Fox.

Sez you! Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson discovered those profane, hard-boiled marines, Flagg and Quirt, back in the trenches of What Price Glory. Their amorous propensities had little real latitude until they reappeared in the Nicaragua and Coney Island of The Cock-Eyed World.

It was inevitable that Quirt and Flagg would go on further escapades in other lands and other commandments. They are still snarling marine rivals in Women of All Nations and their adventures take them to Sweden and to Turkey, where, naturally enough, they upset a harem.

Victor McLaglen is still Flagg and Edmund Lowe is again Quirt and the two belligerent leathernecks still have their Swedish pal, Olsen, otherwise El Brendel. Greta Nissen is the catnip in all the rowdy proceedings.

Films such as Women of All Nations are comparable to the burlesque section of our more or less dying theater. The events are rough and racy. The film has a lusty tempo—but isn't for Aunt Maria.

★ ★ ★ A FREE SOUL

CAST

Jan Ashe	Norma Shearer
Dwight Winthrop	Leslie Howard
Stephen Ashe	Lionel Barrymore
Ace Wilfong	Clark Gable
Eddie	James Gleason
Grandma Ashe	Lucy Beaumont

Directed by Clarence Brown.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This was a novel by Liberty's own Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows so much about Hollywood. It isn't a movieland story, however, but the tragic comedy of a modern young woman brought up to do as she likes. Her father, a brilliant criminal lawyer going to th dogs via the liquor route, has insiste that she be a free soul.

Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard in A Free Soul.

Jan Ashe discovers that there ar things you can't do without colliding with life. Thus it is that the drunke Ashe dies pleading to the jury to free a young man enmeshed in a murde through his daughter's indiscretions.

There is some excellent acting in this between Norma Shearer's swell actin of the headstrong Jan, Lionel Barr more's vivid playing of the sodde Stephen Ashe, and Clark Gable's pe formance of the handsome young anim from gangland who catches Jan's ey This Gable is headed for big things.

The Two Marines Repeat, and Miss Landi Scores Heavily in the Week's Batch of Films

Victor McLaglen (center) and Edmund Lowe (right) in Women of All Nations.

Lewis Stone and Elissa Landi in Always Goodbye.

A dramatic scene in The Lawyer's Secret, with Charles Rogers, Fay Wray, and Clive Brook.

★ ★ THE LAWYER'S SECRET

CAST

Drake Norris....................Clive Brook
Laurie Roberts..............Charles Rogers
Joe Hart......................Richard Arlen
Kay Roberts...........................Fay Wray
Directed by Max Marcin and Louis Gasnier.
Produced by Paramount.

Shall an attorney divulge the confessions of a client in order to save the life of an innocent man? That is the tough problem faced here by Clive Brook, made tougher by the fact that the brother of his fiancée is involved in the crime.

This picture marks the first appearance of Buddy Rogers after a brief stardom that waned. H is the fiancée's weakling brother, a rôle both slender and un sympathetic. I hand it to Buddy for being game enough step back and start fresh.

The trouble with The Lawyer's Secret is that you know a along just what will happen. Innocent young men never di at the hands of Hollywood justice, and weaklings, when they are related to the heroine, always redeem themselves in the end.

★ SALVATION NELL

CAST

Jim Platt...Ralph Graves
Nell Saunders..................................Helen Chandler
Myrtle...Sally O'Neil
Major Williams...............................Jason Robards
McGovern....................................DeWitt Jennings
Maggie ....Charlotte Walker
Mooney...Matthew Betz
Directed by James Cruze. Produced by Tiffany.

This drama of a saloon slavey once served Mrs. Fiske behind the footlights. Tracing the spiritual redemption of the girl and her subsequent efforts to save her drunken barfly lover from himself, it was one of the better plays of its time. Yet it seems turgid and outdated now.

To me the best performance of the film is given by Charlotte Walker, once a Belasco star of happier days, as the kindly Salvation Army worker who can smile down the most menacing drunk. Helen Chandler seems to me to be a pallid heroine Nor could I work up any interest in the redemption of Ralpl Graves as the loafer who doesn't do right by our Nell.

You will carry away one picture from Salvation Nell: th wretched sordidness of the old-time corner saloon. Mr. C has recreated shrewdly one of those sinister dives t brought about our present social curse.

Do you know that

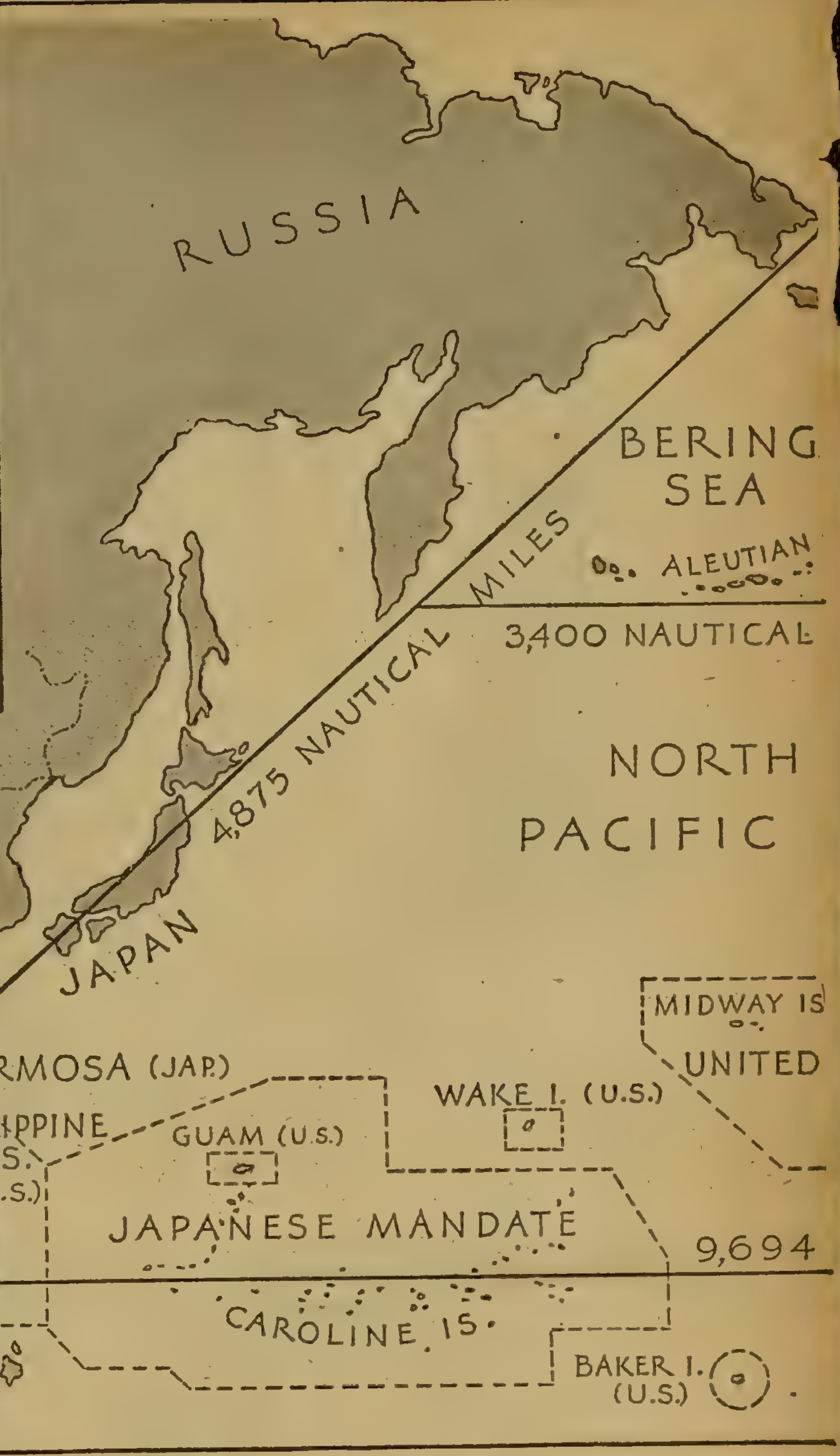
The next appearance of Victor (Flagg) McLaglen a Edmund (Quirt) Lowe will be as policemen in Disorder Conduct?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.
★★★—The Public Enemy, Svengali, Indiscreet.

U. S. Army Air Corps photo

ARMY airplanes demonstrating their effectiveness in laying down a dense smoke screen.


RUSSIA
BERING SEA
ALEUTIAN
3,400 NAUTICAL
4,875 NAUTICAL MILES
NORTH PACIFIC
CHINA
JAPAN
FORMOSA (JAP.)
MIDWAY IS
UNITED
WAKE I. (U.S.)
PHILIPPINE IS. (U.S.)
GUAM (U.S.)
JAPANESE MANDATE
9,694
CAROLINE IS.
BAKER I. (U.S.)
BORNEO

The Next War-

(Reading time: 20 min. 40 sec.)

By
GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

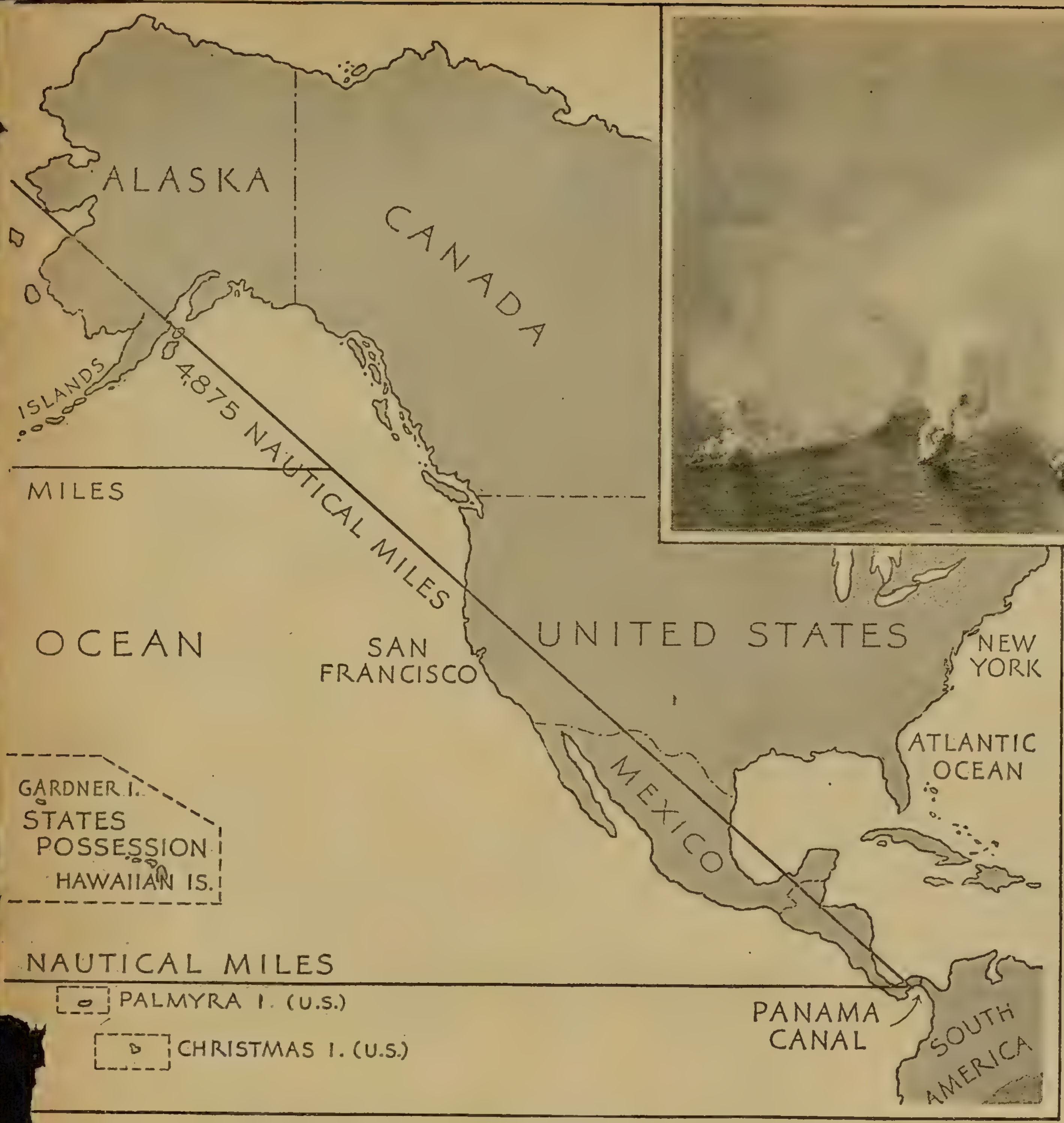
who commanded the air forces of the A. E. F. and later was director of military aviation of the U. S. Army, from which he resigned in 1926. He enlisted as a private in 1898, advancing through all grades including brigadier general.

THE determination of whether European or Asiatic culture shall rule the world in the future is in the hands of the United States. Never in history has there been such a self-contained, well balanced country from the standpoint of location, population, government, and natural resources.

Our people are led by the peace-time suasion of professional politicians to believe that we can preserve this condition by international agreements, treaties, conventions, and rules. There is nothing new about such things. In times past they have proved to be mere "scraps of paper" when put to the test. They have never been enforced unless there was irresistible sanction behind them in the form of armed forces, whether used or not. The seeds of disagreements that bring on wars are as many and varied today as ever they were before.

Asia (Russia can be considered a part of it as far as we are concerned) is forging itself into a political unit on the anvil of its wars and revolutions. A test of strength between East and West is distinctly in the wind today. Europe will feel its weight first.

Europe, divided into numbers of small countries, all of which have conflicting interests and ideals, cannot stand together today any more than she did against the great Mongol invasions when Genghis Khan overran most of the known world. At present the Asiatics are solving their own problems with a diminishing influence of



U. S. Army Air Corps photo

GAS bombs being thrown on the water from high-flying airplanes to show how whole areas could be gassed.

THE Pacific Ocean, showing its triangular form. From a distance of over 9,000 nautical miles at the latitude of the Panama Canal it narrows to fifty-two miles at Bering Strait

What About Our National Defense?

the Europeans. That great continent contains one-half the population of the whole world. They are strong physically, mentally, and biologically, and at any time again may develop the terrific military power which they have exhibited in past ages.

When countries are prosperous, people do not look for trouble. Hard times create discontent. People get out of jobs; they have nothing to eat. Perhaps they have been working for a high wage and will not work for a lower one until they are forced to by dire necessity. This forcing process may take the form of strikes, riots, or even revolution which overthrows the government.

Just now the world is out of employment. Conditions are much worse in most of the European countries than they were immediately preceding the World War.

Russia is on the rampage all over the world. Her propaganda, advocating revolution and communism, reaches out to every country, and her military power is being built up as never before.

Germany feels the economic pinch. Many of her people propose to do away with the indebtedness she was forced to assume as a result of the war.

England has lost much of the trade of India, and her trade with China is greatly impaired. She is keeping her laboring classes quiet by giving them a dole. Those receiving it have a fine time remaining in idleness, while those who work or own small paying businesses have their money taken away from them to keep the idle more idle. Many of Great Britain's leading statesmen consider that her position is hopeless under present conditions.

Italy, ruled by an intelligent and benevolent dictator, would be in flames in a moment were he to go.

Spain is in the throes of political troubles which have overthrown her dynasty.

France alone of the nations of Europe is in good shape economically, because she has a decreasing birth rate, a good agricultural backbone, and a vast territory in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

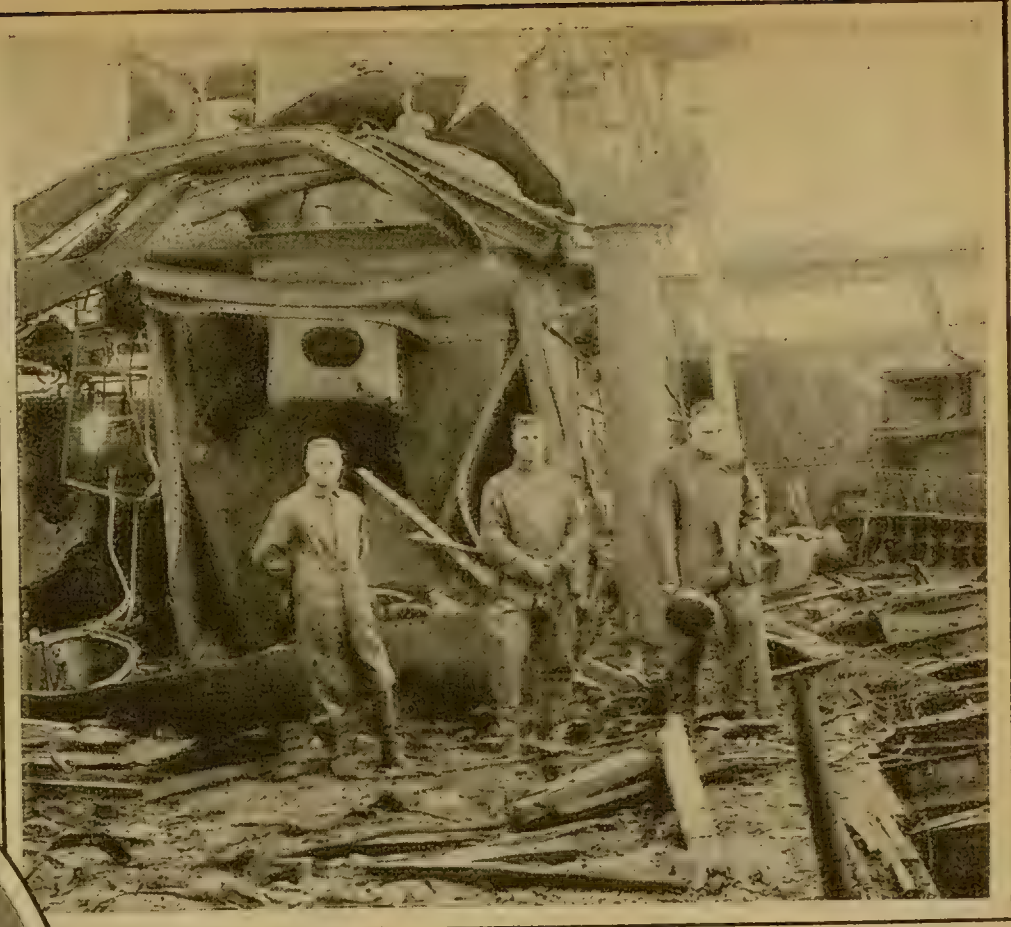
THE NEXT WAR—WHAT ABOUT OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE?
Continued from page thirty-nine

Africa where she can sell her goods. She supports her whole system with a tremendously strong military power, in the air, on the land, and on the water.

France is the great military power of Europe, economically sound, and rich from the reparation payments she is getting from Germany. France poses as the champion of Europe against the Orientals. The states of Poland and Czechoslovakia form a part of this system. She looks to the possibility of a war with Russia in the near future. Should this come, the Russians undoubtedly will use Chinese troops, and the whole of Asia, including even Persia and parts of India, may become involved in it.

U. S. Army Air Corps photo

An air attack on a battleship with 2,000-pound bombs.



U. S. Army Air Corps photo

Effect of a 300-pound bomb on the deck of a battleship.

In the Far East, Japan has quietly armed herself to the teeth. Her political and economic activity on the continent of Asia has never been greater. She has an excellent opportunity there, not only on account of the revolutions that are taking place, but also because of the spread of the doctrine, "Asia for the Asiatics," the yellow man against the white man, which is being assiduously propagated from various sources so as to undermine the strength and prestige of the great white powers.

Africa also has its troubles, and South America is in turmoil. It is the same old thing there. When the people who are not in political power begin to feel pinched economically they start a revolution and try to oust those in power, in order to obtain the rewards themselves.

ON the North American continent there exists a state of tranquillity. This is due to the richness of the country, which contains all the raw materials necessary to life. We raise all the agricultural products necessary to maintain our comparatively sparse population. We have a good form of government. However, the people face a reduction of wages, and if this is not compensated for by a reduction in the price of commodities, thus giving the dollar increased purchasing power, political discontent will surely result.

We have been overproducing in practically every line, and find our markets diminishing, both in the amount of goods we can sell and the prices our customers are willing to pay. We have attempted to make it up by putting on a high tariff, with the idea of forcing our people to buy domestic goods instead of foreign. This accentuates the trouble and other nations put on retaliatory tariffs and embargoes and we are unable to sell to them as we did.

We face some important questions of commercial readjustment and basic changes in our economic structure. Often in attempting to adjust these things artificially, which really are matters of supply and demand, politicians pass laws or take action which other nations take exception to. The nations may become involved in disputes and wrangling, from which their diplomats try to extricate them, often muddling up the whole thing so completely that war results.

THE average American lives in a sort of fools' paradise as regards war. He thinks it is outside the bounds of possibility until it is actually at his gates; then, by dint of tremendous exertion and untold pouring out of lives and treasure, he succeeds in extricating himself.

Conditions have changed so that our former practical isolation is now merely a myth. The world is only one-sixth as large, comparatively speaking, as it was during the Civil War. The distances were first reduced by the perfection of new means of transportation, operated on land and water, equipped with steam and internal-combustion engines. Now the same source of power is applied to the airplane.

Wars in the future will come suddenly and possibly without warning. The United States has been through many wars during the last one hundred years, more than nearly any other nation. There is nothing to show that we shall not have just as many in the future, because the causes of international friction have not been removed. We may feel comparatively safe from Europe, because if one nation there attacks us, the chances are that some other one will take advantage of the fact and jump on our opponent.

In the Pacific things are entirely different. The United States is the only great white power whose shores are washed by that ocean. Asia contains more than twice the population of Europe. Europe could help us very little in a contest with Asia.

In other countries national defense matters are carefully studied. The average man knows about them, discusses them at his home and with his friends, interviews politicians who represent him on the subject, because he knows that if these things are not looked after efficiently great harm may result. Talk to the average French peasant about the relations between his country and Germany, or Italy, or England, and you will be surprised at his knowledge on the subject. Talk to an American farmer about it and he neither knows nor cares about such things because he feels so secure in his home and property. But now our people must take a decided interest in matters relating to national defense or we may look for very serious results.

After a war most nations begin to organize their military forces as they were when they left off fighting, thinking they will begin the next war where the last one left off, with the same methods and appliances; but in the next one the old principles of waging war used by armies and navies will be rudely shaken. The coming of the airplane has entirely changed them.

In former wars, the objective of a nation was the destruction of the hostile main army in the field. Now we find this was a false objective and that what we really must get at are the cities, manufacturing and producing areas, and means of transportation of the opposing nation.

Their army is only the means of keeping an enemy away from these vital centers. The vital center is the true objective.

WITH the tremendous development of aircraft in the last ten years, it is possible to fly over armies straight to cities and vital areas, bomb and destroy them, drive out the population, wreck the means of communication, kill the cattle and poison the fields. Not only is it possible to poison the vegetation, grain, and other growing things by a curtain of poisonous gas, but there are chemicals which if thrown on fields will ruin their productivity and make it impossible to cultivate the ground.

Modern navigational devices for airplanes make it possible for them to fly to their objectives without human hands at the controls. Directed by radiotelegraphy and timed accurately, they can throw down their missiles where desired. It does no good for the old armyists to say that the infantry will always win wars in the future as it has in the past. As a matter of fact, during the Middle Ages it was the cavalry that won wars. It is a
question whether in the last war infantry won
grew to be a principle in trench warfare in n
France that artillery conquered the ground and in
occupied it. The same principle will apply in fu
aircraft; but instead of conquering the ground
immediate front of an army, they will conquer i
dreds and thousands of miles away.

IN time of peace armies and navies inaugurate a
of handling their routine affairs. Their regu
are supposed to provide for any contingency and
a short time everyone falls into this routine, and
man keeps at it long enough he is incapable of cha

The old established services have always dema
obsolete weapons for their arms.

Our national defense has been modernized in no e
tial particular since the Civil War. The navy atte
in every way to retain its battleships, useless in the
of aircraft attack, which we proved for all time in 1

Stopped in the construction of these tremendo
expensive and obsolete instruments of war, the navy
turned to cruisers, which are equally as inefficient,
cause they can be destroyed just as easily from the
The navy tries to compensate for this by getting so-ca
airplane carriers, which are even more vulnerable to
attack than other vessels.

The only place left to the navy is under the sea
submarines. There they cannot be hit by aircraft.
submarine is a powerful implement of war for the
struction and control of ocean commerce. However,
would not be efficient except as assistants to air po
and gradually they will pass into that category.

A few years ago the great nations searched the ea
for suitable naval bases. Now the search is for air b
These need little or no preparation for use, because
aircraft themselves are able to sink any ships that c
near except submarines, and are able to fight other
craft. The Azores, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jama

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

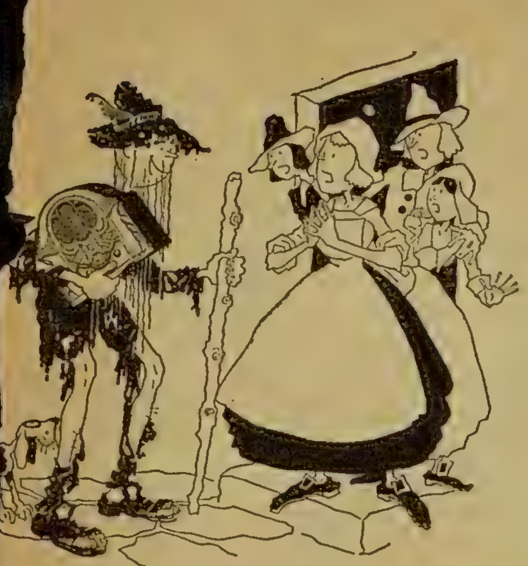
Before you light the
next one!
Beech-Nut Gum
Also i
Spearmint an
Wintergreen flav

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER!

Buy a package of Beech-Nut Gum when you buy cigarettes or cigars. Chew it between smokes... It has the same effect as a good meal because it stimulates your taste sense... makes each smoke taste as good as the first one after breakfast... makes your smoking always enjoyable. *REMEMBER, there is no other gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*

Made by Beech-Nut Packing Company—Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Famous Anachronisms



**"I wasn't ASLEEP up there in the hills!
I was *THERE* with a CROSLEY!"**

NOW it comes out. Fancy a man sleeping 20 years. Impossible! Rip Van Winkle's home was too noisy so he up and left. But not to sleep. Rip merely wanted peace, quiet and a fair chance at the radio. They searched all over for him and broadcast it too, but he just chuckled and turned the dial a notch. Rip was *THERE* with a Crosley. You, too, can be *THERE* with a Crosley when great future events occur.

Tune in WLW Cincinnati (700 K.C., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:00 E. S. T.

The New CROSLEY SUPER BUDDY BOY

The New Crosley SUPER BUDDY BOY—a 7-tube Pentode Superheterodyne—uses the Crosley Pliodynatron Oscillator—Dynamic r—Exponential or Variable Mu tubes—nated Angular Vision Dial and many other ionary big set features. Amazingly beautiful—able in performance—sensationally low in price. Crosley models from The T at $39.75, *complete with tubes*, e PENTODE SUPERHET-DYNE (Pliodynatron) Series ting at $65.00, *complete with* s. Send for FREE booklet, 81.

$65.00
COMPLETE WITH TUBES

Western prices slightly higher

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW
wel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

ome Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps nvy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their strous eyes and clear skin are the result of ily care. Above all else, these women keep eir blood free of the poisons of constipation. ousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substiute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-orming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

THE NEXT WAR—WHAT ABOUT OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE?
Continued from page forty-one

Newfoundland, Greenland, and Iceland might all be used as air bases against us in case of war with Europe.

The United States very foolishly renounced its claims to Grantland in the arctic when we purchased the Virgin Islands from Denmark. Had an airman been consulted about this, he would have shown that Grantland may form one of the greatest air bases in the world.

From its position opposite the northern tip of Greenland, it is almost equidistant from New York, San Francisco, China, Russia, and western Europe. Supplies for air forces on these islands could be carried through the air in either airplanes or dirigibles, or under the water in submarines.

In the Pacific there are potential air bases on the Aleutian Islands, the islands on the coast north of Puget Sound, the Hawaiian Islands, including the string of islets that ends in Midway (which is about the same distance from Yokohama that Honolulu is from San Francisco), the Galápagos Islands, Cocos Islands, and other small islands that are within an aëronautical stone's throw of the Panama Canal. It is a question now whether in case of war the Panama Canal would be an asset or a liability because so much force would be required to defend it.

Our problem of defense in the United States is to protect ourselves from all outside aggression; that is, to keep all hostile foreign nations away from our territory. In order to reach us, they must come on the sea or through the air from Europe or Asia.

IN former times our defense could be intrusted to an army or navy. The navy was supposed to control the sea in two principal ways, one by destroying the hostile nation's foreign commerce by crippling or sinking his merchant ships. The other way was for the battle fleets to meet each other and determine by a great fight on the water who should be master.

In our Spanish War the American navy never found the Spanish fleet. It was found by the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army and its whereabouts reported to the President by General Greely, who had discovered it by using the French cable in the West Indies, bought up with American gold.

In the Russo-Japanese War the Russian fleet was reported in its movements by land observers. In the last war the fleets of the Germans and English spent most of their time tied up in harbors behind torpedo nets, fearful of venturing out in the water on account of submarines.

Even at the Battle of Jutland, which lasted only a short time, the navies received very meager reports of the hostile forces from their ships, but the German navy was kept excellently informed of the British navy through its Zeppelins. The British received accurate reports of the German ships from their seaplanes, but would not believe what they said.

As for attacking land positions, navies have never been able to hurt land fortifications of a period corresponding to their own. This is because guns mounted on land can determine their range, see where their shots are striking, and make hits much more easily than those mounted on ships. They can also use plunging fire, or missiles that will come down on ships' decks, which is very dangerous to the ships.

WHEN it has been desired to reduce a place by an overseas expedition, navies have convoyed troops in transports and landed them at some point away from hostile shore fortifications. Navies have always been able to land forces, because the defending army, not knowing where the navy was coming from and being very slow of movement, has hardly ever had enough forces at the critical point to stop the landing. The use of aircraft has changed all this, because they can find the hostile ships and sink them hundreds of miles away.

The army's method of holding a coast is to install along it a line of observation posts which look out to sea and report the approach of a hostile force by telegraph, radio, or other signal. Behind these observation posts are placed larger detachments of troops culminating in a main body which is usually stationed in the vicinity of the country's most vulnerable point.

The heart of the United States is contained in the triangle Chicago-New York-Washington, D. C. To protect this area, thousands of miles of the coast must be watched, and to move troops to places where an enemy might land would require days and in some cases weeks.

In their usual operations, navies moved entirely independently of armies. Wherever they had to act together, as in an overseas expedition, there would be a grand powwow ahead of time, with the result that the navy would be supposed to have charge of the expedition while it was on the water and the army in charge after it got to the land. Under these conditions there has always been trouble, resulting in inefficiency.

This system of defense obtained in the great countries for hundreds of years. Modifications in armament, motive power, and transportation changed some of the methods, but not the system. Not until the advent of air power did the nations entirely revolutionize their system of defense, with the exception of the United States. We still stick to the same old system of army and navy, and whatever aircraft we have are attached to these two services. The system of other great nations embraces three branches of the service—an air, land, and sea force. The French call theirs the Army of the Air, Army of the Land, and Army of the Sea. These are brought together under one common head and there is a single direction for all military operations.

* * *

Each branch of the service is given a mission—the air force to defend the air, the navy to defend the water, and the army to defend the land. Whenever joint operations are undertaken, a single commander is selected and made responsible for the whole operation, so if any failure results, the people can put their finger on the guilty man.

Under the modern system outlined above, the vital points of the enemy to be attacked are selected. In the case of England, were a Continental power at war with her, the areas around London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Sheffield would be attacked by air and the inhabitants forced to leave. Aircraft, assisted by submarines, would also attack British shipping and destroy it.

There is no adequate defense against aircraft from the sea. Ships, or so-called airplane carriers, which consist of floating platforms pushed about by powerful engines, can carry only a very few planes and are very vulnerable. One hit from a small bomb of only two hundred pounds, or a light torpedo, is sufficient to put them completely out of action.

In the future, great nations will have thousands of airplanes, based on the land, acting in concert. France has four thousand which can be put in the air within two weeks, half of that number immediately in case of hostilities. Other nations have them in proportion. These are not spread out between the army and navy, with no coördination, but are united in a single fighting force. There is absolutely no adequate defense against aircraft from the ground. We know this from our experience in the World War.

* * *

IN the operations of my airplanes over the lines during the war (and this included the greatest air force ever used under one command), our losses from antiaircraft fire amounted to only one-tenth of one per cent of the ships going over the lines. Since that time the efficiency of antiaircraft fire has not been greatly improved, but airplanes have gained tremendously in speed and ceiling.

It is a question now whether even air forces can keep off hostile air forces. I have mentioned how difficult it is for a navy to find another object in the water, whether it be ship or airplane. We have had a great many examples of this in the last few years, particularly when American navy seaplanes tried to fly from our Pacific coast to the Hawaiian Islands without sufficient gas to reach there. Naturally they had to land in the water. The navy was supposed to find them, but it ended by the airplanes drifting until they found the navy.

In the next war aircraft will probably fly at altitudes of 35,000 feet or more, their crews supplied with oxygen from tanks and their engines equipped with superchargers. They will converge on their objective from various directions and launch their weapons miles away in the form of aërial torpedoes or gliding bombs.

THE city being attacked will not see or hear them nor suspect their presence until the missiles actually explode in their midst. Gas can be dropped from these high-flying airplanes, contained in receptacles attached to parachutes which will drift with the wind and scatter the deadly gas all over great areas.

The extent of damage which can be caused by aircraft is inconceivable. As defense is so difficult in the air, the nation hitting first will have all the advantage.

Aircraft can now cross the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and return to their home ports. We must remember that many years ago airplanes proved their mobility in many ways. After I had conducted the exercises off Cape Hatteras in 1923, where we demonstrated for the second time how easy it was to sink battleships by aërial bombs, we turned around and in one day flew from Chesapeake Bay to Portland, Maine. Had we continued toward Europe, we could have flown the next day to Greenland, the day after that to Iceland, and the fourth day to the coast of Sweden or Great Britain.

Acme-P. & A. photo

Antiaircraft machine-gun battery ready to resist attack.

Ten years ago we sent airplanes from New York to Alaska and return. This is the open road to Asia, and Alaska is the key point to the Pacific, because from there aircraft can operate from a base equidistant from either the Asiatic coast or the American coast. Modern airplanes can fly from New York to Peiping, China, by way of Alaska, in fifty hours.

Were we attacked on both coasts according to the old methods, think how easily they could be resisted by an air force. To cross the Atlantic with a large sea force would require

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TOUGH BEARD?

What you need i

$(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$

IF NATURE has given you extra wiry whiskers, that mysterious-looking formula means a *lot* to you.

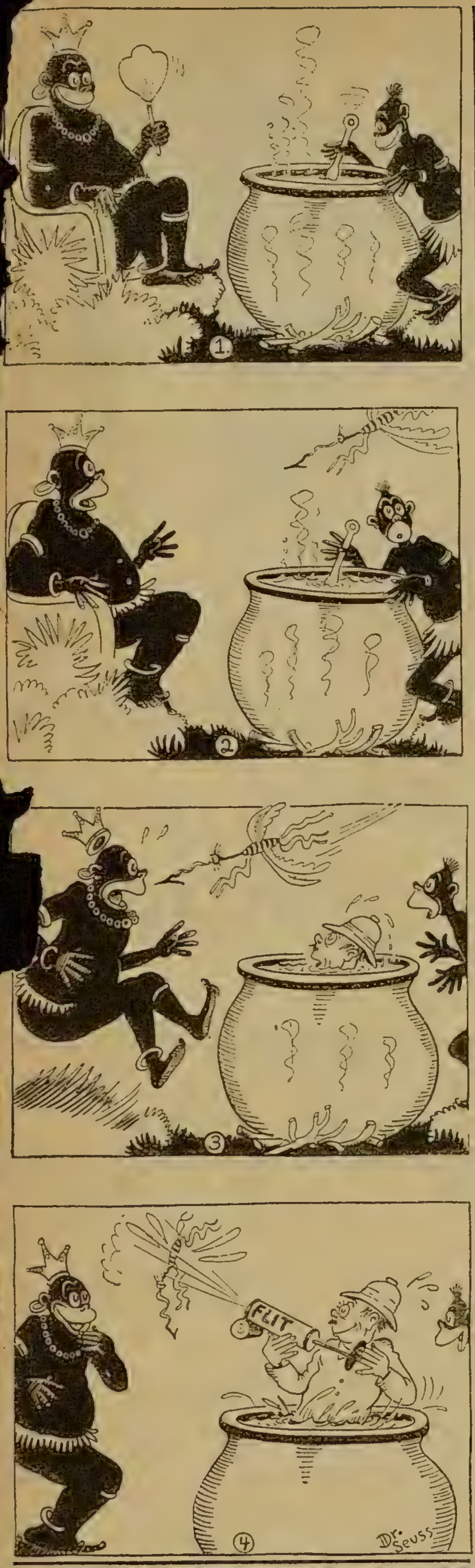
Tough beards need a special shaving cream—one *specifically made* to wilt stiffer-than-average stubble.

Mennen is that cream. It contains specially processed tristearin. (That's the chemical formula up there.) That ingredient builds a unique "tough beard" lather—a lather that can take the fight right out of spiky stubble. . . . Your razor has less work to do. Your blade cuts clean. Use hot or cold, hard or soft water—no difference—you get *comfort* with your shave—even if your skin is tender!

2 KINDS · *Original* · *Menthol-iced*

NEW TUBE
NEW PRICE
35¢
GIANT TUBE
50¢

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM



THE NEXT WAR—WHAT ABOUT OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE?

Continued from page forty-three

at least ten days. Aircraft can cross it in one day. The United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, is just about the same width as the Atlantic Ocean between us and Europe. Aircraft can fly from New York to San Francisco in half a day. Across the Pacific it would take a month for a sea force to come, and their presence would be known and accounted for at all times by aircraft operating from Alaska or the Hawaiian Islands.

If we have a good air force entirely independent of the army or navy, acting from land bases, we need have no fear whatever of ships doing any damage to this country.

Hostile air forces are a different thing. To pile up a lot of useless antiaircraft cannon or home - defense airplanes would do us little good. We must have an organization that will strike at the enemy's heart with our own air force before he can hit us. The cost of such a force is infinitesimal. A thousand airplanes can be built and maintained for the cost of one battleship or a couple of the new-treaty cruisers.

NATURALLY we need an army, and a good one, to hold the land and carry out land operations, and a navy that can get out in the water, principally with submarines, and get to our insular possessions and places we have to police with dispatch and efficiency. But to intrust our whole defense in this day and age to an army and a navy, even with aircraft attached to them, is to compromise our future entirely.

The only way to stop wars would be either to have one nation so powerful that it would control all others, in the way that Rome did, or we could have a league of all nations, to the central government of which would be assigned all air forces and submarines, and the nations prohibited from their possession, leaving to them only armies and navies which are sufficient for enforcing their own domestic laws and attending to their colonies. This, although fine in theory, is impossible in practice.

TODAY we are more in danger of attack than ever before, because we have a greater proportion of the world's riches than any other nation. But we are throwing money away on our national defense. It is immersed in a sea of bunk and politics promulgated by the older services all over the country. We need a thorough cleaning out of this whole system. A joint commission of the House of Representatives and Senate should be created to study the whole question of our national defense as one concrete problem, not as a separate and disjointed one for our army and navy, with no air force at all. Then they should make laws to put their findings into effect.

In no other way can we make our national defense efficient, and look with security on our future.

THE END

Liberty is offering $100 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

LUCKY TIGER

For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

GUARANTEED

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—Pearl.

2—Barnaby Rudge, by Charles Dickens.

3—Isthmus of Suez.

4—Yes; by act of Congress of March 3, 1931.

5—Faneuil Hall.

6—Baking soda.

7—The Greek goddess of youth.

8—A kind of fore-and-aft rigged sailing vessel.

9—Africa.

10—Proceeding by semitones of the scale instead of the regular intervals.

11—A mania in which the patient has grandiose delusions concerning himself.

12—In northwest France.

13—The House of Representatives.

14—A large West African baboon.

15—A wind blowing part of the year from one direction, alternating with a wind from the opposite direction.

16—Obadiah.

17—An instrument for marking exact time, especially in music.

18—Edgar Allan Poe.

19—Charles Lamb.

20—Twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Beautiful and Dumb

A Short Short Story

By

WALTER MARQUISS

who was born and educated in Illinois, graduating from the University at Urbana in 1914. He was for several years editor of the Whig-Journal at Quincy, Illinois, and since then has been doing fiction and radio work in New York City.

(Reading time: 5 min. 46 sec.)

THE suitcase on the bed was half full of well tailored clothes. Aglow with anticipation, Alvin lifted a tweed sports suit from its hanger. In a few minutes he would walk out of the house a couple of hundred dollars or so richer.

All at once, muscles, nerves, and blood congealed. There was a creak of hinges. Alvin stood rooted, speechless. Then he turned slowly around, batting his eyes, gulping.

"Sorry if I startled you, Lord Cocomber," a voice remarked contritely. Its smiling owner extended a small, shapely hand. "I'm Mrs. Rayburn, you know."

Alvin moistened dry lips. He was a susceptible fellow, and, even beside alarming thoughts of patrol wagons, the vision before him was worth being susceptible to.

"So glad you came right on out," she said warmly. "That's the way I want you—feeling that our home is yours."

"Uh—thanks," Alvin mumbled, like one dreaming.

Far away and muffled, a doorbell rang. "Finish your unpacking," Mrs. Rayburn said, "then come down, and I'll welcome you more gracefully."

She went out, leaving him flabbergasted. He had come to this house because yesterday's society columns had set forth that the Rayburns were off on a trip to Montreal. In guise of a radio repair man, he had called and rung the bell. Then he had tried the door, and, finding it unlatched, had walked in.

Consequently, Mrs. Rayburn's presence was surprising. Her assumption that he was Lord Cocomber was even more so. To be sure, the error was understandable, for Alvin's Nordic-blond and slightly lantern-jawed appearance was British and noble, even though his name was Snitzler, his birthplace Cincinnati.

Sighing, he unpacked the suits. To spirit them out to Abe Levin's shop now seemed hopeless. Of more vital consideration was the detail of getting himself out.

He descended the stairs. Mrs. Rayburn guided him through introductions with guests, while Alvin studied plans for flight before the real Cocomber popped up.

Then he was presented to Mrs. Ridges. Mrs. Ridges was a ruby pendant, studded with diamonds. That is to say, the ruby pendant was all he could see of her. Eyes on the jewel, Alvin began to wish that Lord Cocomber might never show up. When Mrs. Ridges spoke, the wish became a devout prayer.

"So sweet of darling Ysobel Rayburn," she said, "to ask me as house guest while your lordship is here."

"Aw—quite," Alvin agreed. Looking again at the ruby, he added, "Th' pleasure is mine, y' know."

AT dinner and dance the Rayburns entertained a crush of social notables. The guests made a fair feast of Alvin's gossip of Mayfair, which proved the saliency of his imagination. It became evident that the beautiful Ysobel was making herself solid with the local *haut monde* by sponsoring a scion of the peerage.

All the evening Ysobel's eyes followed Alvin. The way she kept looking up at him when they danced was evidence that she was smitten. She almost made him forget the Ridges ruby.

At last motors purred outside, the guests were gone. Mrs. Ridges went upstairs. Busily planning, Alvin ascended to his room. It really was Mr. Rayburn's room—the host would bunk on a cot in the attic.

About three o'clock, after a journey down the hall, the ruby pendant lay on Alvin's dresser. Alvin hurried into his coat. He stooped to draw on his shoes—and the door opened softly. Alvin straightened.

Mrs. Rayburn stood there smiling, more bewitching than ever in creamy negligee and befurred mules.

Just what to say tried Alvin's capacity for quick thinking. He knew that he should welcome her with aristocratic aplomb and enthusiasm; but he hesitated for fear of stammering. The ruby he kept concealed by backing against the dresser.

As he made no prompt and pretty speech, Ysobel took the initiative. Alvin waited tense as she glided across to him, vivid lips a bit parted. He opened his mouth and slightly lifted his arms. Then she went past him. Her hand fell upon the ruby.

"So you found it!" she cried cheerfully. "Poor Mrs. Ridges is heartbroken. She missed it just this minute, and insisted that I find it before morning."

As Alvin stuttered, she gave him another gorgeous smile, a warm "Good night, my lord!" and floated from the room.

Alvin was a disillusioned man. He had been ready to fall in love with Ysobel, only to learn that she was so inconceivably dumb that she could mistake an obvious burglar for an innocent finder of a costly bauble. The disenchantment hurt. . . .

ALVIN slept at last. It was late when he awoke. A thought lay adult in his brain as he arose and dressed. There was, he reflected cynically, some small recompense in Mrs. Rayburn's dumbness. It would enable him to smuggle out her husband's expensively tailored clothes right under her beautiful nose. He packed the suitcase until the sides bulged, and went downstairs, where he found the hostess at breakfast with Mrs. Ridges.

"I regret very much," Alvin said, declining breakfast, "that I must catch the noon train to New York."

"Oh, must you go?" Mrs. Rayburn said, rising. "Well, then, I'm so glad you came, my lord. Do come again."

As Mrs. Rayburn directed the maid to tell Veach to bring the car around, Alvin bowed low over Mrs. Ridges' hand. She tittered like a schoolgirl.

The motor was at the door. The hostess instructed the maid to bring his lordship's luggage. The chauffeur stowed the suitcase in the car. Alvin followed. As he sank back, he blinked—Mrs. Rayburn was getting in.

"I can't let you go with just no ceremony at all," she said. "I'll ride to the station with you."

The car drew up at the station.

"You know," Ysobel said, "you've really saved my life."

Alvin batted his eyes. She nodded brightly.

"Yes, indeed. You see, Lord Cocomber wired yesterday that he was detained in New York, and I was just ready to die, because I'd invited all those people to meet him. Some of them are so cattish, they wouldn't believe I even knew Lord Cocomber—if it hadn't been for you.

"Of course I had to keep an eye on you. Last night, for instance. It would have been scandalous, wouldn't it, if I'd let Mrs. Ridges even suspect that—that Lord Cocomber had tried to—well, steal her ruby pendant?"

She gave him another radiant smile.

"Well, good-by! So glad to have had you with us."

Alvin backed out of the car, feeling numb. Automatically he reached for the suitcase.

"If you don't mind," Mrs. Rayburn murmured sweetly, "I'll just take my husband's clothes back with me. He'd be furious if he missed them! . . . Home, Veach!"

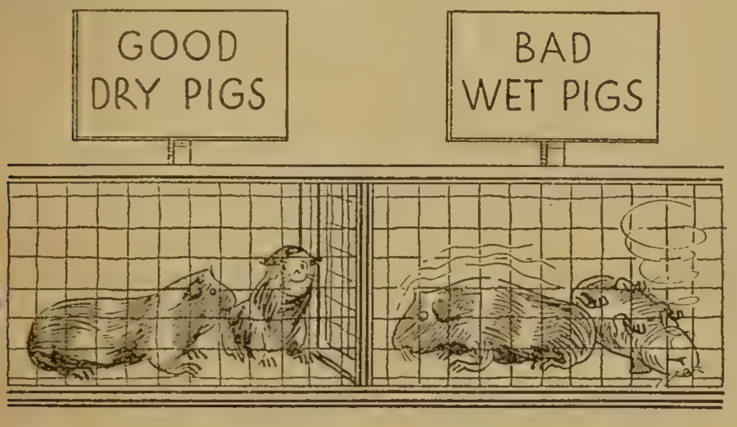
THE END

Vox

Pigs and Prohibition

LINDSAY, CALIF.—May I presume to reply to your editorial of the issue of May 23, "Are We For Prohibition?"

As one who received his degree as a doctor of medicine from the University of Pennsylvania, I wish to answer your remarks anent the physical effects of alcohol even in small but continuous doses.



While a student at the University of North Carolina the class conducted a series of experiments in feeding guinea pigs a mash containing alcohol, with all the scientific controls possible to make the observations of value.

The diet of the alcoholic pigs differed from that of the others only in that a very small amount of good whisky was added to the bran fed these pigs once daily over a period of one year.

After one year the pigs were all killed and a detailed study of their body tissues made microscopically to ascertain the pathological effects, if any, of the alcoholic diet. The control pigs were practically unanimously free from evidences of pathological processes in their body tissues, while the alcoholic pigs showed quite generally evidences of nephritis, arteriosclerosis, myositis, gastroenteritis, neuritis, and a mild form of cirrhosis (inflammation) of the liver.

So much for that.—*C. O. Griffin.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We are so gratified for what prohibition has done for the workingman that we have decided to vote for total repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A few years ago, when conditions were normal, the drys wanted credit for the "good times."

Now that millions are out of work it is only fair they should get credit for that also.—*I. M. Hungry.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—There are just two kinds of wets: hypocrites and saps. The hypocrites are paid by the subsidized press which writes the asinine antiprohibition piffle which is an insult to the intelligence of an eight-year-old child.

The saps are the well meaning comeons who believe this puerile trash in preference to the evidence of their own eyes. No one believes prohibition is enforced one hundred per cent, but if any adult does not realize that prohibition is directly responsible for a one thousand per cent moral and economic improvement, then they have memories shorter than the wisdom tooth of a molecule, or else were never farther from their own front yards than I could throw the Chrysler Building with my hands greased.

An adamantine fanatic with eyes and ears stopped to the records of the past and to the glorious evidence before him—that is your wet, that is your liberal. Bah! Bah! Bah! Thrice Bah and Bah Bah, too.—*Hadley H.*

BATON ROUGE, LA.—I am taking the liberty of writing on the subject of your editorial in Liberty for May 23.

Personally I am a dry, but on the other hand the Eighteenth Amendment is the greatest failure recorded in the history of this country.

I say, let prohibition be a definite issue in 1932, and make it a major issue. The wets should have a definite program. We, the people, are ready with our answer.

Clear the atmosphere. Remove uncertainty. Give the people a chance. Our eyes are open: Unfair advantage in adoption. Millions wasted in futile efforts to enforce. Repeal would create markets for large part of surplus crops; give millions employment; produce millions in revenue; reduce taxes; reduce drunkenness, insanity, and crimes, and would promote prosperity and contentment.

The people are sovereign. Let them decide.—*E. P. Partman.*

FORT DODGE, IOWA—I want to compliment you on your editorial, "Are We For Prohibition?" It was a classic. It so thoroughly expressed my own ideas that I was prompted to write you.

You might have gone further and said that if they had used some of the enormous funds paid for years to support a high-salaried staff of Anti-Saloon officials for a constructive educational campaign through newspapers and magazines, the rich gangster, as we know him, would now be unknown and thousands of people, through education, would be total abstainers.

Nobody wants saloons, but the modern speakeasy is much worse than any saloon of the past.—*H. Bernard Gray.*

DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.—Liquor racket? Some day a change will come by force of unbearable conditions.

Give the politicians all the rope, all the graft they want. Then look out!—*M. C. Linton.*

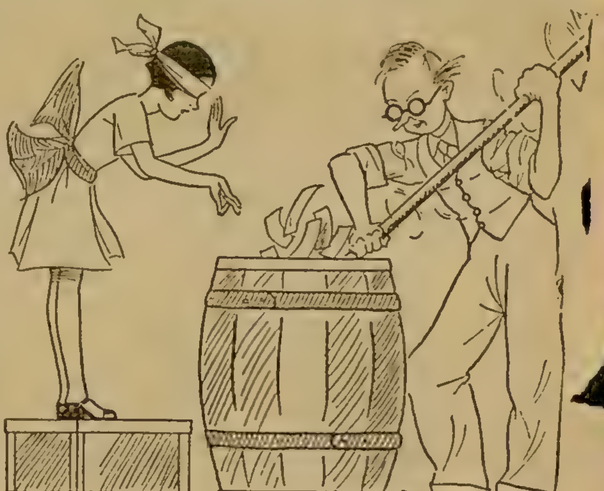
As You Remarked, Felix, Your Words Do Sound Simple

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Foolish question steen-millionth was that of "Steve," in Vox Pop for your May 16 issue. He asked: "Do you carefully read each and every entry mailed to you in your various contests?" The questioner appeared in great glee over the embarrassment the answer would cause the Vox Pop editor.

Brother, don't think for one minute that you've got the tail of that ole sly fox in a crack. Just listen to what his answer would probably be:

"In order to assure our 2,500,000 readers of our absolute fairness and impartiality in making awards in our various contests, the management of these contests has decided to keep the names and answers of all entrants a secret by simply depositing the answers in a barrel.

"Then, after thoroughly mixing and stirring the contents of the barrel, a beautiful little ten-year-old girl, dressed in white with blue ribbon streamers, is led forth, securely blindfolded, and asked to draw from the barrel the required number of answers. Our judges promptly announce these as the winners. In this way, we are relieved of the unpleasant duty of making one answer appear more meritorious than another."



All so simple, and what could be fairer?—*Felix E. Blackburn.*

You Heard Us the First Time

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—At the end of "A History of Playing Cards," by Robert Benchley, I found a two-line announcement in italics. It said: "Mr. Benchley will speak his mind again about something or other in an early issue of Liberty."

He will speak his *what??*—*F. M. B.*

Why, Zlat!

CALGARY, ALTA., CAN.—If Liberty were published once every six months instead of four times every twenty-eight days it would be twice a year too often. —*Pobyedonostsev Zlatovralski.*

Pop

Whoops! Write to Us Every Decade

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I am nearly seventy years . . . young. Yes, *young.* Not old; I hate the word " old "—except as it occurs in age-old whisky or age-old wine. I breathe youth, inhale it; I think youth, live it!

So young do I feel at nearly seventy that I get, every week, a great big kick out of Liberty. I laugh out loud at the funny articles and Vox Pop letters, and feel like making whoopee from the bottle that produces whoopee. Those articles and letters are great! They rejuvenate! They stimulate! Whoopee! Whoopee!—*Captain D.*

WHOOP-E-E
XXX
Liberty

For the Love o' Lil

BUFFALO, N. Y.—After having checked up on the Liberty covers from October 25 to May 23, inclusive, I find that there has been a total of sixty-seven children, ten women, four men, and one calendar altogether.

This means an average of 2.16 children per issue; .322 women per issue; and .29 men per issue. Now I ask you, is Liberty a children's magazine? If not, why not have a greater variety of ubjects on the covers?—*Edward H. agner.*

Wise Crack for the Week

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—A drug store in my neighborhood had a sale last week and the following advertisement was displayed in the window:

" Orders for Liberty taken by the week. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here."—*Esther MacC.*

Why Not a Correspondence Course in Dish Washing?

NORFOLK, NEB.—I have just finished reading the article, " Why I'd Like My Daughter to Go to a Coeducational College," by Marie Beynon Ray. I am puzzled by this article. Is it really seri-us or humorous, a take-off or parody, or just plain unadulterated sarcasm? ere is one thing about this article as given me a great deal of encouragement in regard to giving my daughter a college education at all. If I can be assured, positively, that my daughter will actually learn how to wash dishes correctly, I shall indeed send her to college. Education of this nature will be all that is necessary to her with the husband of the future that, I suppose, she will eventually have.

Education! To be sure, education has for its ultimate aim, culture. Our schools are the very best and they bestow culture; but culture, nevertheless, yields nothing but a high hat. The high hat is becoming very uncomfortable and useless. Overalls, pyjamas, and no hats at all are more satisfying.—*Harriet Louise Hart.*

Horror to End Horror

NEWARK, N. J.—A great many war stories tend to glorify war, and others are just meaningless fiction, but " Twenty Cigarettes," by Philip Wylie, was something entirely different. The real horror of war was vividly portrayed.

If the ghastly experiences, the tragedies, the unspeakable agonies, the brutality, the vileness of it all, could be impressed on some of our " war crying " politicians, probably these meaningless disarmament conferences would meet with a sincere desire to end war as a means of settling disputes between nations. War never did settle anything, and never will!

Mr. Wylie, like Sherman, is right. War is hell.—*A Satisfied Reader.*

GOLIAD, TEXAS—In Liberty for May 23 the story, " Twenty Cigarettes," by Philip Wylie, was wonderful. I shall read this story more than once. It's a story I hope everyone read and held in their hearts. If everyone could be made to see the futility and agony of war, as the son portrayed it to his father, then a league of nations would be unnecessary. There simply would be no war.

Too many see it as it is afterwards—when the boys come home with clean uniforms and medals. — *A Liberty Booster.*

No, But He'll See the Joke in This

CLINTON, IND.—I see where a Vox Popper, Fred Wieneke of San Francisco, wants Liberty to publish a page of jokes like the other magazines do. Doesn't he know that every issue has about seventy-five pages of 'em?—*H. N. S.*

Hair of the Dog

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH CAROLINA—One of your stories made me so mad, I have religiously read every succeeding issue of Liberty.—*Pierce Wyche.*

We'll Do Our Durndest

GLOUCESTER, N. J.—I am and always hope to be a constant reader of such an up-to-date national magazine as Liberty. It is honest; it is frank; and, above all, it is clean-cut and nonpartisan. Those are the things that spell success.

May Liberty always maintain its present high standard.—*W. Merritt Young.*

For Mr. Smith

FORT SCOTT, KAN.—Never before in my life have I voiced my opinion to a magazine or paper.

But a recent change in your magazine spurs me to take a precious moment to tell you how glad, how relieved I am that Mr. Frederick James Smith again has the movie reviews in Liberty.—*B.*

He Was Just Envious

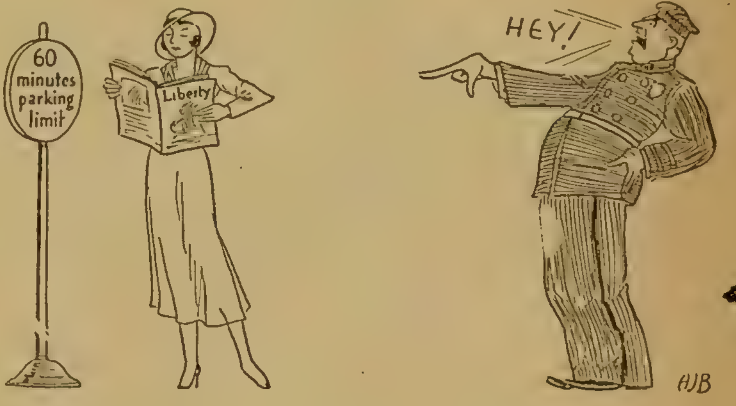
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—My husband, in passing a barber shop, said, " Wait here till I get a shave."

When he goes in, he gets everything they put out: shave, haircut, massage, etc. I tired of waiting, so crossed the street to a news stand and bought a Liberty.

Standing near a corner I started reading. I heard someone walking slowly down the sidewalk; then I heard him say, " Hey! You see that sign? " I jumped, and looked. It was the cop doing traffic duty on the corner. The sign read: " 60 minutes parking limit."

" You've overstayed your limit," said the cop. " Move on."

Then he looked to see what I was reading. " O-oh! " he said. " That's different. I see you're mentally incompetent; 's all right; you can stay as long as you like."—*L. E. B.*



Good-by!

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Just think! Two million five hundred thousand people will read this! Oh! 'Lo everybody, 'Lo! 'Lo! Nice weather we've been having.

Yes, sir! The sun still rises and sets. And the stars come out at night if it ain't cloudy.

Yes, sir. Well, glad I met you. Good-by.—*Ramsey Barrister.*

Cut Yourself a Piece of Prize Money

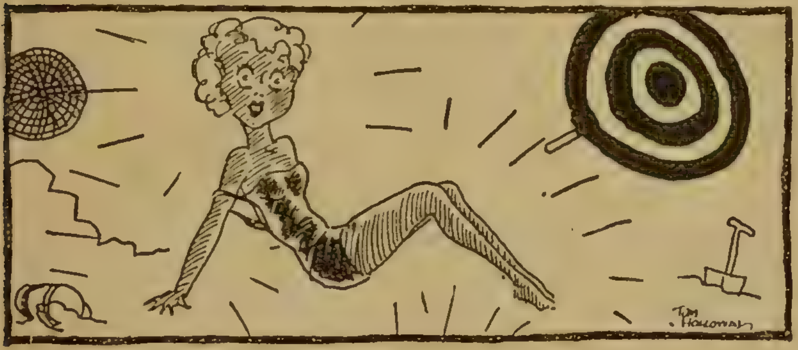
HERE'S $500 *CASH!*

Claim Your Share by Ending This Week's

LIMERICK

HERE'S how. The Limerick below needs a fifth line, rhyming with the first two lines, to be complete. Write one line—or as many as you wish. Address your entry according to the rules. You are assured of impartial, careful judging.

HERE'S THE LIMERICK:



Sue Sunlove, who dozed on the beach,
Awoke with a sob and a screech.
Each place the sun kissed her
Developed a blister—

……………………………………………………
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight June 27. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated August 1st.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

R U A WINNER?

HERE are the winners of the $500 prize money offered by Liberty of May 23. They wrote the best last lines for the following Limerick:

The polar bear thrives in the snow
Where blizzards and icicles grow;
But near the equator
Ye olde alligator

……………………………………………………

Last lines submitted by the prize winners were:

$250 FIRST PRIZE

Finds things "not so hot" as things go.

Mrs. Anna F. Biele — Cleveland, Ohio

$100 SECOND PRIZE

Is "the hottest" "lounge-lizard" I know.

J. R. Taylo — West Palm Beach, Fla.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

Is as hot as where bad people go.

Gordon Squires — Harlowton, Mon

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

Shines his hide for milady's trousseau.

John G. Harl — Philadelphia, Pa.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

Hath need of no warm furbelow.

James Garfield — Cambridge, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

Mrs. Ada Blackburn, Twin Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Lillian Pittman, St. Louis, Mo.; S. G. Howard, Bay Village, Ohio; Ethel Watson, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. Sara M. Blakeslee, Tampa, Fla.

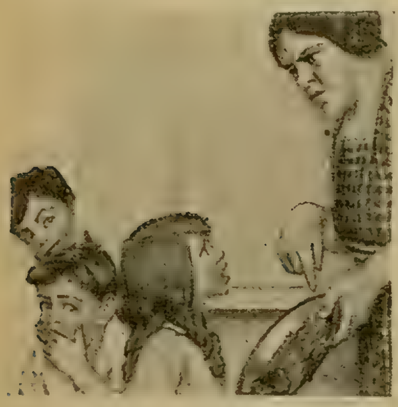
THERE'LL BE ANOTHER $500 PRIZE LIMERICK NEXT WE

Cherry Pie

A New For the Love o' Lil

RAIN was dripping from the piazza roof. It had made miniature ponds around the rosebushes by the latticework. It had splashed mud on the lowest step. And it bounced on the edge of Mrs. Smithers' umbrella as she stood on the top step waiting for a taxi.

"What'll I order for supper?" Tess asked, hoping the taxi wouldn't come right away. "Liver? Chops?"



This week's cover picture.

"Anything will suit me," said Mrs. S. "I never have any appetite after a club meeting. Steak, fish, meat balls, or tenderloin of pork. Chicken might be nice. Yes, get a chicken. Get a— Taxi!"

"What about dessert?" Tess yelled as Mrs. S. hurried down the steps and raindrops spattered against her ankles. "Pudding? Jelly? Pie?"

The taxi door slammed.

"Pie!" Mrs. S. shouted, opening her mouth wide enough for the insertion of a dinner plate.

It was hot and muggy and Tess didn't feel any more like baking a pie than she felt like puffing around the block with a clothes boiler on her head.

"Pie me eye," she mumbled, slouching out to the kitchen. But she baked one just the same: a nice big red-cherry pie. And she baked a nice little red-cherry tart for her own private appetite, which was always pretty keen about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Poor Gwen had been trying to get home for an hour, parking on neighbors' front porches during showers. She wasn't welcome anywhere, and the people chased her right down the steps the second the showers stopped.

"She sat on the back of a rocker," Mrs. Crolius was complaining from her side window, "and put her muddy shoes on my new blue cushion! The darned—"

"She rolled up my doormat," Mrs. O'Hara butted in from her side window, "and said it was a mushroom and that she was the Queen of the Frogs. She said, 'Unk, unk, unk,' until I thought I'd have to unk her with a carpet beater."

This catty conversation wasn't bothering Gwen. She'd reached home at last.

"A rainbow!" she shouted with glee. "A rainbow!"

"Where?" little Ulysses asked, appearing at his front door, just as she hoped he would. "Where?"

"Where?" Red Hancock wanted to know. His curly head appeared at his cellar door. "Where?"

"Come on over an' you'll see," she giggled.

It faded before the boys could run across the street. Gwen rushed for the door. Then she stood still.

"Sh-sh!" she whispered as they clumped up the steps. "My mother's at a ladies' club meetin' an' Tess is havin' her nap. Now's our chance to s-t-u-f-f."

"I did want something to eat," Red said. "I felt like a piece of— Gee!"

Their epicurean prayers had been answered. Tess's nice big red-cherry pie was waiting for them on the kitchen table! They cut enormous slabs and set to work.

"Ain't we the hogs?" Gwen giggled.

It was when they went to the sink for water that Tess appeared at the door. She sailed up behind them. She took a deep, deep breath.

"*Who stole me pie?*" she bellowed in a voice which could be heard above the din of an airplane motor.

The children cringed like three mice being pounced upon by alley cats. They were too scared to swallow.

"We didn't," Gwen fibbed, hoping that her face didn't look messy. "It must've been some poor old hungry, starved tramp spyin' in—in the window!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Gold Star Flag)

IN EVERY HOL-HI—

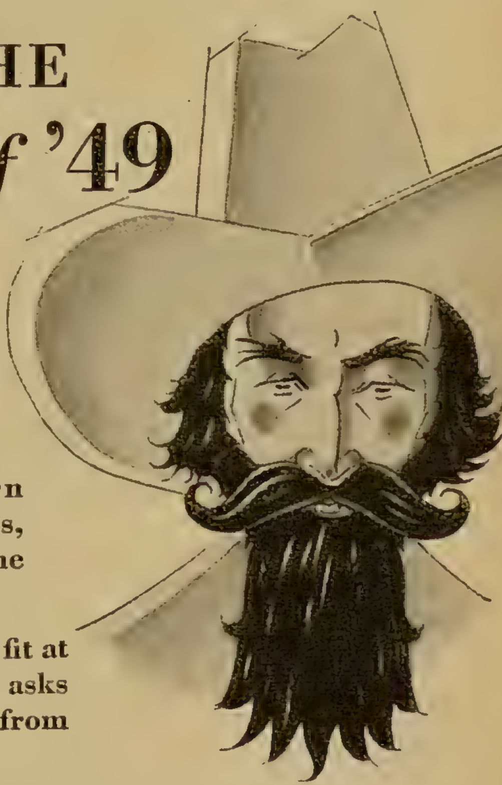
LOWER COMPRESSION - GREATER PERFORMANCE

Ask any scratch player what low compression means in a golf ball. Then you'll know why HOL-HI is the greatest ball of the year. ▼ Despite the larger size and lighter weight, prescribed by the U. S. G. A., HOL-HI has the distance and controlability that yield par after par. Super-tense winding, tested at every stage, makes every HOL-HI in every dozen a "pro's choice" . . . resilient . . . extra hard. ▼ Play HOL-HI. It will prove its greatness from tee to cup. Mesh or dimple, price 75c.

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
Chicago ▾ New York ▾ Boston ▾ Los Angeles ▾ San Francisco

IN THE DAYS of '49



In the old days you could hide poor looking jaws, face and teeth behind the "beaver" and mustachios.

Today, modern clean-shaven styles, bring you out in the open.

Keep fit and look fit at all times. Nature asks only a little help from you.

Your daily tasks and favorite sports provide sufficient bodily exercise to keep all of your muscles in trim except those of the face, teeth and jaws.

Modern foods are so soft and well prepared that your jaws and teeth are being cheated of their proper exercise. The use of Wrigley's Chewing Gum will help to make up for this deficiency.

Chew Wrigley's regularly. It's the new and pleasant way to keep fit.

L19

WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

The PERIL a

A Story of Death that Struck from the Dark

By

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

THERE lay a huddled figure wrapped in a scarlet Chinese shawl.

(Reading time: 31 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS is the story of strange happenings at End House, a dwelling in St. Loo, England. It belonged to Magdala ("Nick") Buckley. She lived there with Ellen, a servant, Ellen's husband, a gardener, and their child. The lodge was rented to some Australians, the Crofts.

Several mysterious "accidents" had threatened Nick's life. This disturbed Poirot, a detective, and Hastings, his friend, summer visitors in St. Loo. To prove how unguarded Nick was they entered End House and walked upstairs. Descending, they halted. A man was coming up!

PART THREE—TRAGEDY

HE, too, stopped. His face was in shadow, but his attitude was of one completely taken aback.

He was the first to speak, in a loud, rather bullying voice.

"What the hell are you doing here, I'd like to know?"

"Ah!" said Poirot. "Monsieur—Croft, I think?"

"That's my name, but what—"

"Shall we go into the drawing-room to converse? It would be better, I think."

The other gave way, turned abruptly, and descended, we following close on his heels.

In the drawing-room, with the door shut, Poirot made a little bow.

"I will introduce myself. Hercule Poirot, at your service."

The other's face cleared a little.

"Oh," he said slowly, "you're the detective chap. I've read about you."

"In the St. Loo Herald?"

"Eh? I've read about you way back in Australia. French, aren't you?"

"Belgian. It makes no matter. This is my friend, Captain Hastings."

"Glad to meet you. But, look, what's the big idea? What are you doing here? Anything—wrong?"

"It depends what you call—wrong."

The Australian nodded. He was a fine-looking man, in spite of his bald head and advancing years. His physique was magnificent.

He had a heavy, rather underhung face—a crude face, I called it to myself. The piercing blue of his eyes was the most noticeable thing about him.

"See here," he said. "I came around to bring little Miss Buckley a handful of tomatoes and a cucumber. That man of hers is no good—bone idle—doesn't grow a thing. Lazy hound. Mother and I—why, it makes us mad and we feel it's only neighborly to do what we can! We've got a lot more tomatoes than we can eat. Neighbors should be matey, don't you think?

"I came in, as usual, through the window and dumped the basket down. I was just going off again, when I heard footsteps and men's voices overhead. That struck me as odd. We don't deal much in burglars round here, but, after all, it was possible. I thought I'd just make sure everything was all right.

"Then I met you two on the stairs coming down. It gave me a bit of a surprise. And now you tell me you're a bonza detective. What's it all about?"

"It is very simple," said Poirot, smiling. "Mademoiselle had a rather alarming experience the other night. A picture fell from above her bed. She may have told you of it?"

"She did. A mighty fine escape."

"To make all secure, I promised to bring her some special chain. It will not do to repeat the occurrence, eh? She tells me she is going out this morning, but I may come and measure what amount of chain will be needed. *Violà!* It is simple."

He flung out his hands with a childlike simplicity and his most engaging smile.

CROFT drew a deep breath.

"So that's all it is?"

"Yes, you have had the scare for nothing. We are very law-abiding citizens, my friend and I."

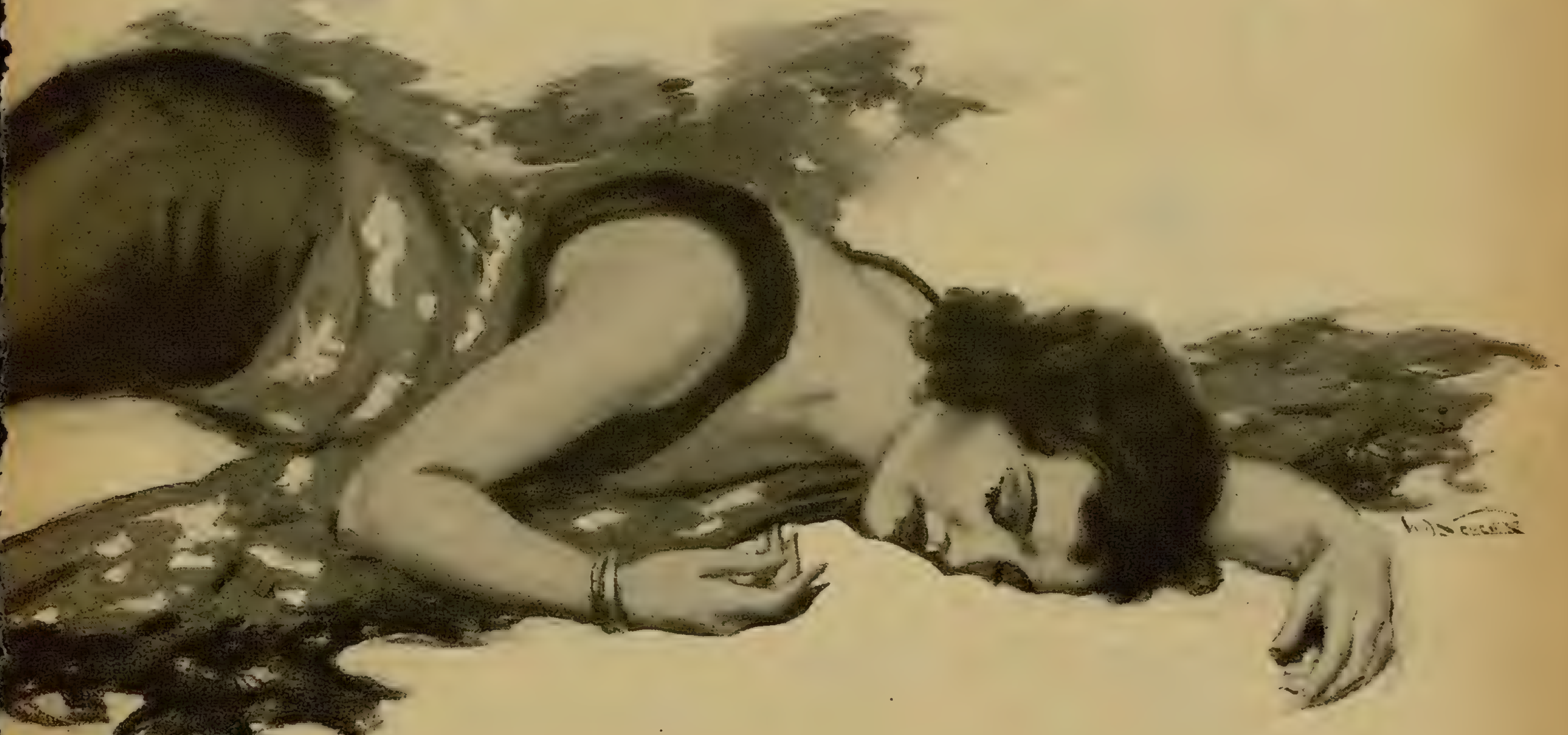
"Didn't I see you yesterday?" said Croft slowly. "Yesterday evening it was. You passed our little place."

"Ah, yes; you were working in the garden and were so polite as to say good afternoon when we passed."

"That's right. Well, well. And you're the Monsieur Hercule Poirot I've heard so much about. Tell me, are you busy, Mr. Poirot? Because if not, I wish you'd come back with me now—have a cup of morning tea, Australian fashion, and meet my old lady. She's read all about you in the newspapers."

"You are too kind, Monsieur Croft. We have nothing to do and shall be delighted."

END HOUSE



"That's fine."

"You have the measurements correctly, Hastings?" asked Poirot, turning to me.

I assured him that I had the measurements correctly and we accompanied our new friend.

Croft was a talker, we soon realized that. He told us of his home near Melbourne, of his early struggles, of his meeting with his wife, of their combined efforts, and of his final good fortune and success.

"Right away we made up our minds to travel," he said. "We'd always wanted to come to the old country. Well, we did. We came down to this part of the world, tried to look up some of my wife's people—they came from round about here. But we couldn't trace any of them. Then we took a trip on the Continent—Paris, Rome, the Italian lakes, Florence, all those places. It was while we were in Italy that we had the train accident. My poor wife was badly smashed up. Cruel, wasn't it? I've taken her to the best doctors and they all say the same—there's nothing for it but time—time, and lying up. It's an injury to the spine."

"What a misfortune!"

"Hard luck, isn't it? Well, there it was. And she'd only got one kind of fancy—to come down here. She kind of felt if we had a little place of our own—something small—it would make all the difference. We saw a lot of messy-looking shacks, and then by good luck we found this. Nice and quiet and tucked away, no cars passing, or gramophones next door. I took it right away."

With the last words we had come to the lodge itself. He sent his voice echoing forth in a loud "Cooee," to which came an answering "Cooee."

"Come in," said Mr. Croft. We passed through the open door and up the short flight of stairs to a pleasant bedroom. There, on a sofa, was a stout middle-aged woman with pretty gray hair and a very sweet smile.

"Who do you think this is, mother?" said Mr. Croft. "The extra-special world-celebrated detective, Mr. Hercule Poirot. I brought him right along to have a chat with you."

"If that isn't too exciting for words!" cried Mrs. Croft, shaking Poirot warmly by the hand. "Read about that Blue Train business, I did, and you just happening to be on it, and a lot about your other cases. Since this trouble with my back, I've read all the detective stories that ever were, I should think. Nothing else seems to pass the time away so quick. Bert dear, call out to Edith to bring the tea along."

"Right you are, mother."

"She's a kind of nurse attendant, Edith is," Mrs. Croft explained. "She comes along each morning to fix me up. We're not bothering with servants. Bert's as good a cook and a house-parlorman as you'd find anywhere, and it gives him occupation—that and the garden."

"Here we are!" cried Mr. Croft, reappearing with a tray. "Here's the tea. This is a great day in our lives, mother."

"I SUPPOSE you're staying down here, Mr. Poirot?" Mrs. Croft asked as she leaned over a little and wielded the teapot.

"Why, yes, madame; I take the holiday."

"But surely I read that you had retired, that you'd taken a holiday for good and all."

"Ah, madame, you must not believe everything you read in the papers."

"Well, that's true enough. So you still carry on business?"

"When I find a case that interests me."

"Sure you're not down here on work?" inquired Mr. Croft shrewdly. "Calling it a holiday might be all part of the game."

"You mustn't ask him embarrassing questions, Bert," said Mrs. Croft, "or he won't come again. We're simple people, Mr. Poirot, and you're giving us a great treat, coming here today, you and your friend. You really don't know the pleasure you're giving us."

She was so natural and so frank in her gratification that my heart quite warmed to her.

"That was a bad business about that picture," said Mr. Croft.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

U. S. Patent 1771046

New SWIM SUIT with BUILT-IN SUPPORTER

DOUBLE VALUE!

At $5 The Athalete Swim Suit with Supporter Built-In is the best buy of 1931. Finest quality wool in suit. Supporter is invisible, adjustable, comfortable. See the latest styles, colors, at your favorite dealers!

FREE SWIM LESSONS! Swim-Dive Instruction Book with pictures that actually m-o-v-e, Free at your dealers, or write direct. Do it now!

LORENZ KNITTING MILLS
2601 Irving Park Blvd.
Chicago

The Athalete
SWIM SUIT with SUPPORTER-IN

Approximately 75% of the wholesale outlets and more than 58% of the retail outlets of the United States are in the 322 largest cities. There are more readers of Liberty in these *selling cities* of over 25,000 population than readers of any other magazine.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-one

"That poor little girl might have been killed," said Mrs. Croft with deep feeling. "She *is* a live wire. Livens the place up when she comes down here. Not much liked in the neighborhood, so I've heard. But that's the way in these stuck-up English places. They don't like life and gayety in a girl. I don't wonder she doesn't spend much time down here. And that long-nosed cousin of hers has no more chance of persuading her to settle down here for good and all than—than—well, I don't know what."

"Don't gossip, Milly," said her husband.

"Aha," said Poirot, "the wind is in that quarter. Trust the instinct of madame! So Mr. Charles Vyse is in love with our little friend?"

"He's silly about her," said Mrs. Croft. "But she won't marry a country lawyer. And I don't blame her. He's a poor stick anyway. I'd like her to marry that nice sailor—what's his name?—Challenger. Many a smart marriage might be worse than that. He's older than she is, but what of that? Steadying, that's what she needs. Flying about all over the place, the Continent even, all alone or with that queer-looking Mrs. Rice. She's a sweet girl, Mr. Poirot, I know that well enough. But I'm worried about her. She's looked none too happy lately. She's had what I call a haunted kind of look. And it worries me!

"I've got my reasons for being interested in that girl, haven't I, Bert?"

Mr. Croft got up from his chair rather suddenly.

"No need to go into that, Milly," he said. "I wonder, Mr. Poirot, if you'd care to see some snapshots of Australia?"

THE rest of our visit passed uneventfully. Ten minutes later we took our leave.

"Nice people," I said. "So simple and unassuming. Typical Australians."

"You liked them?"

"Didn't you?"

"They were very pleasant, very friendly."

"Well, what is it, then? There's something, I can see."

"They were, perhaps, just a shade too 'typical,'" said Poirot thoughtfully. "That cry of cooee, that insistence on showing us snapshots, was it not, perhaps, playing a part just a little too thoroughly?"

"What a suspicious old devil you are!"

"You are right, *mon ami*. I am suspicious of everyone, of everything. I am afraid, Hastings, afraid."

II

POIROT clung firmly to the Continental breakfast. To see me consuming eggs and bacon upset and distressed him, so he always said.

Consequently he breakfasted in bed upon coffee and rolls and I was free to start the day with the traditional Englishman's breakfast of bacon and eggs and marmalade.

I looked into his room on Monday morning as I went downstairs.

He was sitting up in bed, arrayed in a very marvelous dressing gown.

"*Bon jour*, Hastings. I was just about to ring. This note that I have written, will you be so good as to get it taken over to End House and delivered to mademoiselle at once?"

I held out my hand for it. Poirot looked at me and sighed.

"If only—if only, Hastings, you would part your hair in the middle instead of at the side! What a difference it would make to the symmetry of your appearance. And your mustache. If you *must* have a mustache, let it be a real mustache—a thing of beauty, such as mine."

Repressing a shudder at the thought, I took the note firmly from Poirot's hand and left the room.

I had rejoined him in our sitting room when word was sent up to say Miss Buckley had called. Poirot gave the order for her to be shown up.

She came in gayly enough, but I fancied that the circles under her eyes were darker than usual.

In her hand she held a telegram which she handed to Poirot.

"There," she said. "I hope that will please you!"

Poirot read it aloud.

"'Arrive five thirty today Maggie.'"

"My nurse and guardian!" said Nick. "But you're wrong, you know. Maggie's got no kind of brains. Good works is about all she's fit for. That and never seeing the point of jokes. Freddie would be ten times better at spotting hidden assassins. And Jim Lazarus would be better still. I never feel one has got to the bottom of Jim."

"And the Commander Challenger?"

"Oh, George! He'd never see anything till it was under his nose. But he'd let them have it when he did see. Very useful when it came to a showdown, George would be."

She tossed off her hat and went on:

"I gave orders for the man you wrote about to be let in. It sounds mysterious. Is he installing a dictograph or something like that?"

Poirot shook his head.

"No, no, nothing scientific. A very simple little matter of opinion, mademoiselle. Something I wanted to know."

"Oh, well," said Nick, "it's all great fun, isn't it?"

"Is it, mademoiselle?" asked Poirot gently.

She stood for a minute with her back to us, looking out of the window.

Then she turned. All the brave defiance had gone out of her face. It was childishly twisted awry, as she struggled to keep back the tears.

"No," she said. "It—it isn't really. I'm afraid—I'm afraid. Hideously afraid. And I always thought I was brave."

"So you are, *mon enfant,* so you are. Both Hastings and I, we have both admired your courage."

"Yes, indeed," I put in warmly.

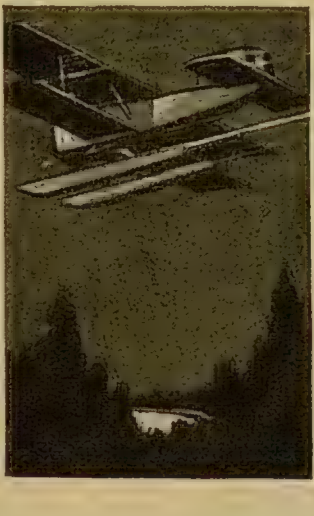
"No," said Nick, shaking her head, "I'm not brave. It's—it's the *waiting.* Wondering the whole time if anything more's going to happen, and *how* it'll happen! And *expecting* it to happen."

"Yes, yes, it is the strain."

"Last night I pulled my bed out into the middle of the room. And I fastened my window and bolted my door. When I came here this morning, I came round by the road. I couldn't—I simply couldn't come through the garden. It was as though my nerve had gone all of a sudden. It's this thing coming on top of everything else."

"What do you mean exactly by that, mademoiselle? 'On top of everything else'?"

There was a momentary pause before she replied.



"I don't mean anything particular. What the newspapers call 'the strain of modern life,' I suppose. Too many cocktails, too many cigarettes—all that sort of thing. It's just that I've got into a ridiculous—sort of—of state."

SHE had sunk into a chair and was sitting there, her small fingers curling and uncurling themselves nervously.

"You are not being frank with me, mademoiselle. There is something."

"There isn't—there really isn't."

"There is something you have not told me."

"I've told you every single, smallest thing."

She spoke sincerely and earnestly.

"About these accidents, about the attacks upon you, yes."

"Well, then?"

"But you have not told me everything that is in your heart—in your life."

She said slowly:

"Can anyone do that?"

"Ah, then," said Poirot with triumph, "you admit it!"

She shook her head.

He watched her keenly.

"Perhaps," he suggested shrewdly, "it is not *your* secret?"

I thought I saw a momentary flicker of her eyelids. But almost immediately she jumped up.

"Really and truly, Monsieur Poirot, I've told you every single thing I know about this stupid business. If you think I know something about someone else, or have suspicions, you are wrong. It's having *no* suspicions that's driving me mad! Because I'm not a fool. I can see that if those 'accidents' weren't accidents, they must have been engineered by somebody very near at hand—somebody who—knows me. And that's what is so awful. Because I haven't the least idea—not the very least—who that somebody might be."

She went over once more to the window and stood looking out.

POIROT signed to me not to speak. I think he was hoping for some further revelation, now that the girl's self-control had broken down.

When she spoke, it was in a different tone of voice, a dreamy, far-away voice.

"Do you know a queer wish I've always had? I love End House. I've always wanted to produce a play there. It's got an—an atmosphere of drama about it. I've seen all sorts of plays staged there in my mind. And now it's as though a drama were being acted there. Only I'm not producing it. I'm *in* it! I'm *right* in it! I am, perhaps, the person who—dies in the first act."

Her voice broke.

"Now, now, mademoiselle." Poirot's voice was resolutely brisk and cheerful. "This will not do. This is the hysteria."

She turned and looked at him sharply.

"Did Freddie tell you I was hysterical?" she asked. "She says I am, sometimes. But you mustn't always believe what Freddie says. There are times, you know, when—when she isn't quite herself."

There was a pause, then Poirot asked a totally irrelevant question.

"Tell me, mademoiselle," he said. "Have you ever received an offer for End House?"

"To sell it, do you mean?"

"That is what I meant."

"No."

"Would you consider selling it if you got a good offer?"

Nick considered for a moment.

"No, I don't think so. Not, I mean, unless it was such a ridiculously good offer that it would be perfectly foolish not to."

"*Précisément.*"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRY IT ON YOUR "TENDER SPOTS"

Double-dense lather soothes as you shave

BIG news, men! Forget those painful tender spots that hurt when you shave! Now this heavy, soothing lather gives you the easiest, quickest shave ever.

Feel the difference

Lather with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Shave as you always do. Note how the razor gently eases its way over tender spots. See how the stubbiest whiskers come off clean without pull, scrape or burn—how smooth, soothed, well-shaved your face feels after. That's because Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather soothes, lubricates, protects. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's. Or send for a free trial tube—to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. G-6, Cambridge, Mass.

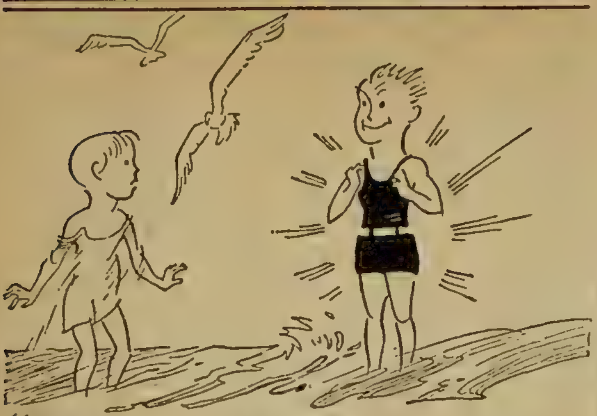
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving

"Smoker's Breath"

The way to end it instantly

SMOKERS often fail to realize how unpleasant a "tobacco breath" may be to those around them. Thoughtful people never risk offending others. They carry a little tin of May-Breath that instantly purifies and sweetens the breath. Slip a little tablet in the mouth after every cigar or cigarette. Use May-Breath after eating and drinking as well. May-Breath is convenient to carry and pleasant to use.

May-Breath
(TABLETS)



"Where'd you get the dandy swimming suit?"
"Won it... *free!*"
"What!"
"Sure..*you* can do it too. Here's how..."

"Just fill out one of those coupons in Liberty Magazine like I did and mail it in. Right off the bat they'll send you all the details together with a dandy illustrated catalog with more than 350 other free prizes!

"You see, Joe, you get them for selling Liberty Magazine. And boy, don't they sell! It's easy as pie. You only work in your spare time right in your own neighborhood.

"Liberty makes everything easy for you. They give you the magazines and a free carrier bag, and get you started right. There's a pile of helps, too, like a free book of hints on selling, and an account book to keep your customers' names in, and—Hey, where you rushin' off to in all that hurry?"

"I'm running home to fill out the coupon in Dad's Liberty."

You don't have to bother running home like Joe, though. Your coupon is just below. Fill it out today!

Mail this now!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* 6-27-31
Macfadden Publications, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.......................... Age.........

Address..

City.......................... State........

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

....

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-three

"I don't want to sell it, you know, because I'm fond of it."

"Quite so. I understand."

Nick moved slowly toward the door.

"By the way, there are fireworks tonight. Will you come? Dinner at eight o'clock. The fireworks begin at nine thirty. You can see them splendidly from the garden where it overlooks the harbor."

"I shall be enchanted."

"Both of you, of course," said Nick.

"Many thanks," I said.

"Nothing like a party for reviving the drooping spirits," remarked Nick.

And with a little laugh she went out.

"*Pauvre enfant,*" said Poirot.

He reached for his hat and carefully flicked an infinitesimal speck of dust from its surface.

"We are going out?" I asked.

"*Mais oui;* we have legal business to transact, *mon ami.*"

"Of course. I understand."

"One of your brilliant mentality could not fail to do so, Hastings."

THE offices of Messrs. Vyse, Trevannion, & Wynnard were situated in the main street of the town. We mounted the stairs to the first floor and entered a room where three clerks were busily writing.

Poirot asked to see Mr. Charles Vyse. A clerk murmured a few words down a telephone, received, apparently, an affirmative reply, and remarking that Mr. Vyse would see us now, he led us across the passage, tapped on a door, and stood aside for us to pass in.

From behind a large desk covered with legal papers, Mr. Vyse rose up to greet us.

He was a tall young man, rather pale, with impassive features. He was going a little bald on either temple and wore glasses.

His coloring was fair and indeterminate.

Poirot had come prepared for the encounter.

Fortunately he had with him an agreement, as yet unsigned, and on some technical points in connection with this he wanted Mr. Vyse's advice.

Mr. Vyse, speaking carefully and correctly, was soon able to allay Poirot's alleged doubts, and to clear up some obscure points of the wording.

"I am very much obliged to you," murmured Poirot. "As a foreigner, you comprehend, these legal matters and phrasing are most difficult."

It was then that Mr. Vyse asked who had sent Poirot to him.

"Miss Buckley," said Poirot promptly. "Your cousin, is she not? A most charming young lady. I happened to mention that I was in perplexity, and she told me to come to you. I tried to see you on Saturday morning—about half past twelve—but you were out."

"Yes. I remember. I left early on Saturday."

"Mademoiselle your cousin must find that large house very lonely. She lives there alone, I understand."

"Quite so."

"Tell me, Mr. Vyse, if I may ask, is there any chance of that property being in the market?"

"Not the least, I should say."

"You understand, I do not ask idly. I have a reason! I am in search, myself, of just such a property. The climate of St. Loo enchants me. It is true that the house appears to be in bad repair. There has not been, I gather, much money to spend upon it. Under those circumstances, is it not possible that mademoiselle would consider an offer?"

"Not the least likelihood of it." Charles Vyse shook his head with the utmost decision. "My cousin is absolutely devoted to the place. Nothing would induce her to sell, I know. It is, you understand, a family place."

"I comprehend that, but—"

"It is absolutely out of the question. I know my cousin. She has a fanatical devotion to the house."

A few minutes later we were out in the street again.

"Well, my friend," said Poirot, "and what impression did this Monsieur Charles Vyse make upon you?"

I considered.

"A very negative one," I said at last. "He is a curiously negative person."

"NOT a strong personality, you would say?"

"No, indeed. The kind of man you would never remember on meeting him again. A mediocre person."

"His appearance is certainly not striking. Did you notice any discrepancy in the course of our conversation with him?"

"Yes," I said slowly, "I did. With regard to the selling of End House."

"Exactly. Would you have described Mademoiselle Buckley's attitude toward End House as one of 'fanatical devotion'?"

"It is a very strong term."

"Yes, and Mr. Vyse is not given to using strong terms. His normal attitude—a legal attitude—is to under rather than over state. Yet he says that mademoiselle has a fanatical devotion to the home of her ancestors."

"She did not convey that impression this morning," I said. "She spoke about it very sensibly, I thought. She's obviously fond of the place—just as anyone in her position would be—but certainly nothing more."

"So, in fact, one of the two is lying," said Poirot thoughtfully.

"One would not suspect Vyse of lying."

"Clearly a great asset if one has any lying to do," remarked Poirot. "Yes, he has quite the air of a George Washington, that one. Did you notice another thing, Hastings?"

"What was that?"

"He was not in his office at half past twelve on Saturday."

III

THE first person we saw when we arrived at End House that evening was Nick.

She was dancing about the hall wrapped in a marvelous kimono covered with dragons.

"Oh, it's only you!"

"Mademoiselle, I am desolated!"

"I know. It did sound rude. But, you see, I'm waiting for my dress to arrive. They promised—the brutes—promised faithfully!"

"Ah, if it is a matter of *la toilette!* There is a dance tonight, is there not?"

"Yes. We are all going on to it after the fireworks. That is, I suppose we are."

There was a sudden drop in her voice. But the next minute she was laughing.

"Never give in! That's my motto. Don't think of trouble and trouble won't come. I've got my nerve back tonight. I'm going to be gay and enjoy myself."

There was a footfall on the stairs. Nick turned.

"Oh, here's Maggie. Maggie, here are the sleuths that are protecting me from the secret assassin. Take them into the drawing-room and let them tell you about it."

In turn we shook hands with Maggie Buckley, and as requested she took us into the drawing-room. I formed an immediate favorable opinion of her.

It was, I think, her appearance of calm good sense that so attracted me. A quiet girl, pretty in the old-fashioned sense, certainly not smart.

Her face was innocent of make-up and she wore a simple, rather shabby black evening dress. She had frank blue eyes and a pleasant slow voice.

"Nick has been telling me the most amazing things," she said. "Surely she must be exaggerating? Whoever would want to harm Nick? She can't have an enemy in the world."

Incredulity showed strongly in her voice. She was looking at Poirot in a somewhat unflattering fashion. I realized that to a girl like Maggie Buckley, foreigners were always suspicious.

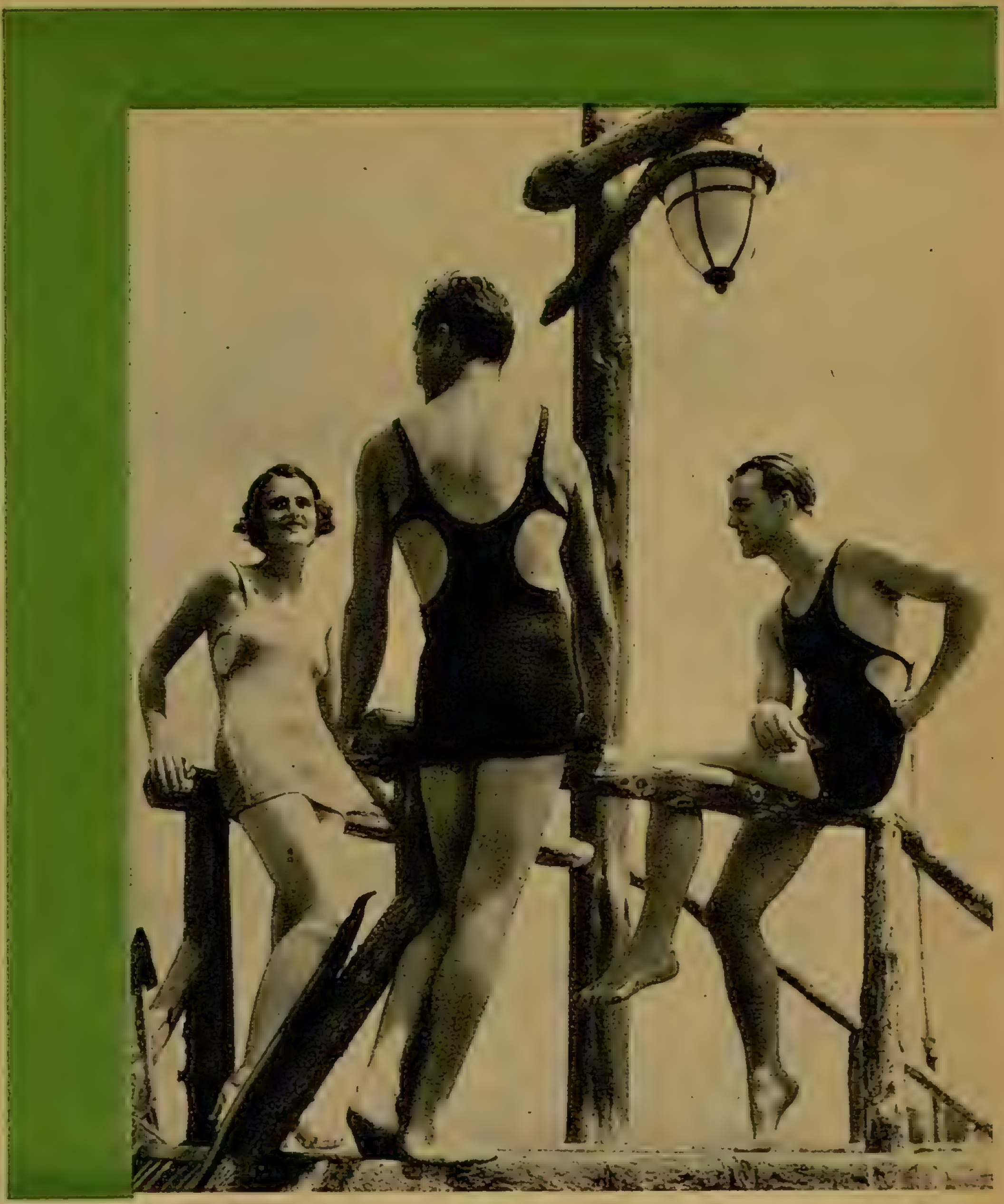
"Nevertheless, Miss Buckley, I assure you that it is the truth," said Poirot quietly.

She made no reply, but her face remained unbelieving.

"Nick seems quite fey tonight," she remarked. "I don't know what's the matter with her. She seems in the wildest spirits."

That word—fey! It sent a shiver through me. Also, something in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



On such little things your reputation hangs

WHEN the water lures you, remember that your entire reputation for smartness hangs on one brief garment—your swimming suit. This year—with fashionable suits scantier than ever before—it becomes increasingly important that your suit is absolutely right. The one infallible way of assuring that, is to get a Spalding Suit!

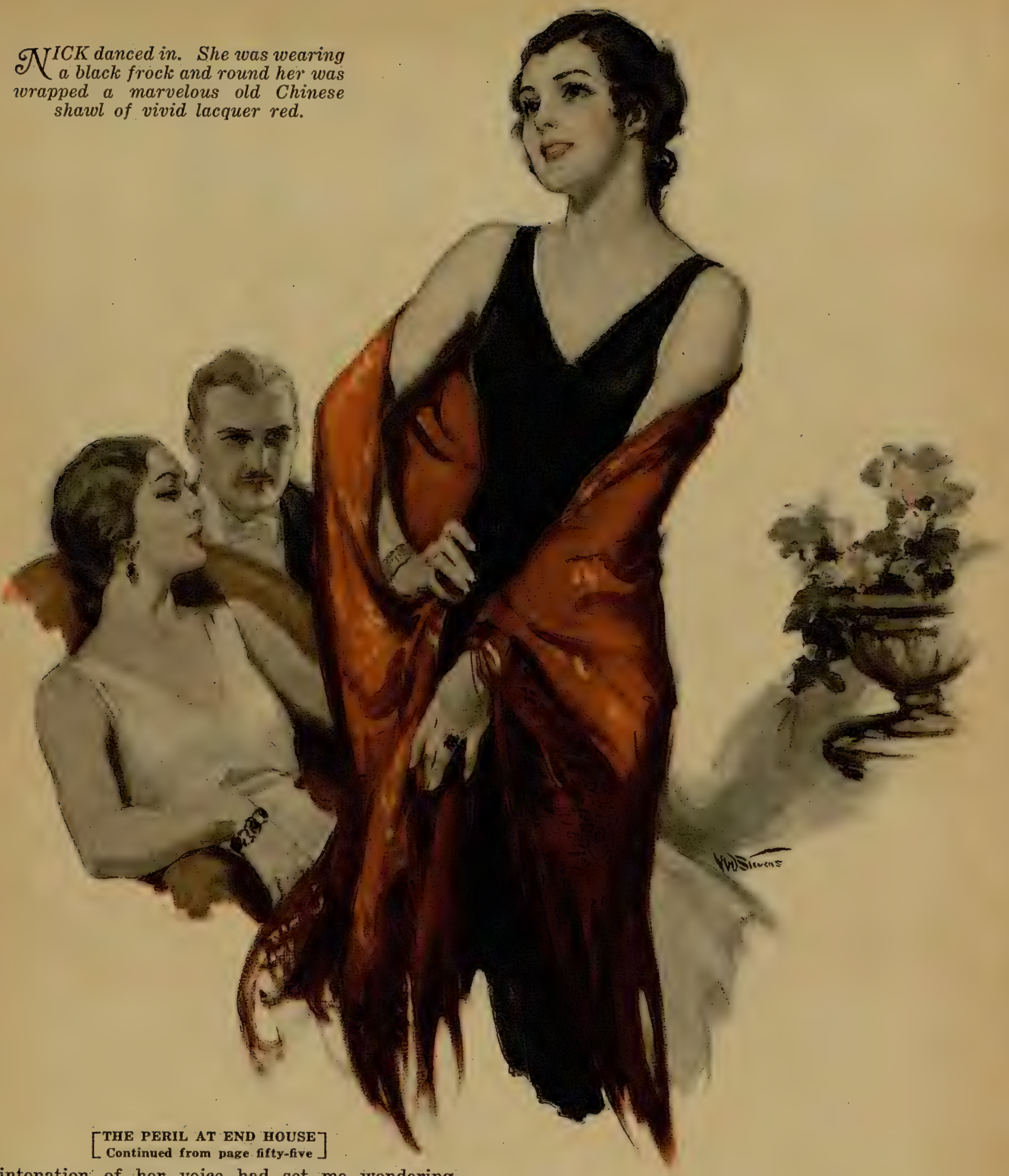
🟩 Spalding, for more than half a century, has been clothing the human body for play. Spalding—with branches all over the world, and style scouts wherever fashionable people gather for sports—gets a first-hand, advance picture of sports styles. So Spalding Suits *feel* right and *look* right.

🟩 They're knit with patented spring needles that give them 4 inches extra stretch. They're free from all such annoyances as lumpy seams and epaulet-like shoulder straps.

🟩 And Spalding Swimming Suits cost so little ($5.50 is the average price) that it is unwise to risk the disappointment a cheap suit so often exacts. See them at your Spalding Dealer's or Spalding Store—or write, for folder of new styles, to A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York City.

© 1931 A. G. S. & BROS.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.



NICK danced in. She was wearing a black frock and round her was wrapped a marvelous old Chinese shawl of vivid lacquer red.

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-five

the intonation of her voice had set me wondering.

"Are you Scotch, Miss Buckley?" I asked abruptly.

"My mother was Scottish," she explained.

She viewed me, I noticed, with more approval than she viewed Poirot.

I felt that my statement of the case would carry more weight with her than Poirot's would.

"Your cousin is behaving with great bravery," I said. "She's determined to carry on as usual."

"It's the only way, isn't it?" said Maggie. "I mean, whatever one's inward feelings are, it is no good making a fuss about them. That's only uncomfortable for everyone else." She paused and then added in a soft voice: "I'm very fond of Nick. She's been very good to me always."

We could say nothing more, for at that moment Frederica Rice drifted into the room.

She was wearing a gown of Madonna blue and looked very fragile and ethereal. Lazarus soon followed her and then Nick danced in. She was wearing a black frock and round her was wrapped a marvelous old Chinese shawl of vivid lacquer red.

"Hullo, people," she said. "Cocktails."

We all drank and Lazarus raised his glass to her.

"That's a marvelous shawl, Nick," he said. "It's an old one, isn't it?"

"Yes, brought back by Great-great-great-uncle Timothy from his travels."

"It's a beauty, a real beauty. You wouldn't find another to match it if you tried."

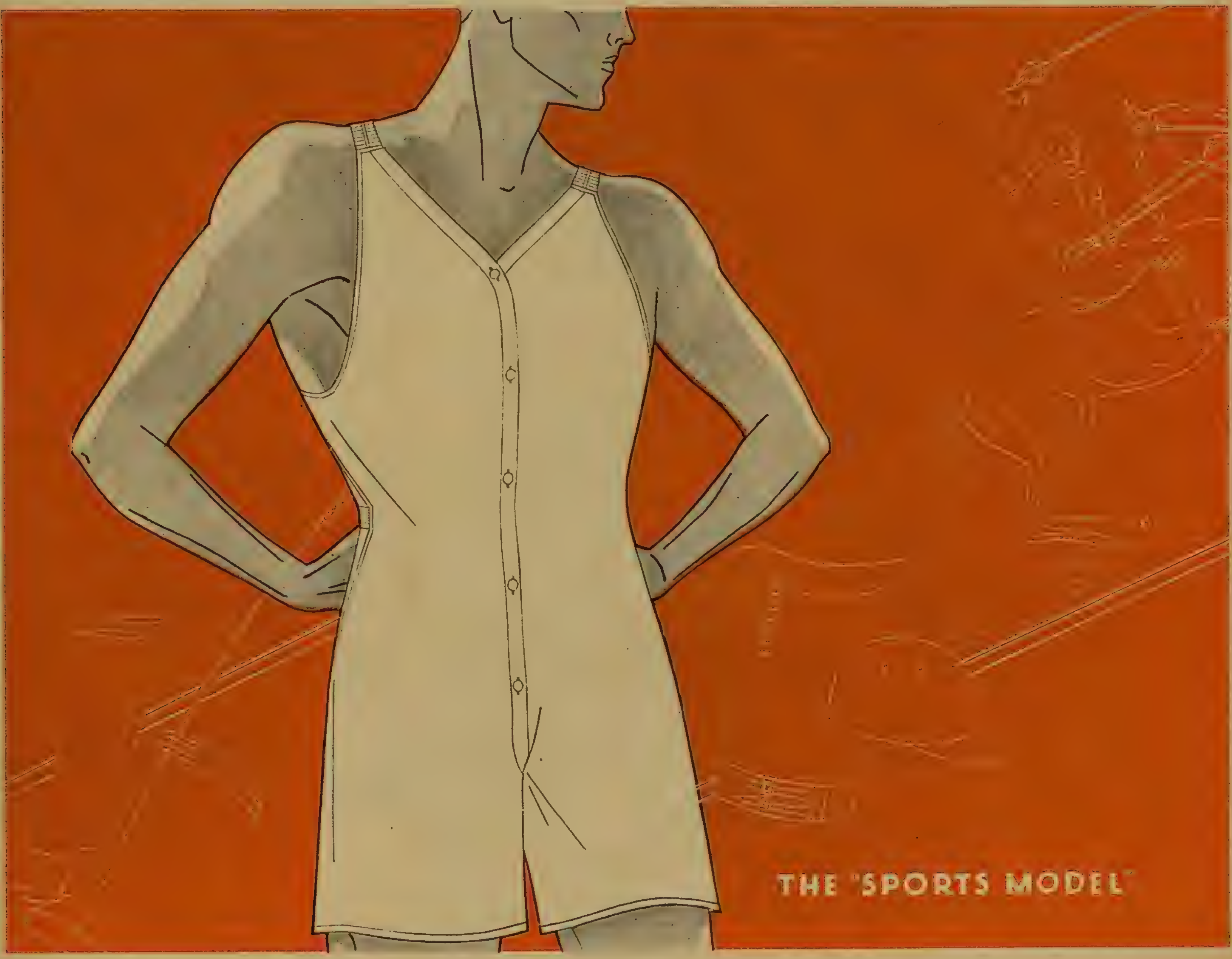
"It's warm," said Nick; "it'll be nice when we're watching the fireworks. And it's gay. I—I hate black."

"Yes," said Frederica. "I don't believe I've ever seen

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

★ *Try This One on your Manly Frame!* ★

What a Union Suit for $1.00



See the new B.V.D. "Sports Model" today—the union suit that revived the dollar and restored its value self-respect. For when it buys the "Sports Model" your good old dollar gets back in its stride—becomes the shining silver pre-war cartwheel that purchased quality and plenty of it.

What a Union Suit it buys! It's splendidly tailored—with low arm holes and webbed shoulder inserts—wide legs and flared hips—a B.V.D. model with the triple virtues of smartness, comfort and a pre-war price.

It comes in two popular models—the Double Reinforce Back and the Blouse Back—and it's made of B. V. D.'s famous nainsook—the fabric with Arctic virtues—a fabric that keeps you cool even when the humidity is a front page headline. It has buttons that stay put, button holes built to stand the gaff of rough usage, locked stitched seams and special reinforcements at every point of stress and strain.

It's a grand dollar's worth of union suit—the best dollar buy on the market today. See it at your dealer's and look for the label of B. V. D.—the three-lettered absolute guarantee of smartness, style and service.

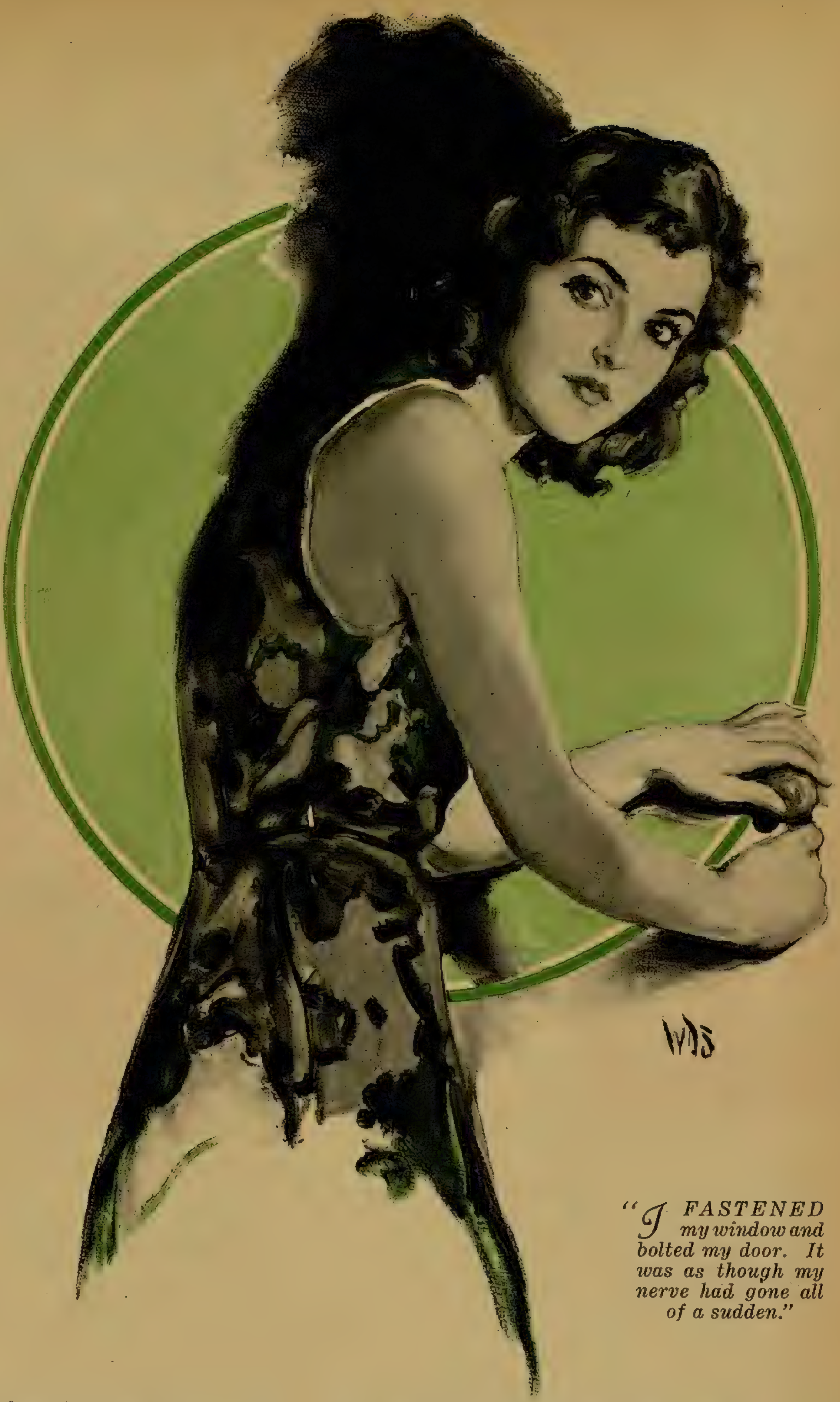
© 1931, The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.

B·V·D

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

. . . and even the famous "U-1," the biggest selling Union Suit of all time . . . is now $1.25

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Cont'd from page fifty-six



"I FASTENED my window and bolted my door. It was as though my nerve had gone all of a sudden."

you in a black dress before, Nick. Why did you get it?"

"Oh, I don't know." The girl flung aside with a petulant gesture, but I had caught a curious curl of her lips as though of pain. "Why does one do anything?"

We went into dinner.

A mysterious manservant had appeared—hired, I presume, for the occasion.

The food was indifferent. The champagne, on the other hand, was good.

"George hasn't turned up," said Nick. "A nuisance, his having to go back to Devonport last night. He'll get over this evening sometime or other, I expect. In time for the dance, anyway. I've got a man for Maggie. Presentable, if not passionately interesting."

A FAINT roaring sound drifted in through the window.

"Oh, curse that speed boat," said Lazarus. "I get so tired of it."

"That's not the speed boat," said Nick. "That's a seaplane."

"I believe you're right."

"Of course I'm right. The sound's quite different."

"When are you going to get your Moth, Nick?"

"When I can raise the money," laughed Nick.

"And then, I suppose, you'll be off to Australia, like that girl—what's her name?"

"I'd love to."

"I admire her enormously," said Mrs. Rice in her tired voice. "What marvelous nerve! All by herself, too."

"I admire all these flying people," said Lazarus. "If Michael Seton had succeeded in his flight round the world he'd have been the hero of the day—and rightly so. A thousand pities he's come to grief. He's the kind of man England can't afford to lose."

"He may still be all right," said Nick.

"Hardly. It's a thousand to one against by now. Poor Mad Seton."

"They always called him Mad Seton, didn't they?" asked Frederica.

Lazarus nodded.

"He comes of rather a mad family," he said. "His uncle, Sir Matthew Seton, who died about a week ago, he was as mad as a hatter."

"He was the mad millionaire who ran bird sanctuaries, wasn't he?" asked Frederica.

"Yes. Used to buy up islands. He was a great woman hater. Some girl chucked him once, I believe, and he took to natural history by way of consoling himself."

"Why do you say Michael Seton is dead?" persisted Nick. "I don't see any reason for giving up hope yet."

"Of course; you knew him, didn't you?" said Lazarus. "I forgot."

"Freddie and I met him at Le Touquet last year," said Nick. "He was too marvelous, wasn't he, Freddie?"

"Don't ask me, darling. He was your conquest, not mine. He took you up once, didn't he?"

"Yes, at Scarborough. It was simply too wonderful."

"Have you done any flying, Captain Hastings?" Maggie asked of me in polite conversational tones.

I had to confess that a trip to Paris and back was the extent of my acquaintance with air travel.

Suddenly, with an exclamation, Nick sprang up.

"There's the telephone. Don't wait for me. It's getting late. And I've asked lots of people."

She left the room. I glanced at my watch. It was just nine o'clock. Dessert was brought, and port. Poirot and Lazarus were talking art.

Pictures, Lazarus was saying, were a great drug in the market just now. They went on to discuss new ideas in furniture and decoration.

I endeavored to do my duty by talking to Maggie Buckley, but I had to admit that the girl was heavy in hand. She answered pleasantly but without throwing the ball back. It was uphill work.

Frederica Rice sat dreamily silent, her elbows on the table and the smoke from her cigarette curling round her fair head.

She looked like a meditative angel.

It was just twenty past nine when Nick put her head round the door.

"Come out of it, all of you! The animals are coming in two by two."

We rose obediently. Nick was busy greeting arrivals. About a dozen people had been asked. Most of them were rather uninteresting.

Nick, I noticed, made a good hostess. She sank her modernisms and made everyone welcome in an old-fashioned way. Among the guests I noticed Charles Vyse.

PRESENTLY we all moved into the garden to a place overlooking the sea and the harbor.

A few chairs had been placed there for the elderly people, but most of us stood. The first rocket flamed to heaven.

At that moment I heard a loud familiar voice and turned my head to see Nick greeting Mr. Croft.

"It's too bad," she was saying, "that Mrs. Croft can't be here too. We ought to have carried her on a stretcher or something."

"It's bad luck on poor mother altogether. But she never complains. That woman's got the sweetest nature— Ha! That's a good one." This, as a shower of golden rain showed up in the sky.

The night was a dark one—there was no moon—the new moon being due in three days' time. It was also, like most summer evenings, cold. Maggie Buckley, who was next me, shivered.

"I'll just run in and get a coat," she murmured.

"Let me."

"No, you wouldn't know where to find it."

She turned toward the house. At that moment Frederica Rice's voice called:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE VAST MAJORITY DEMANDS GILLETTE

WORLD LEADERSHIP

won and held by constant improvement

ABSOLUTE contempt for "good enough" won and holds for the Gillette blade its acknowledged position of world leadership. Open-minded scientists and engineers devote every effort to the constant betterment of this blade. For this reason Gillette is a finer blade year after year—and is accepted everywhere as the highest standard of quality. To get utmost shaving comfort, more than a hundred million men, from Peoria to Paris, use the double-edge, double-service Gillette.

Gillette

RAZORS ◆Gillette◆ BLADES

NEW Gillette BLADE PATENTED
NEW Gillette BLADE PATENTED
King C. Gillette
PRICE $1.00

KEEP TRIM - KEEP FIT - SWIM!

Only a Jantzen fits so perfectly

So smoothly, so smartly does a Jantzen fit that it stands apart as a strikingly individual swimming suit. You swim more easily in a Jantzen. There's never a wrinkle, wet or dry. Knitted from pure long-fibred wool with the famous Jantzen-stitch process it retains its shape *always*. Its remarkable elasticity gives you perfect freedom in the water.

Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

You'll find the famous red Diving Girl on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 124), Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1931 models. Womens ☐ Mens ☐
Name________________ Address________________

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-nine

"Oh, Maggie, get mine too. It's in my room."

"She didn't hear," said Nick. "I'll get it, Freddie. I want my fur one; this shawl isn't nearly hot enough. It's this wind." There was, indeed, a sharp breeze blowing off the sea.

Some set pieces started down on the quay. I fell into conversation with an elderly young lady standing next me who put me through a rigorous catechism as to life, career, tastes, and probable length of stay.

Bang!

A shower of green stars filled the sky. They changed to blue, then red, then silver.

Another and yet another.

"'Oh!' and then 'Ah!' That is what one says," observed Poirot suddenly, close to my ear. "At the end it becomes monotonous, do you not find? Brrr! The grass, it is damp to the feet! I shall suffer for this—a chill. And no possibility of obtaining a proper *tisane!*"

"A chill? On a lovely night like this?"

"A lovely night! A lovely night! You say that because the rain it does not pour down in sheets! Always when the rain does not fall, it is a lovely night. But I tell you, my friend, if there were a little thermometer to consult, you would see."

"Well," I admitted, "I wouldn't mind putting on a coat myself."

"You are very sensible. You have come from a hot climate."

"I'll bring yours."

POIROT lifted first one then the other foot from the ground with a catlike motion. "It is the dampness of the feet I fear. Would it, think you, be possible to lay the hands on a pair of galoshes?"

I repressed a smile. "Not a hope," I said. "You understand, Poirot, that it is no longer done."

"Then I shall sit in the house," he declared. "Just for the Guy Fawkes show shall I wantonly *enrhumer* myself, and catch, perhaps, a *fluxion de poitrine?*"

Poirot still murmuring indignantly, we bent our footsteps toward the house. Loud clapping drifted up to us from the quay below, where another set piece was being shown.

"We are all children at heart," said Poirot thoughtfully. "*Les feux d'artifice*, the party, the games with balls—yes, and even the conjuror, the man who deceives the eye, however carefully it watches— *Mais qu'est-ce que vous avez?*" I had caught him by the arm, and was clutching him with one hand while with the other I pointed.

We were within a hundred yards of the house, and just in front of us, between us and the open French window, there lay a huddled figure wrapped in a scarlet Chinese shawl. . . .

"*Mon Dieu!*" whispered Poirot. "*Mon Dieu. . . .*"

Next week you'll learn the facts that come to light as Poirot tries to explain the tragedy. Match your wits against his, and see if you can guess the murderer.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Wriggling with Mirth

Patsy Ann was quite intrigued with her new sister. One day she called to her mother:

"Oh, do come quick, mother, the baby is laughing from top to bottom."—Mrs. M. J. Tierney, 6221 Hedge Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Serious Reflection

After seeing a woman and small child dodging through traffic, crossing a street against the lights, little Vivian said to her mother indignantly:

"I suppose when she gets on the other side she'll blame the child."—Mrs. Wm. McIlvaine, Gibbstown, N. J.

LOVE LETTERS of an Interior Decorator

A Little Family Argument

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes 44 seconds.)

Paris, France.

DEAR MARG,

Listen here Kid, whats all this I hear about you traipsin around with another guy while I'm over here in France hustlin the cakes and rent? Cheatin eh? Sure, I'm wise!

I just got a letter from your girl friend with the crockery eye. She gave me the tip-off to the works. Here,—heres what she writes,—read it!

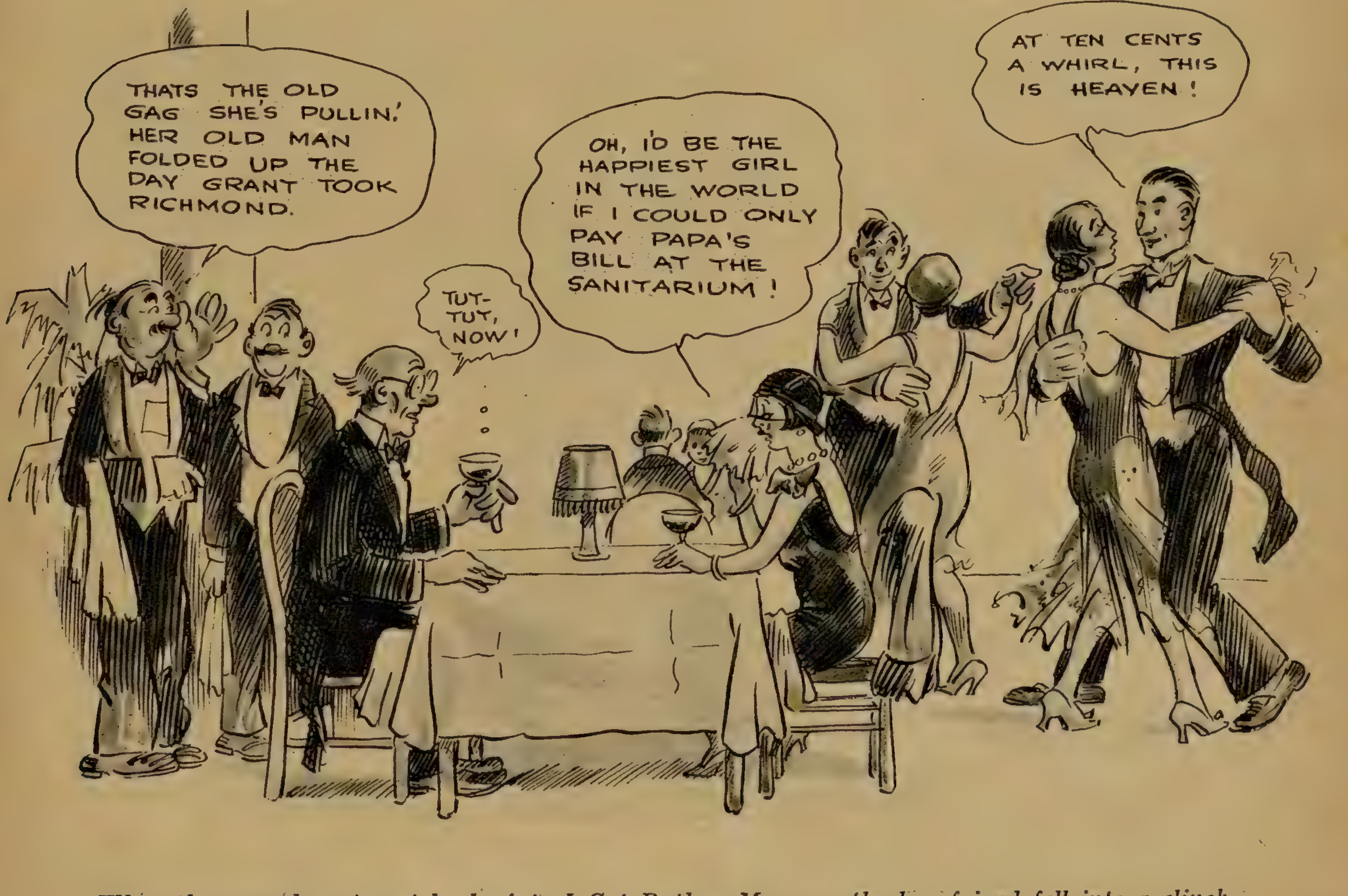
DEAR MIKE,

I hates to horn in on other peoples poisonal affairs, but I think you oughta know that Marg is playin around with a John by the name of Patsy Mac Donald. You know me Mike. I'm for mindin my own biz, but when a married dame like Marg is steppin high, wide an furious with some other punk when shes hooked up to a good egg like you its time you was tipped off to get hep to yourself. This tomatoes been frolicin around her ever since you took the tub to France an if you ask me it looks like a short order of romance that means no good. Now dont you think for a minute I'm goin Meow, because I aint. I just got your interest at heart an dont want to see no bust up. Funs fun, but when a big shot the likes of you keeps his wife in manicures with nothin more on her skull than havin her waves set, its time Marg got wise to herself. It seems to me the *more* a guy does for *some* dames the *worser* they treat him. Its a gift.

I dont know much about this sap, but I had him pegged for a wrong number the second I lamped him. Last week, as luck would have it, I run into the two of em at the Sneak Inn. Thats a doody speak three miles from town where me an me Hope and Steady go haywire of a Saturday night. Its a dimly lighted hide-away where the customers get lit.

Well, as I'm lookin around the room, who does I see parked in a booth but Marg herself,—big as life an twice as nifty—hoistin pink back-car-dees like they was a dime a dozen. Gees I coulda swooned. With her was this

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


THATS THE OLD GAG SHE'S PULLIN! HER OLD MAN FOLDED UP THE DAY GRANT TOOK RICHMOND.
TUT-TUT, NOW!
OH, I'D BE THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD IF I COULD ONLY PAY PAPA'S BILL AT THE SANITARIUM!
AT TEN CENTS A WHIRL, THIS IS HEAVEN!

When the saxy department broke into I Got Rythm, Marg an the boy friend fell into a clinch.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

blue orbed playboy tearin a lobster limb from limb. At first I was all for anklin over an givin her the cheerio, but on second thought I was afraid I'd gum the fun so what does I do but park the hips an watch the merriment.

Well, when the saxy department broke into I Got Rythm, Marg an the boy friend fell into a passionate clinch that led into a heavenly whirl. Brother can that *guy dance?* Hot zig! He shakes a wow an wickid ballroom an what I mean! Honest, I coulda laughed out loud to see the innocent little country frail from Mootch Chump goin waa-waa in a night club. And was she dressed up! My Gawd, she had on a tight fittin satin creation that woulda made a flock of near sighted Swedes toss her the Noble Prize.

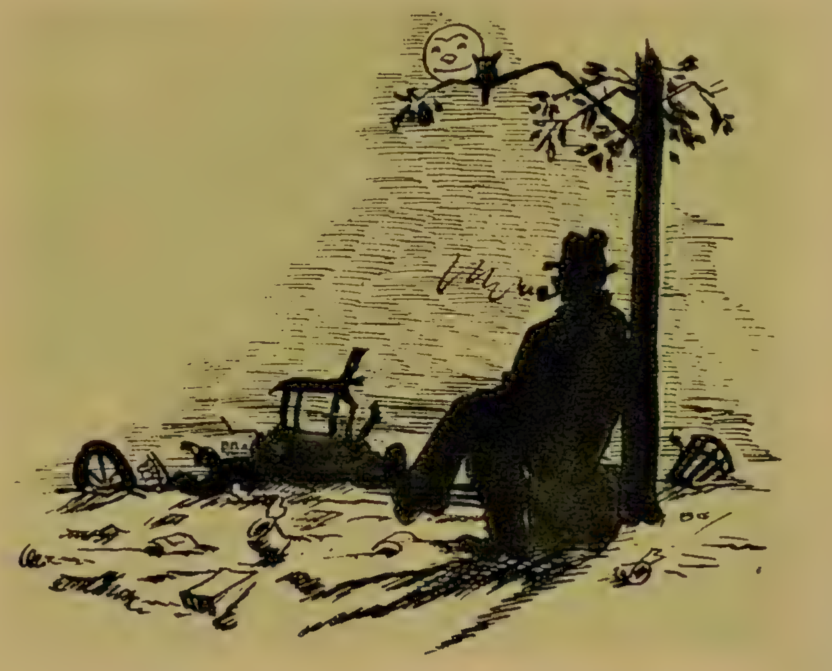
If you take my tip Mike, youll give the situation a blow and above all please dont let on I tipped the mit because Marg wouldnt understand, an besides, shes a friend of mine.

Your pal,
MINNIE

So thats the game, eh Marg? While I'm away slavin, youre out whirlin a boy friend eh? Let me tell you one thing Kid, right here an now, if I ever get my lunch hooks on that high powered cheater youre playin around with his mother wont know him from an order of cold cuts an I dont mean perhaps. I shoulda known better than pick a hick like you when a swell guy like me coulda had *any dame* in Hollywood. Why, they was standin in line waitin for me, no foolin, but what did *I* do but fall for *you* like a ton of bricks, hook, line, sinker, bate-box, dock an half the salmon factory. Holy mackrel what a sap *I* was!

Why, if it hadn't been for *me* youd still be siftin ashes and hangin out red flannel night shirts in your old ladys back yard. Who wised you up an showed you how to dress? Who did? *ME,* thats who! When I seen you foist you couldn't even talk english. I learned you, thats who. Yeah an another thing, if it hadnt been fer me youd still be wrappin up hair nets an rock candy in Main Streets Busy Bee. I laugh, an now to hear *youre* puttin on the dog an goin against the night clubs slays me.

Whos this guy from Hollywood anyway? A Roodie Vallee or Gary Cooper? I suppose hes been giving you the old army blast about stickin you in the movies? Tellin you how good lookin you are an all that apple gravy about how he could crash you for a row of Mazdas. I laugh! Listen Kid, you couldn't even make first base on a motorcycle when it comes to actin. Say, if youre no better than when I ketched you playin East Lynn you wouldnt as much as get by the gate of the lispies, not you! I shoulda known better than to get hooked up with a dame that wanted to go Hollywood instead of stickin to her knittin. It serves me right for pickin out a good looker instead of a panik with brains.



An your old man! Look at the swell job I kissed him into!

WHY, you owe *everything* to *me* for what you got today. Yes, an your old man too! How do you like that? If it hadnt a bin for *me,* he'd still be polishin bells in them ten cent flats. Look at the swell job I kissed him into,—night watchman on a garbage dump,—why he didnt know what a soft job was till he got that! Yeah, an manys the time I greased the judge to get him outer tha cooler after he'd been lushed for a week. I guess you ferget all that, dont you? Believe me, if he ever gets pinched again he'll look like one of them guys from the house of David before I get him out.

Yeah, an not only that, but look what I did for your old lady? Remember the cold night her pipes froze up? If it wasnt for *me* gettin out in the middle of the night an wakin the doctor she'd be through now an you know it.

Yes, an what did I do for that banana split of a brother of yours? Why that dizzy dope didnt know what it was all about. Wasnt it me that made him marry the chinee girl? Sure I saved you an your whole family from scandal and bein wrote up in the Mootch Chump Headache, didnt I? And what about the big surprize party New Years night when your old lady was puttin on the Ritzy flash for the neighbors. You remember? They was no more than seated at the table than the big installment gorrilla from the furniture house moved in an wanted to move out the dining room set. Yeah, an who did the big thing by tellin the neighbors it was all a mistake—*me*—thats who did. And who threw the big stiff outer the window? Me of course, it was always *me.* Sure, Ive been the fall guy for yer whole family long enough.

Now listen here Good Lookin, if I hear any more about you prancing around with this blue eyed movie chisler, theres goin to be some hell poppin in Cal-i-for-ne-a! And as for this Patsy MacDonald, theyll be measurin him for a wooden overcoat as soon as I get back.

Yours truly
MIKE SHEA

DEAR MIKE,—
Listen Simple, whats all this funny noise youre makin about my boy friend? Throttle down Kid, youll be takin off. On the up and up youre goin scenario.

For crimp sake it looks like youre gettin peeved because I'm enjoyin myself. Well, thats just too bad. The first thing you know I'll be keepin it up an makin you feel worse.

I suppose I should be bathin dishes an knittin hook rugs while youre over in Paris whirling some gorgeous false alarm all over the boulevard? You would! I should sit in the kitchen an age? Swell! Just watch me!

Listen Bozo, Ive stood *your* nonsence an wise cracks long enough, from now on this Kid is goin to be decoratin the rear seats of snooty straight eights an clutterin up the night clubs, get me? Who are you to be tellin me where to head in? Say, if it wasnt for *me* youd still be moppin up floors in Dugans lush joint.

Who made you, slaved for you an staked you to your first decent job? *I* did! an what did it ever get me? Nothin but two closets and bath an a flock of wrinkles, thats what! Why you poor sap, you must think youre Gods gift to women. If you ask me they give you the giggle an *plenty!* From now on its me an Marg. I'm gettin myself a job an a pay roll of my own an if you dont like it you can glide up an alley.

As for my new boy friend, I advise you to go easy. Hes a *regular guy* an *square shooter* an when it comes to *you* measurin *him,*—read this!!!

"PATSY" MACDONALD STOPS IRON WORKER IN THIRD

Clever Boxer Packs Wicked Right

Hollywood Stadium, Cal.,—"Patsy" MacDonald, gentleman boxer and new heavyweight find, knocked "Harlems' Steam Hammer" for a sleeping powder in last night's bout . . .

Well Mike, if its alright with you, I'll have a coffa cupee an a cheesa peascake,—wishin you the same,

As ever
MARGE

P. S. Any more wise cracks outer you an Reno will have another customer while I'm learnin to gamble.

Further developments in this mix up will appear in an early issue.

Final Prize Winners in Liberty's

$25,000 Game of States

The Fifth Prize

$200

has been awarded to

MRS. W. H. LANGHOFF

who was born on a farm near Warren, Minnesota, and with her family moved to western Canada in 1914, where she became acquainted with Mr. Langhoff upon his return from overseas service in the World War. They were married in 1921. Mrs. Langhoff is of Scandinavian origin and she says that she has inherited from her ancestors the wanderlust of the Vikings. She lives at 695 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Here is the fifth, and final, group of prize winners, completing the announcement of 1,540 awards amounting to $25,000.

Winners of $25 Prizes

Hubon N. Anderson, Conroe, Texas; **George Berggreen**, Sauk Center, Minn.; **Louis Bloom**, Philadelphia, Pa.; **C. Ridgely Brown**, Boston, Mass.; **Louise D. Bullock**, Kansas City, Mo.; **F. W. Carran**, Boston, Mass.; **Johanna Dathe**, Dallas, Texas; **Walter F. Druzik**, Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Ruth Wilson Forney**, Washington, D. C.; **E. A. Gongwer**, Washington, D. C.; **L. Malcolm Graham**, Washington, D. C.; **William Grey**, Pittsburgh, Pa.; **William T. Howard**, Excelsior Springs, Mo.; **Frank F. Ittner**, Columbia Heights, Minn.; **Ruth M. Kershner**, Rutherford, N. J.; **Arthur W. Kunz**, St. Louis, Mo.; **Lucretia Litchfield**, Norfolk, Va.; **George L. McLear**, West Chester, Pa.; **Cortland H. Meader**, Detroit, Mich.; **Maureen Moss**, Detroit, Mich.; **Helen B. Pavek**, Hopkins, Minn.; **Joseph Peichl**, Jefferson, Wis.; **Martha Ragsdale**, San Antonio, Texas; **Wm. E. Seitz**, Philadelphia, Pa.; **Harold J. Stanton**, Milwaukee, Wis.; **John L. Thompson**, Lynchburg, Va.; **Samuel H. Watson, Jr.**, Audubon, N. J.; **Rudolph P. Wilde**, Milwaukee, Wis.; **John E. Zak**, Passaic, N. J.; **Georgia Zinkgraf**, Sheboygan, Wis.

Winners of $10 Prizes

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia—Fairfax Bateman, Ann Bowyer, Jack Bruskin, Joseph M. Chidester, Robert M. Cotter, Warren B. Davis, M.D., Jack S. Fingerhut, Arthur G. Fisher, Mrs. G. M. Fritsch, H. R. Gosnell, Johanna Grachek, Chas. N. Graeber, Mrs. Violet Grigal, James J. Hagan, Mrs. George Lewis Harvey, Morris Horwitz, Edward H. Kane, George Kienzle, Jr., A. Ralston Leech, Helen Loeffler, Dorothy K. Lyon, Ray McDonnell, John T. Mottershead, A. B. Myers, George Elwood Prince, Karl G. Reher, Harry Rosenblatt, Charles Sokolove, S. C. Stewart, James Taylor, Frank Tybeskey, James H. Wallace, A. Eugene Weber, R. A. Wilkinson, Grace B. Williams.

Pittsburgh—Harry Forster, Ralph H. Frank, William A. Jones, James Kirley, J. J. Luffy, John P. O'Reilly, C. V. Reid, Emil L. Schmidt, Delphin Treiber, Clair J. Wagner, Andrew L. Wambaugh.

Erie—Mrs. E. J. Gilbert, Walter R. Kissman, Edward Roesch.

Harrisburg—Carl L. Brindle, Jr., Roger S. Care, Paul H. Hope.

Reading—S. Lewis Spadaford, Jr.

Scranton—Howard W. Melville, Robert E. Schoeps.

Allentown—Ruby Weidner.

Chester—J. Vincent Blasioli, Samuel M. Brown.

Johnstown—Kenneth Axmacher.

Altoona—Fannie Magee, W. Elwood Riley, Harriett G. Seeds.

Rest of State—Martha Louise Adams, Punxsutawney; Richard J. Bauer, St. Marys; Chas. H. Beeman, Lansdale; Edith L. Bright, Glen Olden; Mrs. Marjorie M. Brown, Upper Darby; Eleanora C. Buelow, Willow Grove; A. E. Coatsworth, Wilmerding; Thomas L. Cook, Homestead; Howard D. Crawford, New Cumberland; Ray Cunningham, Connellsville; Warren S. Davis, Pottstown; Frances Downing, Ardmore; Helen R. Ebeling, New Castle; Carl Ehrgott, Bethlehem; Billy Engel, Sewickley; Jay F. Ettlinger, McKeesport; Anna Feeney, Plymouth; Mrs. W. P. Fisher, Schuylkill Haven; J. F. Fritzinger, Mauch Chunk; Charles R. Furl, Jersey Shore; George S. Halbleib, Mount Joy; Isabel Jones, New Castle; James A. Kelley, Upper Darby; Edward H. King, Butler; Erwin R. Kohl, Easton; Joseph F. Kulhavick, Shenandoah; Charles K. Lanterman, East Stroudsburg; Guy C. McCurdy, Kittanning; M. Jane McGinnis, Lancaster; Elsie J. Maloney, St. Davids; George R. Mauser, Bethlehem; Ansel B. Miller, Springs; Mrs. John F. Murray, Pottsville; M. F. Ocker, Mauch Chunk; Frank J. Percy, Alden; Chas. Pollock, Narberth; Mrs. Frank J. Reeves, Drexel Hill; Louise B. Roberts, Chambersburg; Elizabeth G. Schlippert, Williamsport; G. R. Schultz, Wilkes-Barre; Chas. T. Schwab, Sharon; Geo. O. Sheibley, Springfield; Horace T. Smedley, Narberth; Karl Steding, Wilkes-Barre; Neil Henry Tasker, Shamokin; Robert Stanley Tucker, Easton; Louise Wetherill, Roxborough; Wayne Wetherill, Roxborough; Erma F. Wilhelm, Easton; John J. Yoch, Hazleton.

TEXAS

Houston—Mrs. M. D. Angle, B. H. Flynne, Joe B. Haley, Frances Morgan, William Salman, Mac Shannon, Stacy D. Webb.

Dallas—Mrs. H. S. Bonney, Mrs. Fred L. Bradley, Ralph S. Cowdrey, J. V. Hardy, H. M. Josey, Mrs. H. P. Parker, Mrs. M. Scheving.

San Antonio—Arthur H. Hynes, Marcella Kurts, W. H. Patterson, Travis Wood.

Fort Worth—Mrs. J. C. Maguire, Blanche L. Muskin, Nellie H. Shirer.

El Paso—Mrs. Mary Dunlap, J. B. Twyman, Mrs. Lydia H. Ward, Mrs. Helen Washburn.

Galveston—Mrs. E. R. Guess, Mrs. Daisy Dean Marcoulides.

Rest of State—Velma Aldridge, Beaumont; Anthony M. Battaglia, Crystal City; Marian Bedford, Brownwood; Lindsey E. Dublin, Jr., Brownwood; Mrs. J. R. Fitzgerald, Harlingen; H. M. Galbraith, Belton; Charles Keirsey, Wichita Falls; Mrs. C. B. Ligon, Midland; Mrs. J. S. Lock, Van; W. H. Manning, Del Rio; Mrs. F. B. Mashburn, Wichita Falls; Mrs. D. C. Mast, Nacogdoches; Mrs. L. K. Ory, Abilene; Thelma Lee Potter, Mineral Wells; R. L. Thomas, Lubbock; Carroll H. Todd, Greenville; Russell D. Weekley, Borger; Mrs. Jessie Wells, Doucette; Mrs. W. B. White, Grandview; Mary Ruth Wilson, College Station.

VIRGINIA

Norfolk—Edith G. Belote, Virginia H. Brown, Mrs. William Cary Hanckel, E. W. Nelson.

Richmond—R. M. Conwell, Katherine C. McGuire, William C. Smith.

Roanoke—Henry C. Bailey, Elizabeth Meador, Mrs. F. T. Tiemeyer.

Rest of State—George T. Broski, Dumbarton; Benjamin S. Mitchell, Charlottesville; John L. Ramsey, Rocky Mount; P. C. Wright, Louisa.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—Eleanor K. Banner, Mrs. Herbert G. Gebhardt, Wallis W. Graham, R. H. Greene, Malvin Heller, Ernst Jung, Earl M. Manke, H. P. Nelson, Carrie Pashelles, Frances Schwab, John Wesley Shelhammer.

Madison—Elizabeth McKnight, T. N. Racheff.

Racine—Frieda Calhoon, Mrs. Fred T. Hotz.

Rest of State—Justin P. Baukus, West Allis; Dolly I. Bigler, Beloit; Anna Brack, Marinette; Harriet M. Brown, Lakemills; Mabel Colton, Sheboygan; Ruth Irene Frank, Wausau; Mrs. Wm. Gardner, Fond du Lac; Clara Heiss, Appleton; Violet Gay Holt, Elkhorn; Mrs. Mayme A. Kinsella, Janesville; Florence Keating Spoerl, Appleton; June Wakeman, Waukesha; Tom J. Wardingle, Lake Geneva.

Turn Fat to Vim

Doctors Do That For *Millions* Nowadays

Modern science has found that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland's secretion is intended to turn food into fuel and energy. When that gland is weak, too much food goes to fat. So doctors, the world over, in treating obesity, now supply the lacking factor. Then more food goes to energy and heat.

That is the greatest reason why excess fat has been disappearing so rapidly in late years. The starvation method has been superseded by a scientific method.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this new method at its best. A world-famous laboratory prepares them for people who do not consult physicians on this abnormal condition. People have used Marmola for 24 years, in Europe and America—millions of boxes of it. Now you see around you, in every circle, the results you would like to get.

Go learn what Marmola means to you, not only in reduction, but in new beauty, health and vigor. Friends all about you will advise this, and show you the delightful results.

The way to start is to ask your druggist for a $1 box of Marmola. In the box you will find the formula and a very instructive book. Don't delay. Don't use harsh and foolish methods. Do what modern doctors do. Then, when you gain the desired results, please tell your friends. If all the over-fat will do that, we shall have slender figures everywhere.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

A UTILITY STEEL ECONOMY CABINET

For conveniently holding cancelled checks, catalogues, office materials and stock.

BUILT ENTIRELY OF STEEL

Lacquered dark olive green.

27 drawers 12"x9"x3" inside. Case 31¼"x14¼"x37¼".

$12.50 SPECIAL

Shipping weight 120 lbs Attach check and mail.

HOBART CABINET CO., TROY, OHIO

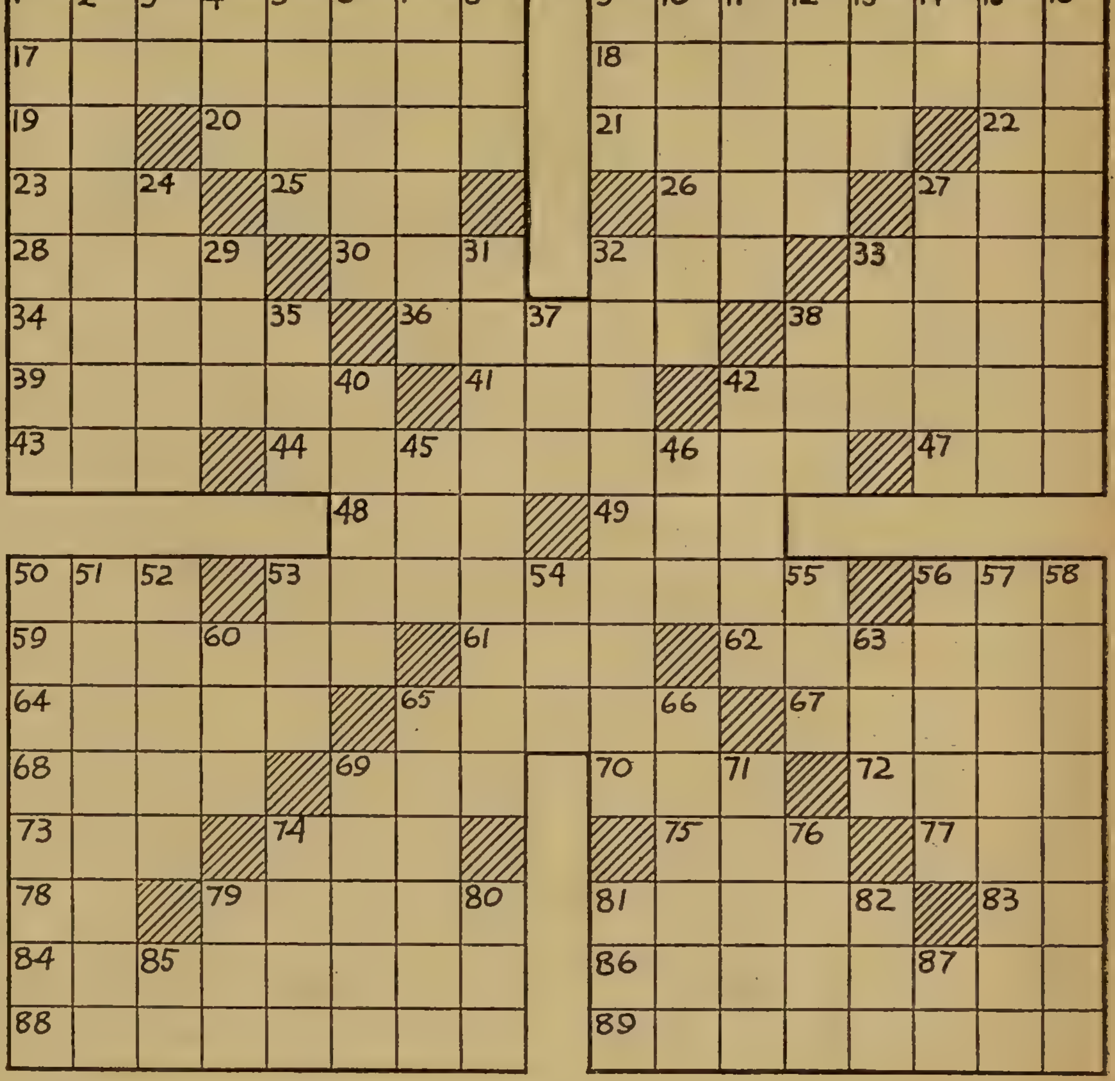
Corns

for Soft Corns
TWO KINDS
for Hard Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. **FREE SAMPLE.** Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1629 Locust. St Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

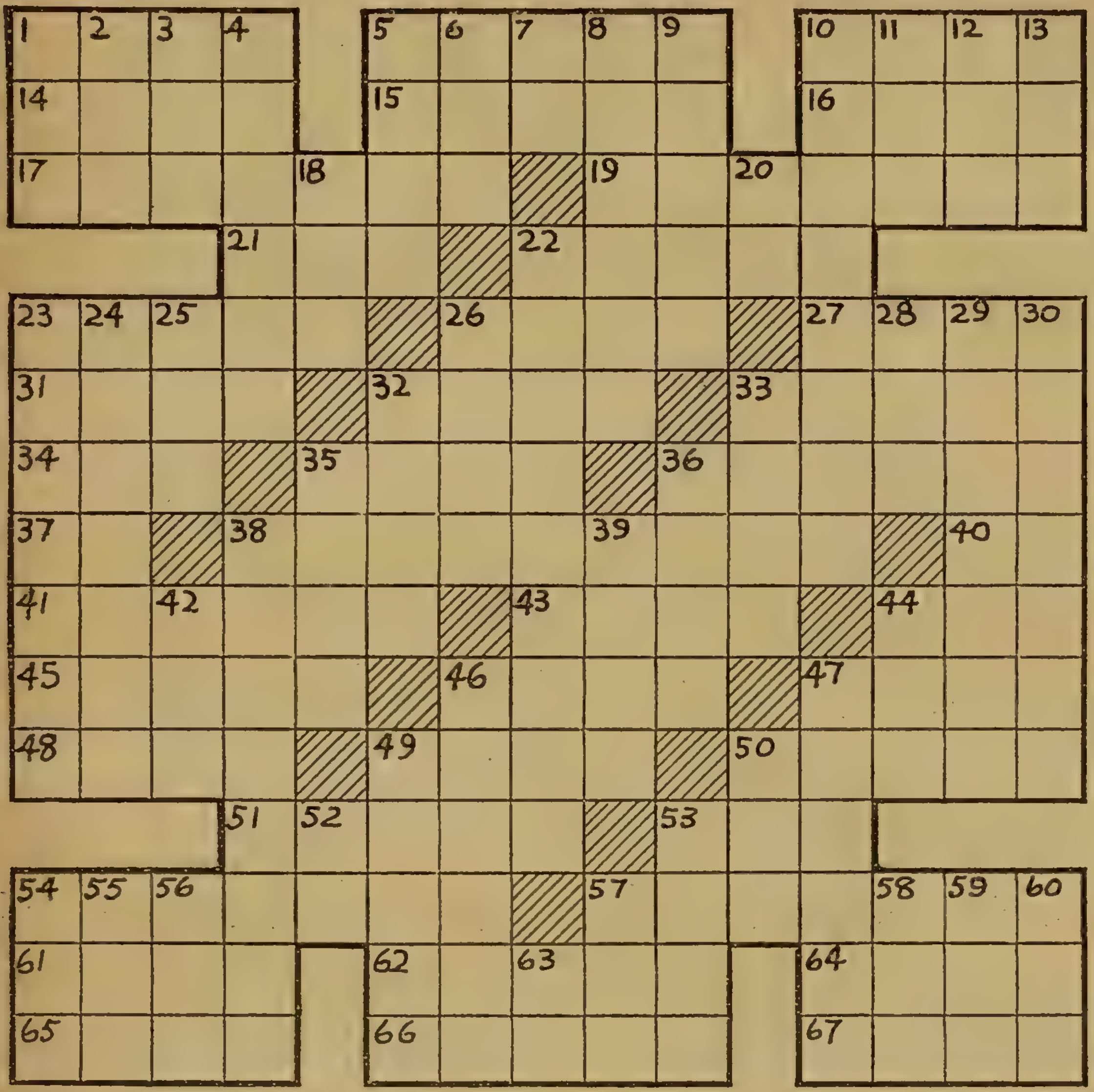
1 Coarsest
9 Institution for medical treatment
17 Repudiate
18 Animal of the deer kind
19 While
20 Embankment
21 Rotate rapidly
22 Bone
23 Obscure
25 Measure of weight
26 Insect
27 An equine
28 Employs
30 An assent
32 Annoy
33 Silent
34 A character in Greek mythology
36 Exhaust
38 One who worships false gods
39 Sounded in short rapid blasts
41 One hundred thousand rupees
42 To appoint as an agent
43 Bird of prey
44 The horse-radish
47 A color
48 Corrode
49 A breed of dog
50 Measure of length
53 Having all or many degrees of power (optics)
56 Feminine personal name
59 Eluded
61 Nave of a wheel
62 Tabulations
64 Supported bar for lifting weight
65 An antelope
67 Benefits
68 Ireland
69 A fish
70 Terminus
72 A molding
73 Deed
74 Salt
75 Procure
77 To stray from the correct path
78 In such manner
79 A month
81 The eyelashes
83 By
84 To cause to lose flesh
86 To precede in time
88 Insane
89 Inferred and reached conclusions

VERTICAL

1 Divide into regular steps or grades
2 Device providing resistance for electric current
3 Preposition
4 A note of the diatonic scale
5 Fat
6 An emissary
7 Divisions of a drama
8 A mound
9 Headgear
10 Forward
11 Stench
12 Saucy
13 Diseased
14 Toward
15 Traitorous
16 Diminished
24 A fruit
27 To foretell
29 Perched
31 Daubed
32 Unable
33 Plan
35 Body of water
37 Attention
38 Edible seed
40 Fearful apprehension of danger
42 Numerical symbol
45 Humanity
46 Reduce in price
50 Set free from restraint or confinement
51 To surmount, as a difficulty
52 Hoisting device
53 By
54 Regret
55 Vehicle
56 Funeral oration
57 Regard with reverential respect
58 Declared
60 Lair
63 To hoot at
65 Mannerly
66 Motor
69 Measure of weight for gems
71 A letter of the Greek alphabet
74 Whirl
76 Bonds
79 Playing card
80 Guided or conducted in a certain course
81 Vehicle adapted to the rails of a railroad
82 Commotion
85 A form of to be
87 One indefinitely

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 To cause to bow, stoop, or yield
5 Not bright, or loud, or forcible
10 The place where anything is
14 City in Neosho County, Kansas
15 To change in one or more respects
16 To make entreaty or supplication
17 To lessen reputation; to derogate
19 Tinged with the color of rose
21 Ill temper
22 A fruit
23 An implement of the shovel kind
26 The son of Kish, and first king of Israel
27 Defy
31 A panel
32 Platform
33 Bring to a horizontal position, as a gun
34 Craft
35 To form in a lathe
36 Pertaining to grain
37 Pronoun
38 Act of turning on an axis (plural)
40 A letter of the Greek alphabet
41 A minute distinction or detail
43 Coin of East India
44 Tear
45 Irregularly notched as if eaten away
46 Comminuted
47 Part of a telescope
48 Overmastering wrath
49 Inclosure for a domestic animal (plural)
50 Shelf, as of rock
51 Indulges in an excess of luxury
53 To come into possession of
54 A college official in England
57 A table-land
61 Part performed by an actor in a drama
62 Serving to inspire fear, as of ghosts
64 Give out
65 Difference in favor of one as against another
66 Hang in folds
67 To control the will and actions of

VERTICAL

1 Small plot of ground under cultivation
2 Sooner than
3 Immature insect
4 Turn to ridicule or make sport of
5 Effrontery; cheek
6 Octave above the treble staff in music
7 Pronoun
8 A sea god in Greek mythology
9 Song sung in parts successively
10 Spendthrifts
11 Masculine personal name
12 A people dwelling on the southwest shores of the Caspian Sea
13 Stare; gaze
18 A metric measure
20 Thus
22 Supports, sustains, or upholds
23 Mature female fish
24 Root of a plant used as a diuretic
25 Insect
26 Woman's name
28 Salutation
29 Harvesting
30 Oval
32 Any assigned service or business
33 A town in Stephenson County, Illinois
35 Carry
36 Strobile
38 Defers the determination of
39 Hostelries
42 Gear-wheel tooth
44 One of the primary colors
46 Shackle
47 Missive
49 Placed in a fixed position for the sake of effect
50 Grassland
52 A satellite of Jupiter
53 Ecstasy
54 For the affirmative side
55 Measure of length
56 Aged
57 Contagious disease of fowls
58 A bird
59 To be ill
60 One of a tribe of American Indians
63 Egyptian deity

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Give him Sunlight—
BUT—
Not

SUNBURN

Every progressive mother knows what an important part sunlight plays in building strong bones and sound teeth. It is also important to know how easily you can save the child's tender skin from the cruel ravages of sunburn.

Expose your baby's body to the sun short periods daily. Immediately after, apply Mentholatum. This saves the youngster from blistering and pain. In jars and tubes, 30c. Three times as much in large jars, 60c.

RELIEVES PRICKLY HEAT

MENTHOLATUM

Dept. LG Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kan.
Please send me TRIAL TUBE of Mentholatum.
Enclosed is 4c to cover mailing cost.

Name

Address

How To Keep Your DOG WELL

GLOVER'S Condition Pills
Liquid Iron Tonic and Laxative Pills to keep up a good condition.

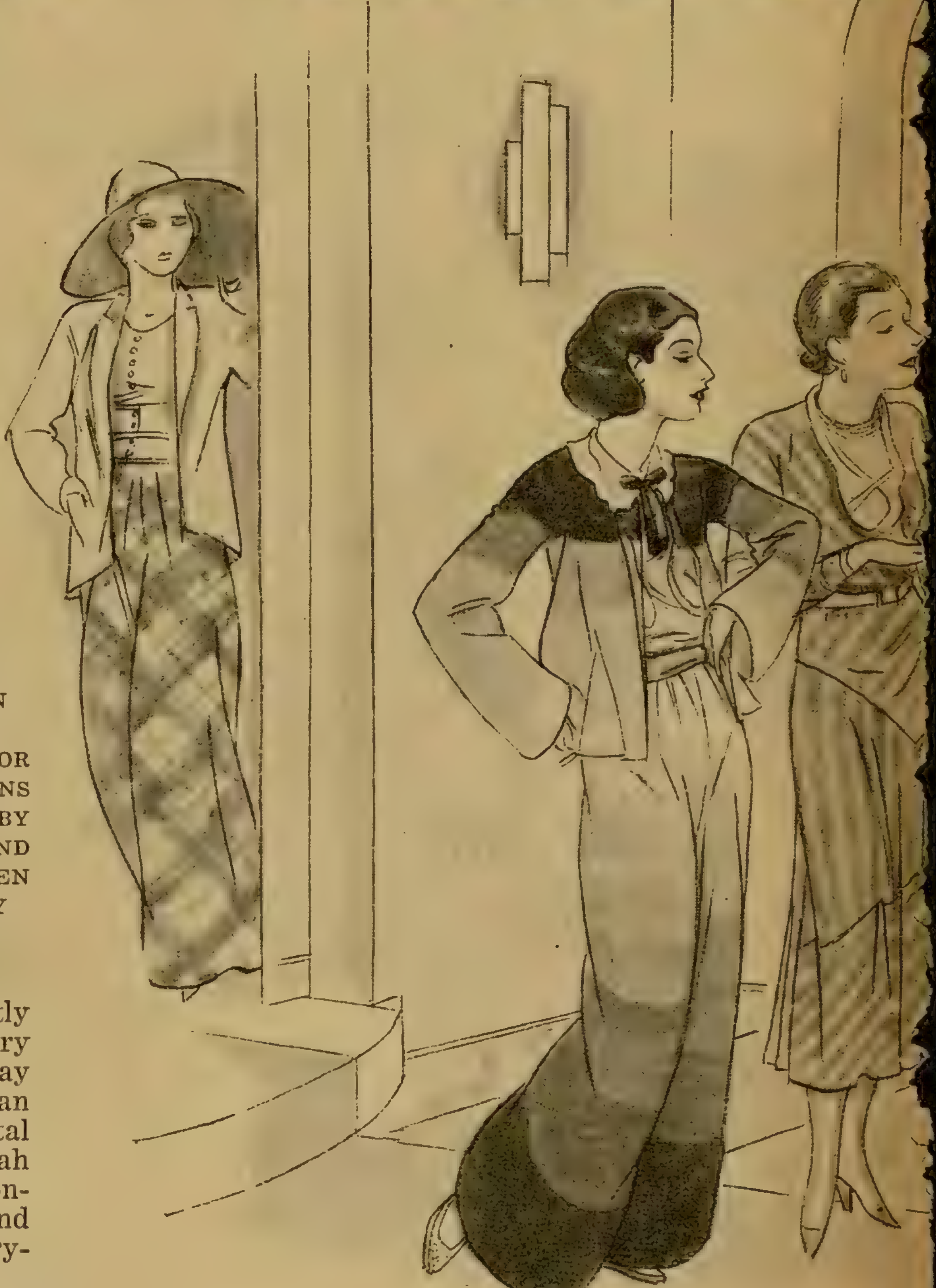
GLOVER'S Round Worm Vermifuge or Round Worm Capsules. Use either of these regularly to raise thrifty puppies.

Sold at Pet Shops, Drug Stores, Department and Sporting Goods Stores.

FREE valuable, illustrated book on the treatment and feeding of dogs;—Write

GLOVER'S
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SHOW GIRL



(Reading time: 16 minutes.)

TEDDY PAGE, of the multimillionaire Pages, shocks high society by marrying Dixie Dugan, a film star. They make a honeymoon trip to Europe and arrive in Paris. In Dixie's mind the voyage is a gay blur of champagne parties, Teddy chasing le Mégot, a dancer, and the Prince Pochito chasing her. While she is wondering if Teddy really loves her, Teddy wires le Mégot to expect him in London.

PART FIVE—HONEYMOON FOR ONE

TELEGRAMME VIA RADIO-FRANCE

MRS TEDDY PAGE LONDON
HOTEL RITZ PARIS

DREADFULLY SORRY DARLING BUT AM DELAYED HERE FOR COUPLE OF DAYS ON STUPID BUSINESS ONE OF THE OLD MANS IMPORTANT ENGLISH RACKETS CANT EXPLAIN IN DETAIL BY WIRE BUT WILL TELEPHONE YOU SIX OCLOCK TONIGHT AND WILL HURRY BACK TO YOU SOON AS I POSSIBLY CAN OR EVEN SOONER ALL MY LOVE MY LITTLE CABBAGE TEDDY

• • • • •

(From the Daily Mail, Continental Edition)

The Kit Kat Club is a popular place these days, partly because of the sensational vogue of le Mégot, the fiery little *apache*, and her partner, Marcel, but also one may get a glimpse here of an unusual number of Indian princes who always bring a certain amount of Oriental brilliance to our sombre London scene. The Maharajah of Rajpipla and the Tika-Rajah of Kapurthala are constant visitors, as well as Prince Damrong of Siam and the lovely little Princess Takamatsu, who has won everyone's heart.

The last two or three nights have been enlivened by the effervescent eccentricities of one of America's most colorful playboys, young Teddy Page, only son and heir of W. K. Page, international industrialist and banker.

• • • • •

Hotel Ritz, Paris.

NITA DARLING,

Teddy is still over in London on some important business his father cabled him about so I've had to go ahead with my shopping but fortunately the Prince has been so charming and helpful that I have been getting along just wonderful. He seems to know everybody and every place in Paris and I've been letting him take me around because I certainly can't go around by myself and besides he can just walk right into those big dress houses where the average person needs a card of introduction or a letter from your ambassador or something.

Teddy was going to take me over to Mary Novitsky who makes the smartest pyjamas in the world but he had to go to London so I went with the Prince who sent me flowers and an invitation to lunch the same day. Well, Nita, you'll curl right up in a tight ball when you see the beach costume I got, solid cork shoes and hat and suit and everything to match.

I sat in the little showroom on the second floor while mannequins paraded by in pyjamas for beach and street and formal pyjamas for dining believe it or not.

One ensemble I couldn't resist. It has blue chiffon velvet trousers and jacket. The tuck-in blouse is of two shades of blue, the yoke midnight and the bottom French blue. The trousers start at the cuff with a four-inch band of midnight blue followed by one of royal, followed by a lighter band grading up to pale blue.

Also I bought a yellow bathing suit with a blue geometric design in front and blue linen pyjamas to go with it with trousers fitting tight around the hips and bell shaped at the ankles, a blue and yellow hat and blue and yellow cork shoes and a yellow leather container for beach oil with a strap going over your shoulder just like field glasses.

And she had some of the cutest separate trunks to wear over your one-piece bathing suit although I hear some places you don't have to wear anything but the trunks. I wanted to start with just a beach ensemble but the Prince made me go ahead and buy some pyjamas for afternoon wear and evening too saying that girls went to formal dinners and casino dances in the Riviera in pyjamas and Novitsky said it was true and she was beginning to regret that she started the pyjama vogue because women were wearing them everywhere now even to the theater and the opera although you really wouldn't know some of them were pyjamas, Nita, the trousers are so full they look more like divided skirts.

Well, I finally relaxed and went crazy and when I got back to the hotel and totaled it all up I found I had spent

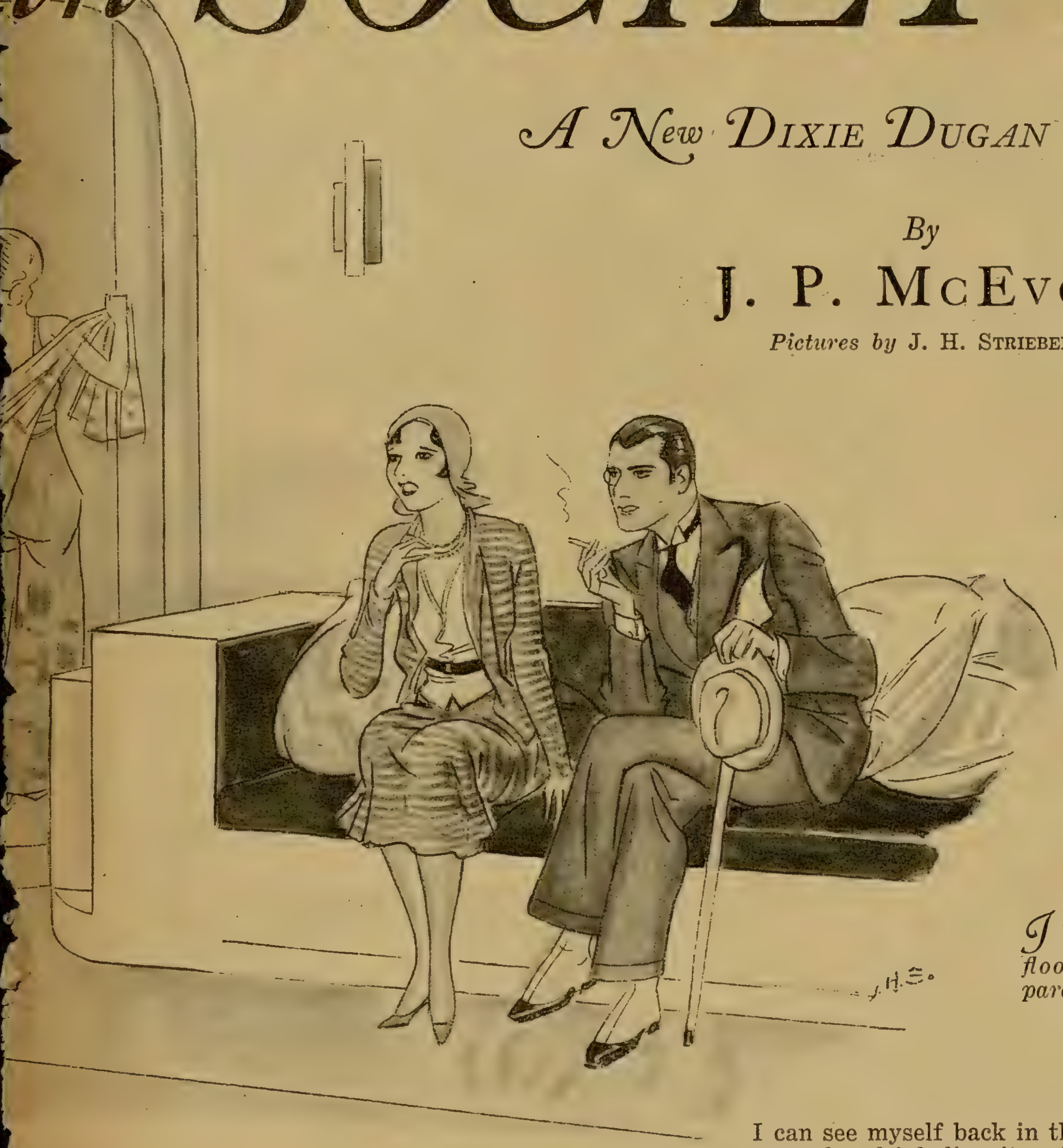
in SOCIETY

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL



I SAT in the little show-room on the second floor while mannequins paraded by in pyjamas.

nearly two thousand dollars of Teddy's money and had six ensembles and a big cork ball with a cocktail set in it the idea being the more you roll the ball on the beach the better the cocktail gets and when you open it up there is a tightly corked thermos in it with four silver cups. Just too bad. Imagine it on Long Beach. Or even at Southampton. I'll slay 'em when I get back to the States.

NOVITSKY is very nice and very clever and was dying to hear all about Hollywood. So was the Prince. So I told them all about what a delightful madhouse it is and she invited the Prince and I to lunch with her the following day at a little restaurant where we sat and ate 78 kinds of *hors d'œuvres* both hot and cold and finished lunch at four o'clock with a special brandy served in huge goblets, called *balons*.

I started to swizzle it right off but the Prince says but no my little barbarian, you must do it this way so he warmed the glass with his hands then he swished the brandy around and around and then leaned over it and said now inhale it and then think about it a while and then sip it and then take a little black coffee and then a sip of brandy. Feature that, Nita, you'd think the way these foreigners drink that they were christening a baby or something but I'm beginning to learn and like it too. I can see myself back in the States swishing cut scotch around and inhaling it and falling over backwards in a dead faint.

Tonight the Prince is taking me to hear Raquel Meller at the Palace. I've always been dying to hear her but not for twenty-five bucks a seat which they charged for her when she came to New York. After the theater the Prince is going to take me to Brick Top's up in Montmartre, a colored night club in the rue Pigalle. Must hurry and dress.

Just got another radio from Teddy in London, says he loves me but can't get back to Paris for a day or two.

Well I'm glad to see he's really getting interested in business. Maybe if he pleases his father on this job it will be the beginning of something really worth while for him when we get back to New York this fall.

Meanwhile he doesn't seem to lack for money. And credit! All you have to say here at the Ritz or at any of the shops is "Page" and they open right up like morning glories and nothing is too good for you. Or too dear either. It would salivate you if you knew how much our three-room suite here costs.

The Prince is horrified at my extravagance. It seems he comes from a very noble family in Rome but they haven't much money. I can't get much out of him about what he was doing in America but he was entertained all over the place and quite a Park Avenue pet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

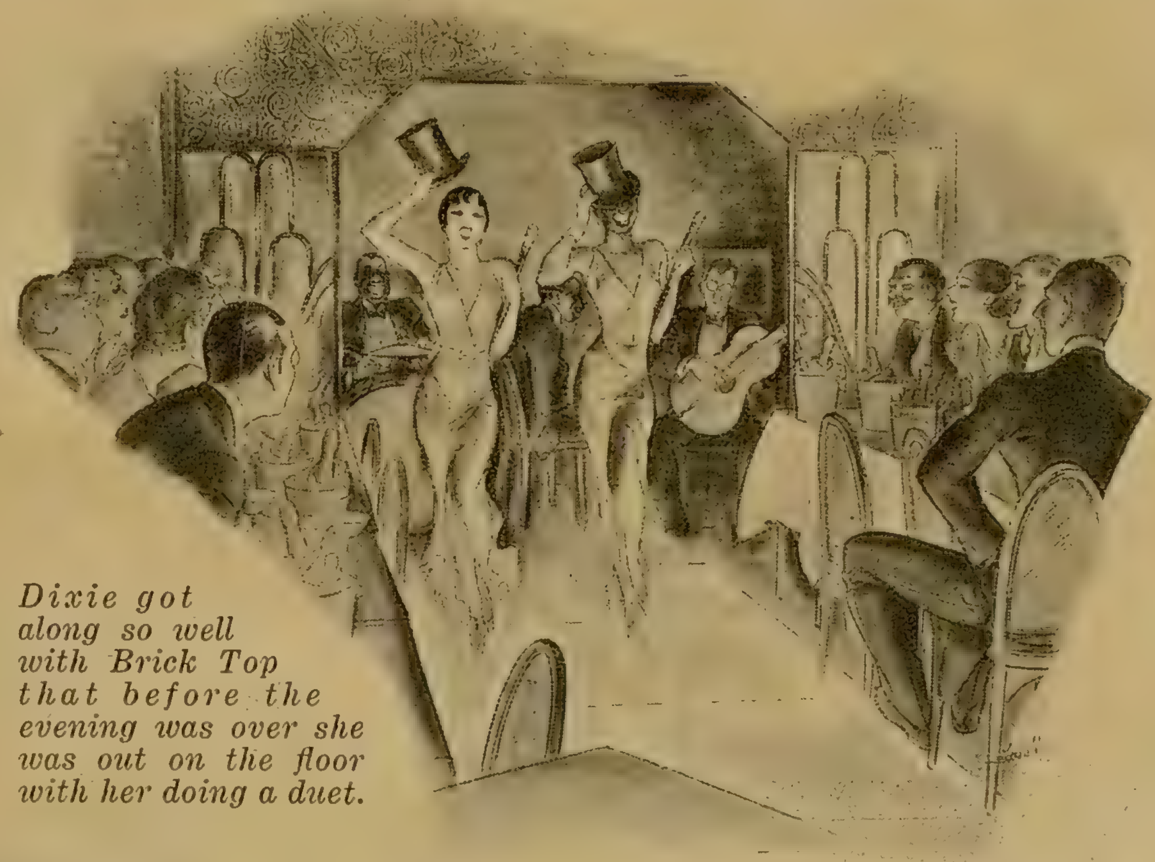
Well I will say he's a fascinating critter and going around Paris with him is an education. Teddy doesn't begin to know what he knows about food and wine and little out-of-the-way restaurants and shops and clothes and cabarets. Just the same I wish Teddy would come back. I can think of several nicer ways of spending a honeymoon than spending it by yourself. DIXIE.

(From Variety)

EUROPEAN CHATTER

By Mike Toohey

What does a Variety mug know about society? says you. Well, there was a time when he couldn't know anything about it except what he read in the society columns. And anyone who thinks that's the real McCoy believes Al Capone is Santa Claus. I hear tell that when Ward McAllister was top-sarge of the old four hundred, newspaper reporters sneaked in the service entrance and were thrown out with the garbage. The bigwigs stayed at home—and try to get in. But now they go out nights like the Joneses and you don't have to move out of your banquette at Brick Top's over here at the rue Pigalle to see the *crème de la crème*, which, when slightly soured, becomes the big cheeses of the upper classes.



Dixie got along so well with Brick Top that before the evening was over she was out on the floor with her doing a duet.

EVER since Cole Porter, who doesn't have to write music for a living, threw a party at Brick Top's for the *haut monde* of Paris and gorged a flock of caviar-bored counts and princesses and marquises with corned beef hash and chicken à la Maryland washed down with champagne, it is quite *de rigueur*—look it up, I did—to pass up the scented sensuousness of Le Bœuf Sur le Toit and Le Grand Ecart for the low-down hot-cha-cha of Brick Top's little bit of Harlem on the hill.

The other night, for example, Bonnie Brae, society's pet party thrower, had twenty or thirty titles, most of them guaranteed not to rub off or turn green, all gathered around the festive board, at someone's expense—not Bonnie's, you may be sure—putting away ham and eggs country style and deep-dish apple pies, while Brick Top strolled around, patting blue-bloods on the back, and singing her own New York-to-Paris version of Mean to Me, which fills the Americans with wonder and convulses the French. Give it a look, but don't tell 'em about it up at 135th Street. Here it is, as near as I could get it down:

Vous êtes méchant avec moi,
Pourquoi chéri,
Vous êtes pas gentil,
Dites moi, ma coco, oui, oui, oui.

Vous désirez, je pleuré tous le jourai,
J'ai resté toute seul dans ma maison,
Parceque vous avez dit vous telephoné, but jamais,
And je reste all alone, chanting the blues and sighing.

Pourquoi vous êtes très froid, ma chérie,
Vous avez raison parceque tous monde regardez,
Vous desirez pour boxez avec moi
Oh, mais non, parceque sa c'est pas un gentilhomme.

Now it must be—
Beaucoup plaisir pour vous
To be méchant avec moi—but you shouldn't
Comme vous avez pas vue
Vous êtes tous le quelque choses pour moi!

At another table looking with round-eyed wonder was Dixie Dugan, who has just got over here but wasn't with her husband already. Don't they learn fast? Her new husband, Teddy Page, is burning up London, so my spies report, so why shouldn't Dixie have a little Prince show her the town?

CAN'T expect her to sit all alone in the Ritz which is used principally by Americans, who go there to be awed by other Americans, who in turn think that the previously mentioned Americans are European nobility, and so are even more in awe of them. The result being they spend their whole stay there in a state of chills and fevers wondering whether they are really on the Cambon side or the Vendôme side—it makes such a difference!—and having the jitters because Olivier, the head waiter, won't speak to them.

It would probably salivate the mugs at home to know that the bulk of so-called American society comes over here each summer to visit the head waiters and the bartenders—those being the only Europeans whom they really know by name and who seem at all glad to see them again.

Oh, I forgot the orchestra leaders. Billy Arnold at Deauville makes many an American's stay there a complete success by smiling at him from the rostrum, or occasionally playing a special number for him and his sweetie—or her and her gig, as the case may be.

So you needn't be surprised to learn that a hearty greeting from Brick Top can make you quite a social success in Paris and the envy of the upper classes. Which is as it should be, for anyone who can come up out of the chorus of Shuffle Along and tell a Vanderbilt she has to sit next to the drums, and like it, has got That Thing.

Had quite a chat with Dixie and her Prince Pio Pochito, which sounds like something by Cecil de Mille, but is real wops, my dear, only Mussolini doesn't like him, which gives him the same in and around Rome that Al Smith has in Georgia.

Dixie got along so well with Brick Top that before the evening was over she was out on the floor with her doing a duet for the party, which immediately fell for her. The last I saw of her Bonnie had adopted her and the Prince, and Dixie was wise-cracking all the assorted titles with great success. Well, I never saw it to fail—any gal who can smack Broadway and lick Hollywood can make the average society dame look like the Kenosha stock company lead playing The First Mrs. Fraser.

Pour Mémoire

Sir Charles et Lady Mendl prient Mlle. Dixie Dugan de leur faire l'honneur de venir dîner chez eux le Jeudi, à 8 hrs. 30.

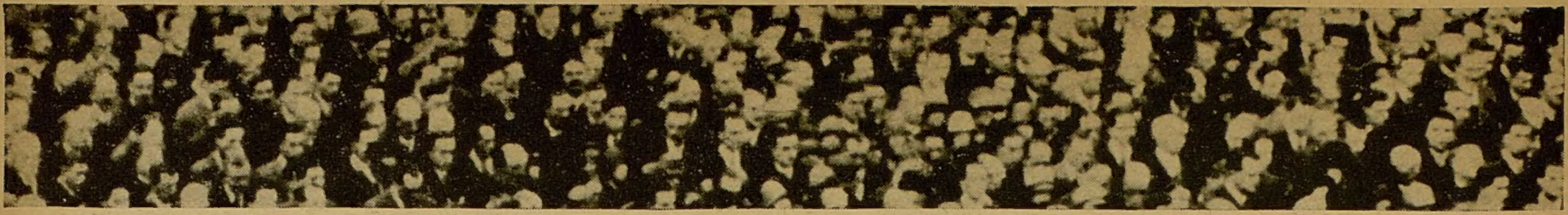
Villa Trianon
57 Boul'd St. Antoine
Versailles (S. & O.)

Hotel Ritz, Paris.

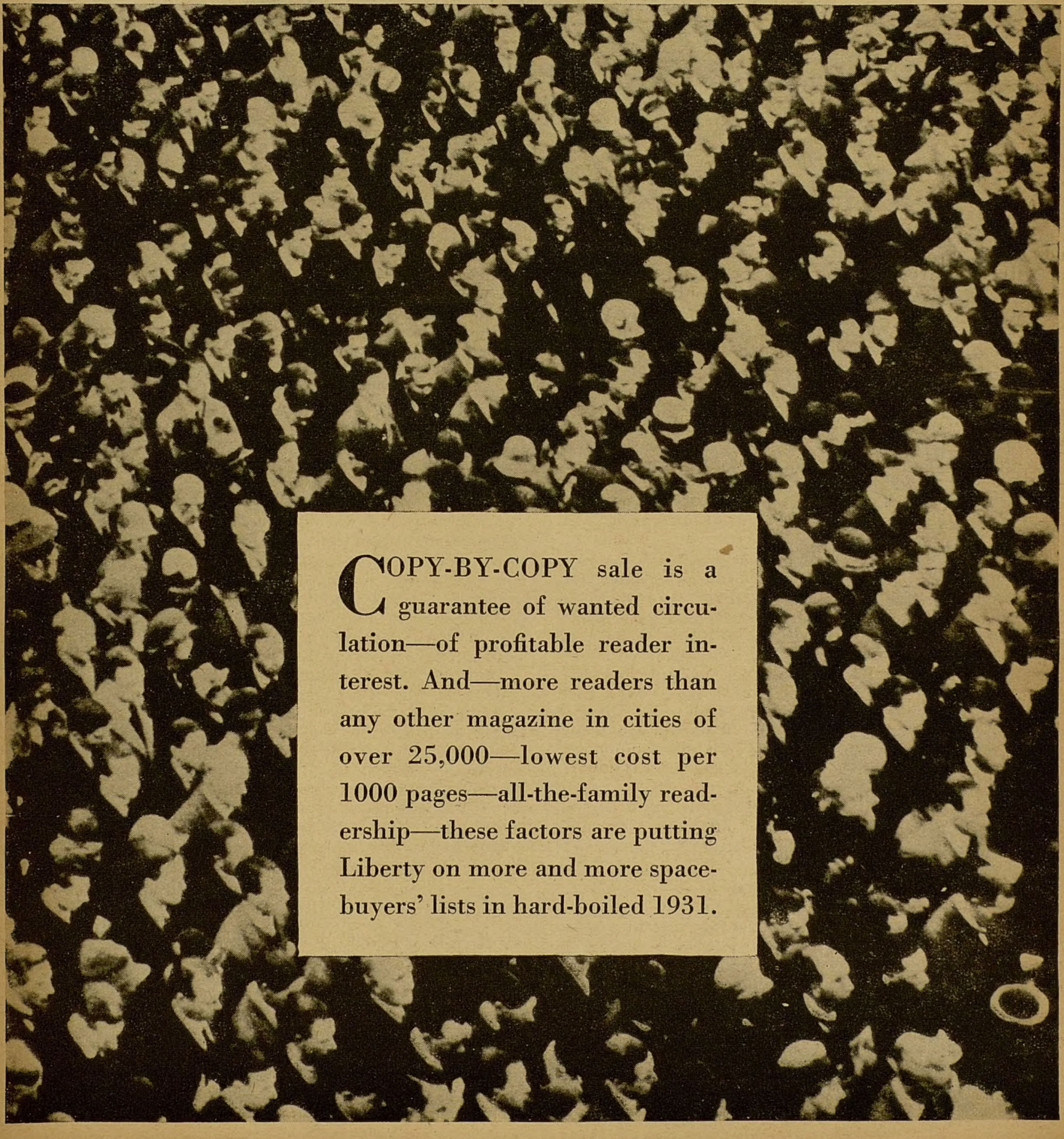
DEAR NITA,

I don't know whether I shall ever speak to you again. I'm really getting too swell. Just a moment while I go

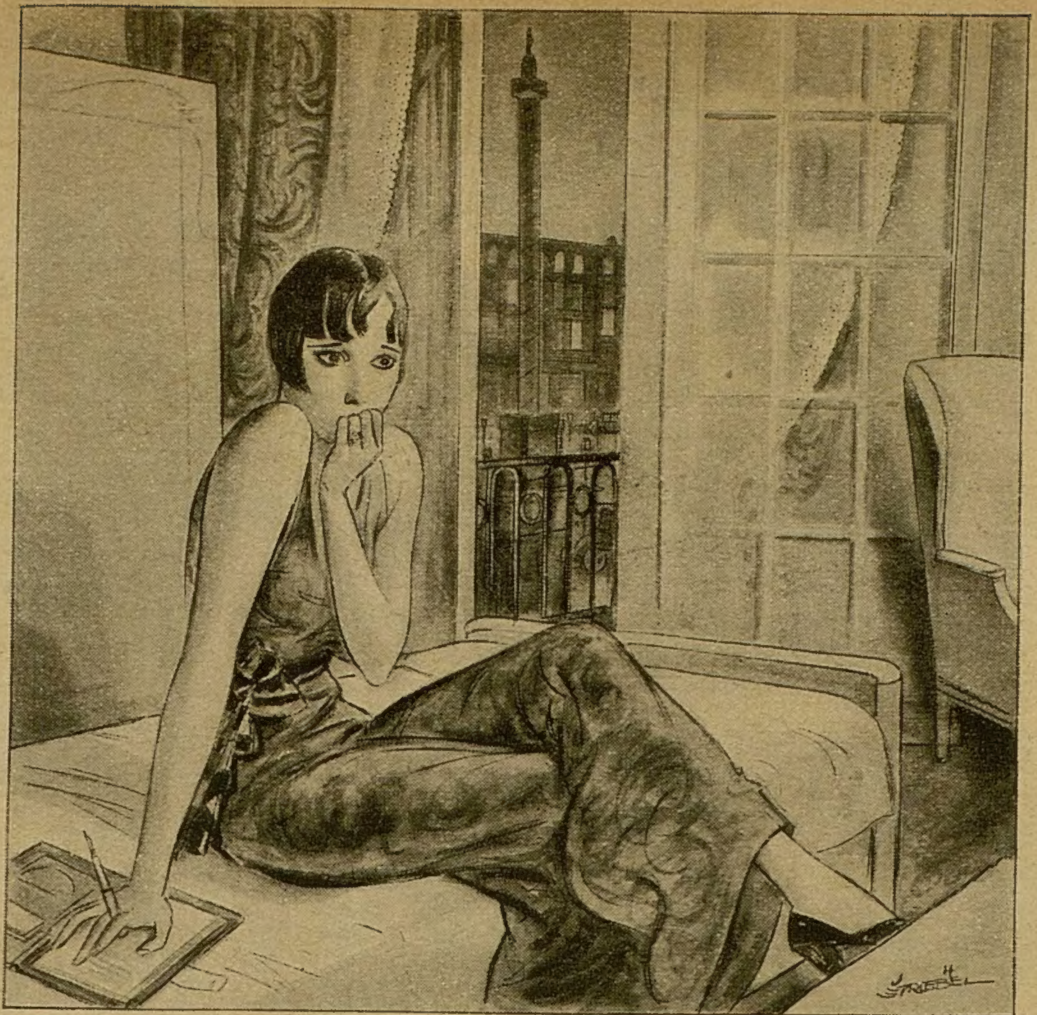
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY]



More people ask for Liberty each week .... than for any other magazine published



COPY-BY-COPY sale is a guarantee of wanted circulation—of profitable reader interest. And—more readers than any other magazine in cities of over 25,000—lowest cost per 1000 pages—all-the-family readership—these factors are putting Liberty on more and more space-buyers' lists in hard-boiled 1931.



He wouldn't have gone over there to see that dancer, would he? Or would he?

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 68]

and chase a few Barons out of the back yard. They call it a garden here at the Ritz, but after the place I had dinner at last night it's just a back yard to me.

And where do you suppose I had dinner last night? You'd better hold on to your B. M. T. strap, because you will positively fall down in a fit and get highsterical with envy. At the Villa Trianon, Versailles, no less, as the guest of Lady Mendl and Sir Charles Mendl, and sitting right between Sir Charles and the Duke of Alba, and right across the table from a Baron Ginsberg, believe it or not—tell Ripley to tie that!

Also at the table was the Spanish Ambassador to France and some French nobility I never did get clear about, and last but not least, Bonnie Brae, *the* Bonnie Brae, who throws those big society parties in New York and Paris and Venice, like that big one at the Ritz last fall where everybody came as somebody else. Molyneux was there, too—you know the famous dress designer—and young and good-looking. Said he'd like to dress me. I told him I'd never heard it put that way before.

Lady Mendl was darling to me. I'm finding out already that the big shots are the nicest. Take the Duke of Alba for instance, one of the oldest titles in Europe. When I asked him if he'd ever been to Palm Beach, he said he'd heard of it, wasn't it the name of that new Casino down near Cannes? Did he know the Pages? Never heard of the Pages. But he had seen me in Loving Sinners in Madrid, so I was all right, but who are the Pages?

I TOLD him Mrs. W. K. was my mother-in-law, and she wore pearl collars and carried Pekes and ruled Newport with an iron hand. Newport, he says, how droll. Isn't that the place where they do all this codfishing? No, I says, that's Gloucester. But that's in England, he says. It's in America too, says I. They seem to have everything there, says he, I was there once. I had to make a lot of speeches, and I went to a lot of dinners, but I can't remember now where they were or who gave them. I really wanted to go see Hollywood, but nobody would tell me where it was. So I told him all about Hollywood and we got along famously.

After dinner we all walked around the garden, acres of trees and paths and fountains, all flooded with hidden lights, until Sir Charles insisted I must see his vegetables. This stuff is all right for Elsie, he says to me, but give me a lot of good honest vegetables, growing slowly but earnestly until the great day comes when they fulfill their destiny either in a luscious bowl of soup or a piquant dish of salad.

And so we walked around the garden, and he pointed out his pet radishes and his favorite artichokes and wondered aloud what Louis XIV would have thought if he had known that part of his Versailles park would be devoted to raising vegetables for the British Embassy, which Sir Charles has something to do with, what I don't know, because instead of business or society he'd rather talk about vegetables and love.

After Sir Charles showed me the garden Lady Mendl took me through some of the rooms in the house which is very old but which she has filled with priceless furniture, rugs and tapestries. Of course by this time I'd learned that she was also Elsie de Wolf so I was prepared to be astonished and got more than I bargained for.

LADY MENDL herself is a knockout, beautiful gray hair, very bright eyes that see everything, listens with her head on one side like a bird and misses nothing. And her mind works like a trap. Snap, and she's got it. I guess you don't always have to have something to get to the top, but you sure must have plenty to stay there. Bonnie Brae was nice to me too. Met her at Brick Top's a couple of nights before.

Last night she said I ought to come to the Lido in Venice this summer and if I did to let her know and she would throw a big party for me. I guess that'll be just too bad for little Dixie because when this Bonnie baby throws a party it stays thrown.

Lady Mendl is going to give me some letters too. There's one person you must meet on the Lido says she and when you know her you'll know everybody. Dear old Jane says she you must meet dear old Jane.

Never heard of her I says.

Oh, you will says she—the Princess Jane di San Faustino. I won't try to describe her to you—you've never met anyone like her before and you never will again. I asked the Prince about her and he said well, besides being the First Lady in Rome she has the kindest face and the wickedest tongue in all Europe. You'll love her, says he, she's a devil.

So that's what I've been up to, Nita. Meanwhile I don't know what Teddy's been up to. Toohey, the Variety reporter I met at Brick Top's the other night, told me I'd better keep him on a shorter chain if I wanted to hold him. And I said, well he's over in London on business and Toohey said that's all right with me—this is no Sunday School over here—and I'm just warning a nice little American gal and she can take it or leave it. After that he closed up like Trenton on a Sunday night.

Maybe I'd better do something about this London stuff. It's beginning to look a little cockeyed to me. He wouldn't have gone over there to see that dancer, would he Nita? Or would he?

Maybe he would. Maybe he did. I'm going to find out about it. And pronto. DIXIE.

Storm signals are out. And when the storm comes, it's a good one. Watch it break in next week's installment of the story.

G	R	O	S	S	E	S	T		H	O	S	P	I	T	A	L
R	E	N	O	U	N	C	E		A	N	T	E	L	O	P	E
A	S	■	L	E	V	E	E		T	W	I	R	L	■	O	S
D	I	M	■	T	O	N	■		■	A	N	T	■	A	S	S
U	S	E	S	■	Y	E	S		I	R	K	■	M	U	T	E
A	T	L	A	S	■	S	P	E	N	D	■	P	A	G	A	N
T	O	O	T	E	D	■	L	A	C	■	D	E	P	U	T	E
E	R	N	■	A	R	M	O	R	A	C	I	A	■	R	E	D
					E	A	T	■	P	U	G					
R	U	D	■	P	A	N	C	R	A	T	I	C	■	E	V	A
E	V	A	D	E	D	■	H	U	B	■	T	A	B	L	E	S
L	E	V	E	R	■	P	E	E	L	E	■	B	O	O	N	S
E	R	I	N	■	C	O	D		E	N	D	■	O	G	E	E
A	C	T	■	S	A	L	■		■	G	E	T	■	E	R	R
S	O	■	A	P	R	I	L		C	I	L	I	A	■	A	T
E	M	A	C	I	A	T	E		A	N	T	E	D	A	T	E
D	E	M	E	N	T	E	D		R	E	A	S	O	N	E	D

Answer to the puzzle on page 64

B	E	N	D		F	A	I	N	T		S	I	T	E
E	R	I	E		A	L	T	E	R		P	R	A	Y
D	E	T	R	A	C	T	■	R	O	S	E	A	T	E
			I	R	E	■	M	E	L	O	N			
S	P	A	D	E	■	S	A	U	L	■	D	A	R	E
P	A	N	E	■	D	A	I	S	■	L	E	V	E	L
A	R	T	■	T	U	R	N	■	C	E	R	E	A	L
W	E	■	R	O	T	A	T	I	O	N	S	■	P	I
N	I	C	E	T	Y	■	A	N	N	A	■	R	I	P
E	R	O	S	E	■	F	I	N	E	■	L	E	N	S
R	A	G	E	■	P	E	N	S	■	L	E	D	G	E
			R	I	O	T	S	■	G	E	T			
P	R	O	V	O	S	T	■	P	L	A	T	E	A	U
R	O	L	E		E	E	R	I	E		E	M	I	T
O	D	D	S		D	R	A	P	E		R	U	L	E

Answer to the puzzle on page 65

NATURALLY...
INCESSANT
SMOKERS*
SAY...

KEEP "MOUTH-HAPPY"

WITH

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 20¢ (U.S.) 20 FOR 30¢ (CANADA)

*Our recent survey among America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers proved Spud to be the cigarette of the heaviest smokers. Hundreds of Spud smokers average 3 packs a day. These incessant smokers came to Spuds, because Spuds kept their mouths and throats continually moist-cool, and *always comfortably clean!* . . The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

"The pause that refreshes"
Over 9 Million a Day
Drink
Coca-Cola
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Delicious and Refreshing

Carlsbad Cavern, N. M. At the end of the long trail to the bottom — ice-cold Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes.*

READY ICE-COLD 750 FEET UNDERGROUND

Yet nobody is surprised

CARLSBAD CAVERN winds its way down nearly three miles to a vast chamber 750 feet underground. The guide calls a halt and points out restful seats. Amid astonishment of all at the wonders of this strange subterranean world, ice-cold Coca-Cola is served. *Yet nobody is surprised.* They expect this great drink around the corner from anywhere —everywhere with the same tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. ✓ ✓ Weary from the long trail, all give hearty welcome to a familiar and delightful custom—*the pause that refreshes.* ✓ ✓ Over nine million a day come up smiling and off to a fresh start after a short rest period with ice-cold Coca-Cola. So can you. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN
Grantland Rice — Famous Sports Champions — Coca-Cola Orchestra
Wed. 10:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time — Coast-to-Coast N B C Network.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS